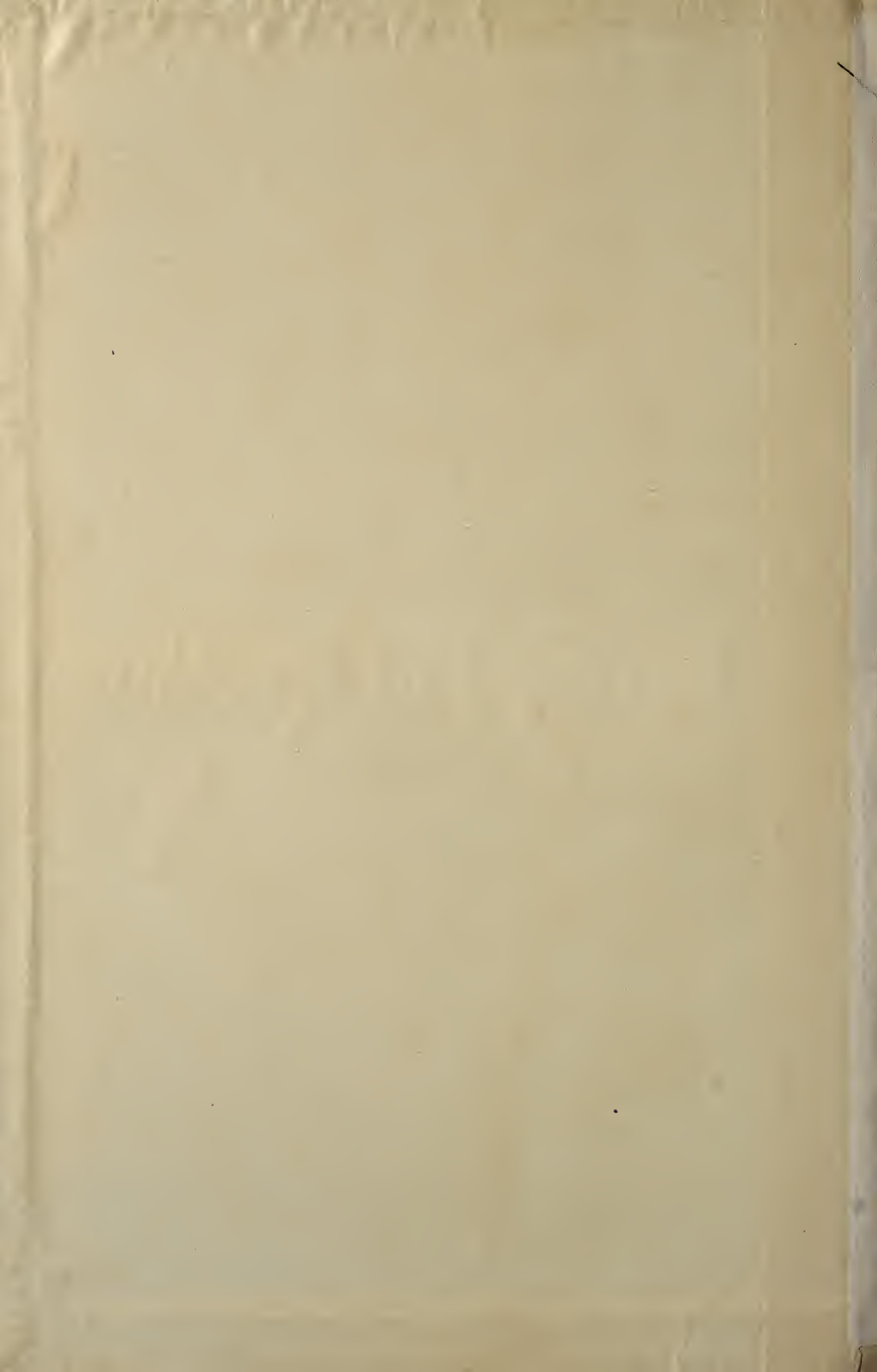
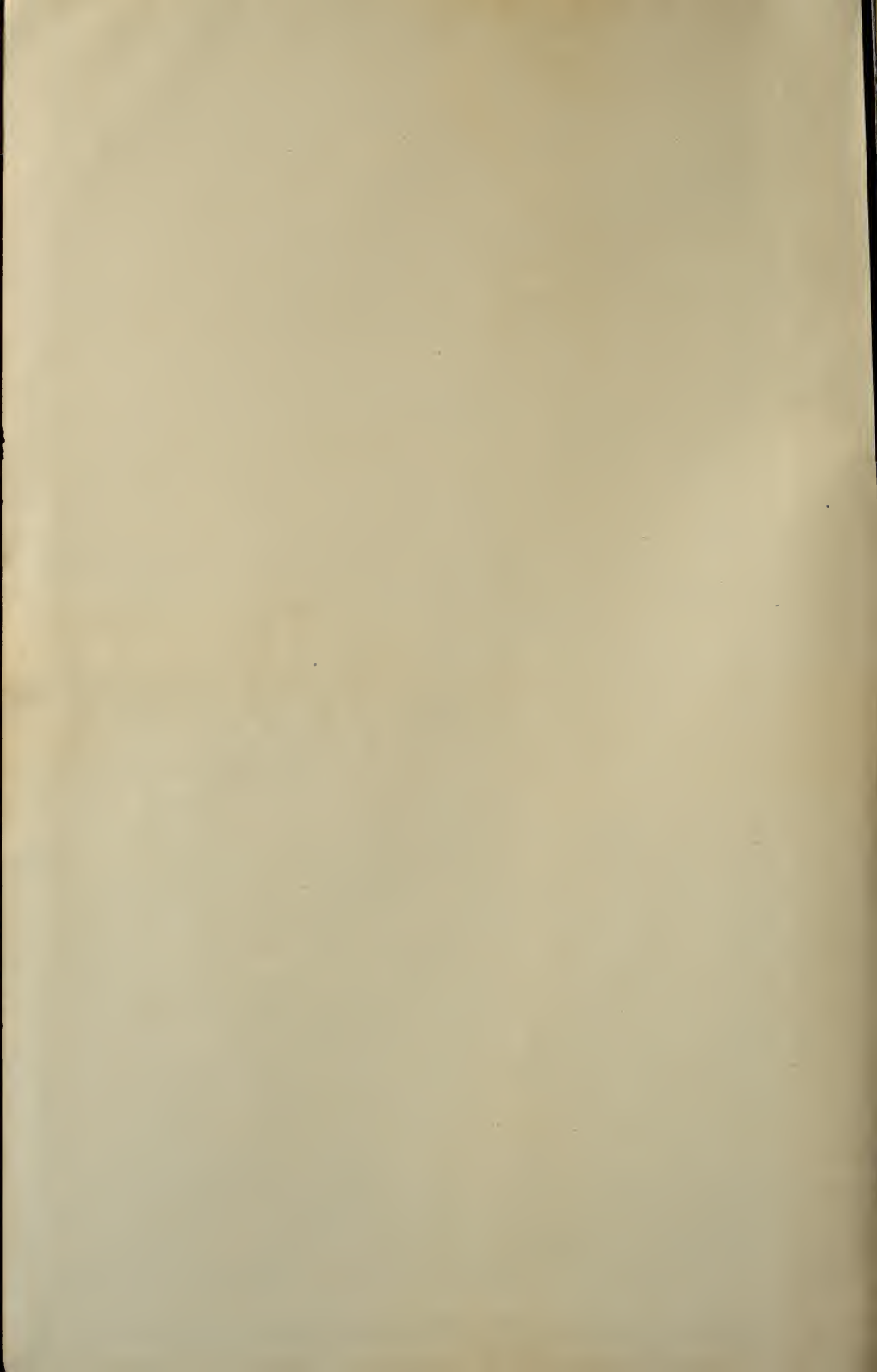


Spring Hill Review







RT. REV. MICHAEL PORTIER, D. D.,
FOUNDER OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

— A. M. D. G. —

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No. 1.



CHRIST, THE RANSOMER

.....*"And I have heard their groaning and am come down to deliver them."*—ACTS VII : 34.

IN Roman dungeons have I borne
These chains, ten years a slave!
Ten thousand slaves with me, forlorn,
Are crushed, and none to save!
Avenging God! our bondage end,
These prison gates unbar!
Another Spartacus, oh, send,
To lead a servile war!
And marshall'd here, our swelling hordes
Will troop from Spain and Gaul:
With Roman blood we'll dye our swords;
For Freedom strike or fall!"

—over—

Thy dream, poor slave, is passion's child,
And frenzy rules thy brain;
Yield not to fever'd thoughts and wild—
All human hopes are vain.
Hark, captive, hark! O'er Bethlehem's hill
May'st hear hosannas sound,
May'st hear angelic voices thrill
Judea's mountains 'round.
O'er Bethlehem's hill, like roseate stars,
God's seraphs throng the skies,
E'en now the splendor thro' these bars
Has flashed upon thine eyes.

Th' Avenger whom thy heart, poor slave,
Hath called in transport wild,
Thy God, is stretched in Bethlehem's cave,
A helpless, weeping child.
And yet His eyes have marked thy woes;
His ears have heard thy sighs;
His infant hands will crush thy foes:
In Christ's name, slave, arise!
Pris'ner, in love then bend the knee!
A God the thrall will save;
To give thee, slave, thy liberty,
A God becomes a slave!

—B. FARRELL.

Christmas in Many Lands.

CHRISTMAS stories, books, essays and poems are numerous in the land; and this is right, for the Child who gave us Christmas, brought with Him new and beautiful ideals, and the mind of genius conceiving of their purer inspiration, gave birth to a fairer offspring than was ever born of her before.

Yet there is not in all literature a more graphic description of any Christmas, or more touching, than those few simple words of the Evangelist, all alight with the glow of inspiration, that picture for us the first Christmas night in Bethlehem. The Virgin and Child and Joseph in that open cave, the angels' song, the shepherds' wonder and their simple faith—all these are to the simple-minded and the pure of heart, the source of true poetic inspiration. This a poet of the Middle Ages expresses simply but beautifully:

"Parvum quando cernis Deum
Matris inter brachia
Colliquescit pectus meum
Inter mille gaudia."

"When I see the Infant God
In His Mother's arms that lies,
All my hardened heart is thawed,
Glowing with a thousand joys."

Christmas, the Mass of Christ! The very name of the first of Christian feasts commemorates a practice that is distinctively and essentially Catholic. The fact is

that the Feast of the Nativity was called Christmas when the Mass was said throughout England, and the English were a Catholic people.

Christmas, the Children's festival! the feast of the Christ-Babe's little brothers! season of pure holy joy, ever linked in our minds with visions of good old Santa Claus and his much-prized gifts! How can we sing its gaities, how can we pen its beauties, so touching yet simple, so varied the wide world over!

In America Santa Claus is as familiar to us as Christmas; more so perhaps to the younger portion of us. Thousands of happy children throughout the land whose papas and mammas do not believe in the power of the saints call on Santa Claus with unwavering faith to fill their stockings on Christmas night. This that good saint, in his big-hearted generosity, never fails to do—with the connivance of said papas and mammas.

Now, Santa Claus is neither myth, fairy or hobgoblin, but a real saint, whose feast is celebrated on the sixth of December, and who is known and honored throughout Europe as the children's Friend.

St. Nicholas—for Santa Claus is an abbreviation—was Archbishop of Myra, in Lycia, where he died in 342, A. D. He was one of the Archbishops that condemned the Arian

heresy at the Council of Nice, and he suffered and was imprisoned for the faith. Pilgrims flocked to his tomb, where many miracles were wrought, and when the Moslem overran Lycia, the Christians translated his bones to Bari in Italy, where they are still treasured. He was known during life for his charity to the poor, and being as humble as he was good, he was wont to go around disguised on Christmas night and throw in through the windows of the poor, money and gifts to make their Christmas happy.

Though Saint Nicholas is honored throughout Europe, he is particularly celebrated in Germany and Belgium, in his character of Gift-maker. On Saint Nicholas' Eve, a man in disguise goes from house to house and rings a bell at the window. Then the children hush, the window opens, and he throws in nuts, apples, candies, and sweetmeats of all sorts, and hobbles off under cover of the scramble that ensues. In some localities he enters to see that the children behave with due decorum.

The Belgian Santa Claus is more dignified. He is dressed in white, wears a red cap, is accompanied by two servants, and rides on a donkey. The children have ready plates of food which Santa Claus, on his arrival, orders his servants to empty into his saddlebags for his donkey. Then he fills the plates with gifts, presents them to the expectant children, and departs in state.

A few weeks later all get ready for the coming of the Christ-Kindlein (Christ-Child). On Christmas Eve the children begin at dusk to pray with all their might. Soon there is a knock at the door and a white-robed figure enters. All cry with reverential awe, "The Christ-Kindlein!" The figure asks, in a sweet, low tone: "Are the children good?" If the mother answers "Yes," he throws in cakes, nuts, candies, etc. But if she says "No," which, by the way, a Belgian mother is not afraid to do, then he throws in a rod, "and leaves them all lamenting." The application of this rod during the year is supposed to qualify the children to receive gifts next Christmas.

Now we shall leave the banks of the Rhine and Scheldt, and see how they keep Christmas on the Guadalquivir. Come with me to a midnight Mass in an humble Spanish village. You could not sleep anyhow, for the bells are ringing, and a hundred instruments are playing, and a thousand children shouting:

Pastores que apacenteis
En laurillita del rio,
Venir corriendo, vereis
Al Niño racien nacido.

Ye shepherds who watch o'er your folds
In the groves by the stream till the
morn,
Come running and you will behold
The sweet-smiling Infant new-born.

Going out, we find night has vanished, for every cottage is all aglow with light, and there are torches in a thousand hands. You

join the crowd which soon breaks out into another song:

Pastores venir, pastores llegar,
Adorar al Niño, Que ha nacido ya.
Ye shepherds come hither, ye shepherds draw nigh,
To adore the Christ-child who is born for us now.

Lo! in answer to their call appears a troop of real shepherds from the neighboring hills and plains, all playing musical instruments, flutes, chalumeaux, ocarinos, castanets, tambourines and pastoral pipes of every description. They head the procession and all march to the church, playing and singing at intervals. Entering the church we march straight to the crib. While we are trying to catch a glimpse of El Niño, and Mary and Joseph bending over Him, the whole congregation cry out:

Angeles bajar y ver
Al Rey de cielo y tierra,
Que ha nacido en Belen.

Come down ye angels and behold
The King of heaven and of earth,
Who was born in Bethlehem.

At once the angels appear and chant: "Peace on earth to men of good will," and repeat the invitation to the shepherds already recorded.

Immediately the shepherds take their places around Mary and the Child, and sing: "Venite Adoremus," and simple Spanish songs of adoration. Then all kneel down. You will find a Spanish grandee on one side of you and a peasant on the other.

The clergy enters and solemn High Mass is sung, the whole congregation being the choir. At the offertory a silver salver is presented to the Alcalde, or mayor of the village, on which he deposits his *baton* of office, thus resigning his authority to his Lord and Master.

Not until the three Masses are concluded do the people stir, for your true Spaniard has well-trained knees and always something to say to his God. When the clergy leave, one of the shepherds rises and standing beside the crib, addresses the crowd, taking for his text the Child within. A flood of simple, soul-stirring eloquence sometimes surges from these shepherds' hearts, and the people kneel in tears and sing another hymn, often many hymns, to El Niño. At length all depart chanting:

We've seen the Child in Bethlehem's
cave,
The King who's come the world to
save,
He'll stay with us forevermore,
Go ye all and Him adore.

When they arrive at their homes they partake of the "*turron*," the traditional Spanish Christmas cake, of which almonds are a large ingredient.

One should think that the Christmas celebration was now over. But not so, for the Spanish peasants, to whom El Niño is as real and present as their own children, spend the whole day in doing Him honor. The church is

thronged again in the evening, for then comes "la adoracion del Niño." Benediction over, the shepherds sing once more, while the priest, attended by a train of children, all in white, carries El Niño from the crib to the altar rail. Here both old and young come devoutly forward to kiss and embrace the child, "Adorar al Niño."

Leaving the church with a final hymn, they wish each other "Buena Noche," "Good night," a salutation peculiar to Christmas, for on all other nights of the year they say, "Buenas tardes," "Good evening."

Then the people return to their homes with, I fancy, the same joy that the shepherds of Bethlehem felt when they left the stable. Surely this is Christmas, the Christmas that the angels sing. It truly brings "peace and joy" to many a Spanish home.

The Italian and Austrian peasants celebrate their Christmas much like their Spanish brothers, with like simplicity and faith. In France, as in all Catholic countries, the Midnight Mass is a special feature, but otherwise New Year appears to have eclipsed Noel (Christmas.) It was not so in the seventeenth century, for the French Noel of that period is still preserved on our continent in Canada, whither the Breton and Norman peasants carried it when they left their native land.

There the shepherds still enact the scene of Bethlehem, playing and singing around the crib:

"Allons bergers, allons tous,
L'Ange nous appelle.
Un Sauveur est né pour nous!
L'heureuse nouvelle!
Une étable est le séjour
Qu'a choisi ce Dieu d'Amour.

Come ye shepherds, come ye all,
Angels summon us from high,
There's born for us a Saviour small.
Blessed tidings of great joy!
A stable is the home He chose;
The God of love is born for us.

Then one of the shepherds questions those who had been to Bethlehem. They reply:

Sont trois petits anges
Descendus du ciel,
Chantant les louanges
Du Pere eternel!

There are three little angels
Come down from the sky,
Singing the praise
Of the Father on high!

Then they all shout:

Courons au, z'au! z'au!
Courons au, courons plus!
Courons au plus vite
A cet humble gîte!

Hurry hither, ho, ho!
Hurry hither, come, come!
Hurry, with all speed
To this humble home!

When they reach it, they bow down and play the "hautbois" and "musettes," and sing:

"Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!
Ah! que ses graces sont parfaites!
Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!
Qu'il est doux, ce divin enfant!"

"Ah! how fair He is, how charming!
Ah! his beauties, how complete!
Ah! how fair He is, how charming!
This heavenly child is, oh, how sweet!"

Having chanted many such hymns to the Child, to Mary and Joseph, they sing the High Mass as in Spain; nor either in Spain or Canada do they think their

Christmas well spent if they have not received their Eucharistic God into their hearts.

In England, Protestantism killed the Christian celebration of Christmas as of many another holy festival, and the social customs that survive are poetically described by Irving. They may be prosaically summed up in—Yule-log and Plum-pudding.

In Ireland, though the Christmas cribs are not as elaborate as in other lands, yet nowhere do they display more taste, feeling and faith. One of the many ancient customs which is still kept up in some places is the Christmas Candle.

A candle, previously blessed, is lighted in the window at sunset of

Christmas-Eve, and kept burning till midnight. It is considered a profanation to use it for any save religious purposes. Gerald Griffin thus alludes to it:

“The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.”

The houses are decorated with holly and ivy interwoven—these being deemed typical of the Saviour’s Mission; for

“The ivy bears a blossom
As white as lily-flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.”

THE LEE CIRCLE.

OF all the points of merely human or natural interest to be found in the Crescent City, that should be visited by every son of the South, and that should excite the sympathy of a passing stranger, who, though differing in political opinions, can yet recognize in others high qualities and ennobling virtues, I know none that attracts, moves and thrills one more than the Lee Circle.

Our beautiful cemeteries appeal to a wider, a more universal sympathy, with their grand oaks, symbols of endless life. Draped with

funereal moss, significant of sorrow, they speak not of to-day, but of the eternal to-morrow.

At the foot of that well-known street, that is the main artery of the city life, there stands a granite column commemorative of the September victims; of the victorious uprising of a proud and indignant people against a worthless, because a corrupt government, imposed upon a gallant but defeated sovereign state by an implacable victor. But this was a local and a special affair, and inasmuch as it was victorious, it

lacked that sacred character which belongs to unmerited defeat.

But, O Son of the South, wouldst thou, in this age of materialism, of sordid policies and avaricious greeds, of legal usuries, inhale the purer air that thy forefathers breathed, go to that spot 'twixt the old and the newer Orleans, where in the morn and noon and eve, and in the silent watches of the night, the whirring lightning car girdles the circle of Lee: Take thy stand by that war-dragon which, by the silvery waters of Mobile, was the last to belch forth fiery protest to the invaders of the Southland, and now seems, grim and silent sentinel, to stand guard over the sacred relics of the cause, lost but glorious, jealously hoarded in the Memorial Hall.

On a grassy mound rises a lofty white column, emblematic of pure and stately honor, and the morning sun lends it a golden gleam. Thereon, with folded arms, calm, self-possessed, as one who reviews an army, or confidently watches a hard-fought field, stands in heroic pose the sculptured form of Robert E. Lee, the beau ideal of a patriot soldier, the living *eidolon* of Southern chivalry.

He had all the love of a soldier for the flag under which he had fought and bled, and in the land of the Aztec Lee had won high honor and rank under the Stars and Stripes. But, when the long mooted question called for final arbitrament, between the paramount right of the Federal gov-

ernment as against the doctrine of State sovereignty, the struggle between principle and soldierly feeling began.

He had a great fortune to be jeopardized, he was offered the supreme command of the Federal forces, but when his beloved Virginia, the mother of Presidents, and of States, exercised her right, recorded in her entrance to the Federal Union, of seceding therefrom when to her it seemed right and just, and called the sons whom she had nurtured to rally to her defence, Lee wrenched himself away. Fortune might be lost, proffered honors foregone, life-ties sundered, when duty and true honor summoned to the sacrifice, and so, reluctantly and painfully, as even the martyr goes to the conflict, at the voice of Virginia,

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,

Flashed the sword of Lee."

No need to dwell on his military renown, and presumptuous, were it on our part to do so, since the verdict of professional critics, even that of his gallant foes, is unanimous in his favor, especially when the great difference between his resources and those of his opponents is taken into consideration. From the Chickahominy to Appomattox, he sometimes suffered a check, never a defeat.

His personal character, "*totus, teres, atque rotundus*," "complete, polished, and rounded," lifted him far and above the usual level of historic chieftains. When Pick-

ett's division came wavering back from Gettysburg Heights, like swirling smoke-wreaths from an expiring conflagration, he magnanimously estopped all murmurings and recriminations by taking on himself all possible blame for the failure. Ever calm in victory as in disaster, he was the Washington of the Confederacy.

And yet, in the direst moment of strife and peril, he had the tenderness of a woman, as, when at Petersburg, the Federal batteries were sweeping as with a besom of fire the spot where he stood, and his staff by his orders had sought a safer position, he himself tarried to lift a chirping birdling that had fallen from a shattered limb and restore it to its leafy home.

At last came the end, long foreseen, when, his veterans decimated in a hundred battles, hopeless of recruits to their shattered ranks, faithful still, though, to use a Southern phrase, they were worn to a "frazzle," his was still the self-contained, heroic soul; conscious of having fulfilled his duty, no sign of mortified pride, of womanish plaining, still less of despair was noticed in his look or bearing as he stood before the victor who was to dictate the terms of surrender. Great in victory he was greater in defeat, and to him we may justly apply the sublime eulogy of the pagan poet:

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

"The just man faithful to his trust, though the heavens fall, stands fearless amidst the ruins."

Long may thy statue, O peerless Lee, lift itself above murky vapors of sordid gains, and low, mean intrigue, a model and exemplar of the true Southern spirit of honor and duty! Long may the war-worn veteran, though maimed and poor, passing by, salute thee, his Commander-in-Chief, as I have seen gray-haired priests do, in recognition of thy manly virtues! Long may the youth of our dear Southland, as they stop to gaze, register an interior resolution to emulate thy example! And long, as the evening glow brightens the shafted pillar and lends an aureole to thy brow, may merry children, whose mothers have taught them to lisp thy name, with their joyous laugh and prattling play enliven thy grassy pedestal!

Whilst meditative of the sad past and vanished glories, we hear the poet's sad strains sound again from memory's lyre:

"Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully."

F. DU ROCHER.

FRIENDS ONCE MORE.

[The author of the following story feels called upon to make an apology, or at least an explanation, to his readers for introducing so many fisticuffs into his narrative. This will readily be understood when we bear in mind that the incidents described are supposed to have taken place but a little over a decade after the Civil War, at a time when the stirring events of '61-'65 were still fresh in men's minds and on men's lips. The average school boy of that day was born when the roar of artillery had scarcely died away, and he could point with pride to older brothers or cousins who had borne arms under Lee, Beauregard or Wheeler. Hence, owing to these near associations, the combative spirit was strongly rooted in Young Dixie, and the Code of Honor, as interpreted by themselves, was appealed to upon even the most trivial provocation. It was an age of Juvenile Chivalry, in which each stripling lived, as it were, with his sword unsheathed, always on the qui vive for an engagement. No difficulty could be settled, even most superficially, without the old-time "rough-and-tumble" fight.]

I.—THEY FALL OUT.

MISS Lelia Burnham, spectacled and grave, sat upon her high-backed chair with all the dignity and grandeur of a queen, the veritable mistress of all she surveyed. At the urgent solicitations of the people of Horton, she had come from a neighboring town to assume absolute management of matters educational in the district. Right well, too, did she discharge the sacred trust reposed in her. She would allow no one, no matter what his standing or influence, to interfere with her pedagogic duties. When once the scholars had passed her threshold, they were under her sole supervision, and woe betide the over-fond parent who should unwisely appear in her sanctum to demand an explanation or lodge a complaint. Miss Lelia would calmly but firmly point to the door, and that would always end the trouble. "Did you

ever see the like?" was her only comment.

Exacting yet kind-hearted, severe yet moderate, ever gentle, prudent and painstaking, she was a born instructor and disciplinarian. These qualities won the love and esteem of all her pupils, who, withal, entertained for her a feeling of awe and dread; in consequence of which, they usually hesitated long before rashly violating any of the school regulations.

Behind her chair hung a long switch of the well-known and long-remembered peach variety, which, like an ominous sword of Damocles, continually threatened the youthful delinquent with retribution. On her desk lay a half-munched apple, some walnuts and pecans, orange peeling, some elastic "fly-shooters," wads of paper, top strings, marbles, pop-guns and other articles of a genuine school boy's commissary,—all of which went to show that the scholars of

Horton were endowed with the same instincts and propensities as the rest of their species the wide world over.

The noon recess was just ended, and the boys were engaged in taking a final view of their lessons preparatory to the evening recitation. At the expiration of half an hour, Miss Lelia gave the signal to "close books," and then the tasks began. After the History class was over, she called out: "Spelling for the First Division." About twenty boys stood up and ranged themselves along the room with folded arms, facing the teacher. The lesson proceeded very satisfactorily, such difficult words as homœopathy, pneumonia and mignonette, being rattled off with the ease of practised lexicographers. At length, they were asked to spell mnemonics. The head of the class, Harry Chilton, made a bold guess at it, but struck wide of the mark.

"Next!" called out Miss Lelia. The second boy tried and likewise failed. It went down the line until it reached the ninth, Johnny Perry, who, profiting by the unsuccessful attempts of the others, blurted out a combination of letters which turned out to be the correct one.

"Master John Perry will ascend to the head of the class," announced the mistress in her most pompous tones. Johnny did as he was bidden, casting a sidelong look of proud disdain at Harry Chilton, his friend and rival, as he passed him. Harry winced under

this cut so unexpected, but he said nothing and tried to look unconcerned.

The lesson proceeded, and the words went round, until it came to Perry's turn again.

"Until!" enunciated Miss Lelia. Johnny confidently shouted at the top of his voice:

"U-n, un, t-i-l-l, till, Untill!"

"Next!"

"U-n, un, t-i-l, til; Until!" cried out Harry in triumph, and he quietly stepped ahead of the erstwhile victor, who, crestfallen and blushing from ear to ear, found it difficult to keep in his resentment. Impulsively he whispered something to Chilton, who did not appear to hear him.

After asking a few more words, difficult and otherwise, Miss Lelia delivered herself of her periodical oration on the importance of orthography, invariably concluding with: "Remember, boys, it is no great honor to spell correctly, but an exceeding great dishonor not to spell correctly." Then she dismissed them to their places.

As they were moving off, Johnny Perry sidled up to Harry Chilton and hissed something like: "Didn't you hear what I called you, you sissy? You're Miss Lelia's pet, and you know it!" Harry flared up at this gross insult to his boyhood's honor and would have pounced upon his faithless friend right there and then, had not Tommy Mason held him back, saying, "Fix him after school, old boy!"

"All right, Tom!" and he turned to Perry, and after making a re-

mark uncomplimentary to his veracity, put in: "I'll settle you at three o'clock!"

"Do you want to fight?" demanded Johnny fiercely.

"I'll show you," answered Harry with a look of determination upon his countenance.

It must not be supposed that this scene was as long in enactment as it is in recital. It was over in the fraction of time that it took the boys to reach their seats. Nevertheless, the alert teacher's falcon eyes perceived a commotion, and straightway she rapped on her desk for order and silence. Everyone looked innocent, even the two principals making a supreme effort to appear calm. It was a feigned calm that preceded a pending storm.

Three o'clock finally struck. The prayer was hurriedly said, and all the boys rushed pell-mell out of the school room and yard to an adjoining lot which served as a playground.

"A Fight! A Fight!" could be heard resounding in that crowd of excited youths carried away with wild expectation of the coming event, the more so as the two combatants were known to be excellent boxers. Harry Chilton, a dark-haired, manly lad of eleven, was quick and agile, and one of the best sprinters in the school; while his adversary, about six months his senior, though well built and stronger, was not so fleet of foot nor skillful of hand. All in all, weighing their respective advantages, they were well

matched,—Achilles against Hector.

Not much time was consumed in preliminaries. The crowd gathered together about the pugilists, leaving a large open space in the middle as a field of operations. They were an honorable group, determined to see that everything was done on the square.

The two heroes pulled off their coats and stepped up boldly to each other. After a little sparring, they entered the fray in real earnest, each firmly bent on outwitting his adversary. No rounds were counted; it was simply one continuous set-to, the only rule to which any heed was paid being: "No hitting when down." It lasted about five minutes.

They struck hard and fast blows, they clinched and wrestled, they fainted and dodged. In the beginning honors were even, but it very soon became evident that Chilton's quickness and dexterity were more than a match for his opponent's superior strength. His thrusts were truer and more effective; he was ever ready to hop out of harm's way, ever on the lookout to parry a stroke and return it at double speed.

Perry brought all his muscular forces into play, but they were of no avail against his wily and sprightly rival. At length, in the midst of cries of "Hurrah for Harry Chilton!" and "You've got a chance yet, Johnny!" he made a wild rush at Chilton, who adroitly stepped aside and Perry went sprawling to the ground. This



THE COLLEGE CUPOLA.

Looking South Over the New Bridge.



ended the fight; the latter, unable to return to the charge, was led off by his friends, while angrily exclaiming:

"You'll pay for this yet, you coward!"

Though not seriously injured, he had been badly used up, and his otherwise tidy pink shirt, now ruffled and torn, gave signs of a hard struggle and of final discomfiture.

Chilton, on the other hand, though looking fatigued from his great exertion, did not seem to have been very roughly handled. At any rate his success had the effect of brightening up his general appearance. He was heartily congratulated by his many friends on his neatly won victory.

"I knew you would down him," said Mason, "and you did it so nicely, too. Shake, old boy!"

"That's all very well," sadly answered Harry, as, moving off arm in arm with his chum, he began to realize the full extent of his action, "but I have done wrong in fighting."

"Nonsense! it couldn't be helped after everybody heard what Perry said. The whole school would have called you a coward, if you had backed out."

"Still that does not change the situation. When Father Stanford hears that I have been fighting, he will suspend me from the First Communion Class, and that will break mother's heart. Besides, I have lost a good friend and forfeited the esteem of my teacher by my meanness."

"Don't worry about that, Harry; you simply had it to do." With these words and a parting "Good-bye," the friends separated, as Chilton had reached his home.

His mother was unwell, and his father was absent on business, so being an only child, there was nobody to whom he could communicate his gloomy thoughts on his day's doings. This was a great privation, as he was invariably wont to unbosom all his plans and achievements, his joys and his troubles to his best and truest of confidants, his mother. No wonder then that his heart was heavy and his soul burdened as he fell asleep that night.

II.—THE BREACH WIDENED.

Up to this deplorable mishap, Harry Chilton and Johnny Perry had been on the most intimate terms of companionship. Living in adjoining houses and playing together as far back as they could remember, they naturally became closely attached to each other.

Their families, however, occupied different spheres in life and seldom came into social contact. Johnny's father, who died when he was little more than a baby, had been an engineer, while Mr. Chilton, now keeping a country store, belonged to a family which in the good old days had lived like princes on their boundless acres of rich cotton land. Though reduced in fortune, he still retained a marked degree of high-born pride, which made him exclusive in his choice of company.

Yet, for all this, he had never raised the slightest objection to his son's associating with the Perrys, of whom, besides the mother, there were two, Johnny and his genial ten-year-old sister, May. The three spent many a happy summer's day frolicking under the large pecan tree in the pasture which separated their homes. Oftentimes, too, did they hie themselves to the old grass-banked mill-pond to catch perch and crawfish, or roam the verdant fields together plucking wild flowers or gathering nuts, blackberries and muscadines!

But now all this was changed. Harry and Johnny did not, as was their wont, walk home from school together, nor did they meet again after dinner to make preparations for their morrow's squirrel hunt.

May, quick-witted and sharp-sighted, was the first one to perceive the difference. As her brother entered the front gate with his book-satchel and lunch-basket thrown carelessly over his shoulder, she noticed that Harry did not accompany him. Running half way down the garden path, she was about to inquire after their friend, when seeing Johnny's battered condition, flushed face and torn shirt, she exclaimed with sorrowful surprise:

"What's the matter, Johnny? Has somebody—? Please tell me!"

"Never mind what's the matter," answered he in surly tones, "but somebody's going to pay for this!"

Saying this, he cast a menacing look toward the Chilton's. She

was about to ask, "Who can it be?" but noticing his last movement and coupling this with his solitary walk home, she cried out in agitation:

"You don't mean to say that Harry Chilton has ill used you, brother?"

"I don't mean—the scamp!—Don't bother me!" And he brushed May aside and rushed into the house. She, poor girl, suspecting the whole occurrence and overcome with emotion, sat on the gallery steps and gave vent to her feelings by crying.

As soon as Mrs. Perry, looking up from her sewing, saw Johnny, she burst out:

"Oh, my child! What misfortune has happened to you?"

"That mean coward, Harry Chilton, is the biggest scoundrel that ever lived!" and he blurted out as best he could in his present disturbed state of mind, the whole of the day's trouble. Of course, as was to be expected, he colored his narrative in such tints as to make himself appear as injured innocence, and his victorious rival as the most cruel and unjust of boy creation. In this he succeeded but too well; at the end of his recital, his mother exclaimed:

"All right, my boy! The rascal will be sorry he ever treated you so meanly. He'll fight you in my presence to-morrow, and I'll see that he has no boys around to throw you down and help him beat you."

With this, she dismissed him to

wash and change and prepare for dinner.

Mrs. Perry was a woman of her word. Whenever she threatened to do a thing, she seldom failed to carry out her menace. She was tall and muscular, with a masculine bearing and cast of features. No one ever knowingly thwarted her path, for she was quick and sure to have vengeance. One of the amusements—a rather odd one,—to which she devoted herself, was target practice with an old army pistol which had belonged to her husband. Since his death she had become the sole protector of her son and daughter and the guardian of her home and property. She wanted to be prepared for an emergency, though some people claimed that she engaged in this unusual sport as a hoax to scare away darkies with a propensity for poaching. Be this as it may, it was certain that no vagrant ever molested her or hers.

That evening the family spent a very quiet time. Mrs. Perry was fatigued and annoyed and kept to her room. Johnny, brooding over his defeat, and looking forward to the morrow's revenge, retired early. May had pleaded sickness and gone to bed without supper. She spent many a weary hour poring over the trouble, and heartily deploring its occurrence. She could not bring herself to lay the blame to either side. Finally, after much worry and anguish, she fell asleep over the determination to bring the combatants together

the next day and reconcile them to each other. Little she knew what a vain task she was setting herself in the face of her mother's counter-plans.

The following day was Saturday and there was no school. Johnny awoke with a heavy heart, half repenting of his resolve to have revenge. The world was no longer the same to him since he had lost his old companion. On his way down to breakfast, he was musing on his previous day's happenings, and catching sight of his sister's gloomy countenance, he inwardly determined to make friendly advances to Harry Chilton. The repast went off uneventfully, and Johnny retired to his room as soon as he had finished.

Shortly afterwards his sister appeared in the doorway.

"Id like to say something to you, Johnny?" she asked in a soft, plaintive voice.

"Walk right in, darling. I'm feeling mean. Say something to cheer me up."

"I'm coming to talk to you about Harry—"

"John!" Mrs. Perry's voice coming from below, cut short their conversation.

"Right away, mother," he answered, as he jumped up and bounded out of his room.

He met her at the foot of the stairs with bonnet on, as if prepared for a visit.

"Come with me, son; I want you to pay back Harry Chilton for his cowardly attack on you."

"But, mother, I was in the wrong—he didn't—"

"Hush, boy. I'll never have it said that my offspring has been bested by one of those haughty, self-sufficient Chiltons. You've got to fight that boy, and beat him too, or I'll turn you out of doors. None of your excuses now."

Johnnie saw there was nothing to be done but to acquiesce. What a wrenching of heart he experienced! Just when on the point of making up his mind to apologize to his friend, his mother commands him to renew hostilities. His better nature at first revolted against such a proceeding—but, then, he yielded to circumstances, and his former desire for revenge, like smothered embers, suddenly rekindled into flame, rose up strong and ardent within his breast.

"A chance to pay him back! Shall I miss it? Revenge, how sweet! I will!"

No further word of protest escaped his lips. He silently followed whither his mother led. Arrived under the pecan tree, she signalled to Harry Chilton, who was whittling on his back-door steps.

"I want to see you for a minute, Harry." There was nothing unusually harsh or spiteful in her tones.

The boy moved over towards the tree, thinking, perhaps, that the mother of his defeated friend was bent on the noble mission of reconciliation, or, at least, not suspecting her real object in sum-

moning him. Still, no matter what his reflections, he would not have hesitated to do her bidding, for his awe and dread of her exercised a complete mastery over him.

Hardly had he reached the pair when Mrs. Perry grasped him by the arm, and bringing him face to face with her son, said with a sarcastic sneer:

"So you whipped Johnnie at school, eh? Now fight him again, right here before me, and we'll see what you can do by yourself."

Without uttering a word Harry, trembling in every limb, stood up against his conquered opponent of yesterday.

"Now, John!—Fight him Harry, without the assistance of the other boys!" exclaimed this Amazonian mistress of ceremonies, and Johnny, with an ill-concealed glare of satisfied spite in his eyes, proceeded to do her behest. He recoiled slightly as he faced his former friend. Was not this present act the height of meanness and cowardice. After all, the fight in which he had been worsted was a perfectly fair contest; but this!—Never mind; revenge is sweet!—

They met! Harry did not believe that Perry would avail himself of such a base advantage; but he was goaded on to it—he lost control of himself.

"Courage, my son! Show him you can take care of yourself, when there are not too many leagued against you."

There was no fighting in the proper sense of the word. Harry

was too much intimidated to do more than partly shield himself from the vicious blows of his muscular adversary. He soon succumbed before them, falling to the ground almost helpless. Johnny, guided by his manly instincts, would not hit his opponent when down, not even when roused to fury by his mother.

Harry finally arose. He was badly bruised and feeling sick from fright and ill-usage.

"That's enough," called out Mrs. Perry, when she saw that her son met with no resistance in his bullying methods, "let him go. You don't find it pleasant to receive a thrashing, do you Harry?"

The victimized Harry betook himself home, making angry reflections on the dastardly conduct of one whom he once esteemed as a friend. Though before this event he had been anxious to renew their companionship, his heart was now steeled against any such heroic desire.

There was one spectator, by no means disinterested, of this one-sided contest. Seeing unseen May Perry, from a window at home, had watched the unjust proceedings under the pecan tree until she saw her brother knock Harry down. Then, unable to witness any more, she said despairingly:

"To think that instead of making friends again, they are just widening the breach by fighting! Why doesn't mother stop them? What shall I do?" And she buried her face in her hands and turned her

head away from the unpleasant scene.

III.—THEY MAKE UP.

Sunday morning came. Harry and Johnny went to Mass, but not together in the old friendly way. The former escorted his mother, the latter joined some acquaintances. Every one noticed the estrangement, and commented on it. May stayed at home to nurse her mother, who was unwell. Mrs. Perry was not a church-goer.

After Mass was over, Father Stanford held his First Communion Class. Harry Chilton was in attendance, not so Johnny Perry, who, expecting trouble, absented himself without leave.

When all the boys were seated, Father Stanford called for a framed card, which hung on the wooden column next to the pulpit. Adjusting his spectacles, he slowly and deliberately read as follows:

"Rules for the First Communion Class:

"Rule V.—Any one who engages in a fight or brawl, or otherwise gravely misconducts himself in public, will be suspended from the class."

Quietly lifting his eyes, he remarked:

"The words are plain enough. Harry Chilton will please walk out. With him is also suspended his fellow-combatant, John Perry, absent to-day without leave—an additional offence."

Harry, flushed with shame, and stung to the quick by this ignominious dismissal, stood up and

nervously made his way to the door. His class-mates showed signs of sorrow and sympathy for him, for he was a favorite among them. But the rules had to be enforced; and Father Stanford, kind and gentle as he was, did not propose to stand by and see them violated with impunity. He knew, too, what a powerful check they exercised on the animal spirits of boys preparing for the Great Event of their youthful lives.

When Harry reached home, wearing a sad, dejected look, his mother immediately addressed him:

"You are home early to-day, my darling. I hope you have not met with any accident. What makes you so sorrowful?"

"Oh, mother! I am wretched! I—I— don't know what to do with myself!" And he broke down completely, and sobbed on his mother's breast.

"Come, now! don't cry so, my son! Tell your mother all about it, like a good boy," pleaded Mrs. Chilton in her most endearing tones.

After a little coaxing, Harry blurted out:

"I've been suspended from the First Communion Class for fighting. Oh, mother, I know it will break your heart!"

This announcement startled her, struck her like a thunderbolt; she was not prepared to face a disgrace to the family. Fortunately, Mr. Chilton was away, or things would have assumed a much gloomier aspect.

As it was, she braced herself as bravely as she could under the blow, but could not altogether repress her tears. She wept with her son while offering words of consolation and encouragement. After calming down a little, she said:

"Now, tell me all the trouble, my son. Why did you hide your difficulties from me?"

"I knew you were sick and suffering, and I was afraid to make you worse. You know I always trust you, mother."

"I believe you, Harry; but, how did you get into this woeful complication? Tell me."

He complied with her request; and, beginning with the Friday evening fight, narrated everything which had occurred up to his dismissal from the First Communion Class. His mother was very much agitated, and when he concluded, she asked:

"Is there no chance of your being readmitted into the class? I will see Father Stanford myself."

"There is no use, unless I make it up with Johnny Perry, and I am afraid I can never do that after his meanness of yesterday."

"Yes, you can, Harry; and I am sure you will. Do you not recollect the sublime words which Father Stanford chose for his text this morning: 'Do good to them that hate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven.' Remember this is our Lord speaking to you."

"I know well, mother; but you can't imagine how hard it is. Oh,

why did I ever get into this trouble?"

"Courage, my son, courage; be a man and pray to St. Joseph for the spirit of forgiveness."

Just at this moment Melindy Ann came in from the kitchen with a note, saying:

"Zeke Brown's lil boy, Sammy, done brought dis hyah lettah fo' Mars' Harry. He 'low it come fum Miss May, cross de pasture."

Sure enough, as soon as Harry opened the small unaddressed envelope, he saw May's crude yet delicate handwriting. He read aloud to his mother as follows:

"Dear Harry: Don't think I hate you because of your trouble with Johnny. I am the same to you as if nothing had ever happened. Try to make it up with him. I'll do all I can to help along.

MAY PERRY."

"Now, my son, will you hesitate to do what is right?" asked Mrs. Chilton, in a half-smiling manner.

"Please don't make me feel bad, mother; it's hard, but *I'll try*." Here the matter dropped for the time being.

The next day Harry and Johnny, still at odds with each other, went to school as usual. Here another humiliation awaited them, for Miss Lelia announced from her desk, in most solemn words, that they were guilty of disgraceful and ungentlemanly conduct in public, and would both be dealt with severely. They received their punishment in due time, but it did not serve much to mend matters. They still kept apart,

and, as the other boys expressed it, were not on speaking terms.

Tuesday came, and there was no change in the situation; likewise so did Wednesday and Thursday, and it looked as if they would remain enemies for good. Their friends were beginning to consider their mutual disregard as final.

On Friday they marched off to school, and everything went on as customary. Three o'clock at last struck, books were packed, and the boys were soon scampering homeward.

Johnny Perry and Harry Chilton walked apart, as they had done ever since their falling out. The former was somewhat in the lead. As they passed by a negro cabin, nearly half a mile from his home, three young darkies of about his own age jumped from behind the fence and assaulted him.

"You'se de feller w'at shot our pig fro' de ear, eh? Now you'se got ter pay fer it, you good-fer-nuffin' w'ite trash!"

And they proceeded to use their fists on him without further ceremony. While backing from them, he resisted as best he could, but it was three to one, and he knew he would soon be overpowered.

Some distance off was Harry Chilton. He heard the voices and beheld every movement made by the blacks. When he saw they were attacking his faithless friend, his heart leaped with—what? Joy? Revenge? Had not *his* time for acting meanly arrived? He could assist Perry and save him from a

terrible beating! Would he do so? He would, for though he felt strongly, he could not nurture a base or cowardly thought. Besides, Father Stanford's words, his mother's request and May's letter came back to him like so many incentives to a noble, generous line of conduct.

His decision was quickly taken. No one would ever say he stood idly by and allowed his former friend to be ill used. With a bound and a dash, he was upon the scene, and very soon, by the skillful wielding of his fists, succeeded in putting the enemy to flight.

Johnny stood abashed before his deliverer. Was revenge so sweet after all? Harry was about to speak, but he was interrupted by his companion.

"I've been the meanest scoundrel on earth, Harry, and—"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, now, Johnny. I've been meaner than you."

And the two boys, looking each other straight in the face, warmly clasped hands.

Johnny, unable to realize the

situation, resumed with some embarrassment:

"Tell the truth; don't you feel like kicking me?"

"I feel rather like kicking myself," answered Harry. "But, let's call it all square. Let by-gones be by-gones; we're chums again. Is it a go?"

"Whatever you say is right, but I don't deserve—"

"Hush up, old fellow. No more of your nonsense. We'll go see Father Stanford this evening."

"That's what I say," acquiesced Johnny. "Let's square up all around."

They walked home arm in arm, and as they stepped in through the Perrys' garden gate, a young Miss came, tripping along, all smiles and dimples, to meet the two reconciled foes.

"I knew you were bound to become Friends Once More. I must hurry over and tell Mrs. Chilton the happy news. Oh, how pleased I am!"

For May loved her brother dearly, and she also thought well of Harry Chilton.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '03.

TO BETHLEHEM'S BABE.

Thee the aged, Thee the youthful,
 Thee the little children's throng.
 Thee the crowd of maids and matrons
 Chant in simple loving song;
 And in innocence united,
 All the harmony prolong.

LEO XIII.

Rex Pacificus Super Omnem Terram.

“Lumen e coelo” radiat benigne,
Vique divina animos serenans,
Corda succendens, penetrans potensque
Sermo Leonis.

Mille doctrinis agitatur aevum
Turgidis nostrum grave semidoctis :
His Aquinatem sapiens magistrum
Objicit altum.

Pauper et dives, herus et minister
Dissident dudum sterili querela :
Jurium Custos utriusque magistrum
Dividit aequae.

Quos sacrae leges ratioque sana
Limites ponunt thalamis verendis,
Civiumque iris, procerum tumori,
Asserit audax.

Coetuum pestem tenebris volutam
Detegit Tutor oculatus atque
Monstrat ex illis minitans periculum
Urbis et orbis.

Dum fremunt gentes aciesque cogunt,
Neve jam sanis monitis patescunt,
Nota Pastoris regit atque lenit
Vox furiatos.

Arbitri Pacis coiere nuper ;
(Dum domi bellis acuuntur arma !)
Quam loquax pacem dabit agmen absque
Principe Pacis ?

Albicant messes : populi per orbem
Anxii quaerunt fidei ligamen :
Unus adducet populos in unum
Pastor ovile.

Sit procul terra, prope sit vel ulla,
Lineam tangat boreamque vincat,
Debitor cunctis docet ipse cunctos
Jure Magister.

Nos, licet longe spatiis remotos,
Ceum Pater solers colit et secundat
Firmiter junctos cathedrae supremae
Americanos.

C. M. W.

GENERAL JOSEPH W. BURKE, LL.D.

AT the Annual Commencement held last June, the President and Faculty of Spring Hill College, for the first time in its history, conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. The gentleman who was privileged to receive this high honor was General Joseph W. Burke, at present occupying the position of Collector of the Port of Mobile. That he is in every respect deserving of such an unusual distinction, a glimpse at his varied and useful career will readily make apparent.

Born in the west of Ireland in the year 1839, he immigrated to this country in 1854 and settled in Cincinnati, Ohio. Here he studied both medicine and law, graduating as Bachelor of Laws from the College of Cincinnati in the class of 1860. He was admitted to the bar in the same year.

Descended from a notable military family and as a boy educated in a school of arms, his military tastes and knowledge gave him high rank in the volunteer militia organization of the State of Ohio. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was commissioned Major in the celebrated Irish Regiment of Cincinnati, the Tenth Ohio Volunteers. It was commanded by General William Haines Lytle, the gifted and gallant author of the well-known poem, "I am dying, Egypt, dying!"

Succeeding to the command of

that excellent Regiment, Major Burke served with distinction all through the War. He filled the highest and most responsible executive positions, such as Flag of Truce Officer for the Army of the Cumberland, and Commissioner for Exchange of Prisoners under Rosecrans, Thomas and Sherman. His Regiment was especially honored by being placed on duty as Headquarters Guard of the Army.

At the close of hostilities, he was promoted a Brigadier General by brevet "for gallant and meritorious services during the War."

In 1867, General Burke, induced by the genial climate of the South, took up his residence in Alabama and became interested in various pursuits, notably the smelting of iron, the mining of coal and the introduction of livestock on a large scale. He assisted, in 1868, in reorganizing the Northern Bank of Alabama, under the National Banking laws, the remodeled firm assuming the name of the First National Bank of Huntsville.

In that same year he was appointed Register in Bankruptcy by his early friend and patron, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, U. S. Supreme Court. This position he filled to the entire satisfaction of the Bar and people of North Alabama, by whom he was recommended for the office of U. S. District Judge in 1870.

In 1880, during the administra-



GENERAL JOSEPH W. BURKE, LL. D.

tion of President Hayes, he was named U. S. Marshall, but declined the offer, and in that same year accepted the position of Collector of Customs at Mobile, the duties of which he performed acceptably to the business community until he resigned in 1885.

During the five years of his tenure of office, the first practical efforts to improve the Harbor and Bay of Mobile were inaugurated. In those days there were but twelve feet of water in the channel leading to the city, and the export business of the town was conducted at the "Lower Fleet," thirty miles distant. Owing to this inconvenience, Mobile had in reality but little commerce, and her wharves, fallen into disuse, were tumbling into the river.

Strong and able committees were sent to Congress to represent this condition of affairs, which resulted in the adoption of a scheme for the improvement of Mobile Harbor. This was pushed and advocated by successive delegations until the present day, when the Bay of Mobile is blessed with the longest ship channel in the world, twenty-three feet in depth. The commerce of all nations is found at the busy wharves, and in eight years the trade of Mobile has increased tenfold.

During these eventful years, General Burke never lost an opportunity to help on this grand work. Associated with him were the best talent and business intellect of the Gulf City. Such men

as Hon. R. H. Clarke, T. G. Bush, D. P. Bestor, E. L. Russell, G. B. Clark, J. C. Clarke, A. S. Benn, W. B. Duncan and others lent a willing and earnest hand to the good cause which they carried through successfully. To their untiring efforts we are to-day indebted for the prosperity of Mobile and her growing importance as the great port of the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1898, at the urgent solicitations of the citizens and the influential civic bodies of Mobile, President McKinley re-appointed General Burke Collector of the Port; the duties of which office he now discharges with conspicuous ability and marked urbanity of manners.

Known to all as the perfect type of a gentleman, intelligent and active, kind, considerate and affable, upright and candid, the General has a host of friends and admirers both in his adopted State and out of it. Hence, when last summer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by Spring Hill College, all agreed that he had fairly won the distinction by a long and useful life both professionally and in the walks of literature.

General Burke is a consistent Christian and a practical Catholic. A representative of a race whose lineage runs back in uninterrupted succession to the Crusades, in which his ancestors bore on their shields the motto of their Norman progenitors: "Un Roy, une Loy, une Foy" ("One King, one Law,

one Faith"), he comes naturally by his love for and loyalty to the Universal Church.

He is thoroughly American in his public affiliations as well as enthusiastically devoted to the traditions and national aspirations

of his native country. America and Alabama are proud of such citizenship, and old Ireland may rejoice that her sons have not degenerated in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

HENRY A. MCPHILLIPS, '00.

THE BARD OF AVON.

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's Child!"—L' Allegro.

THERE have been some men in the world's history—and they are necessarily few—who by their deaths have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they have been pre-eminent. When the immortal Raphael for the last time, laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit to us his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, some figure which may be considered as representing himself.

And, to turn to another art, when Mozart closed his last uncompleted score, and laid him down to pass from the regions of earthly to those of heavenly music, which none had so closely approached as he, the art over which he ruled could find no strains in which worthily to mourn him except his own, and was compelled to sing for the first time his marvellous requiem at his funeral.

No less can it be said that when

the pen dropped from Shakspeare's hand, when his last mortal illness mastered the strength of even *his* genius, the world was left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivalled characteristics. Hence, those who would know Shakspeare must turn back upon himself, and endeavor to draw from his own works the only true records of his genius and his mind. We must apply to him phrases which he has uttered of others, for we believe he must have involuntarily described himself, when he says:

Take him all in all,

We shall not look upon his like again.

The positive and directly applicable materials which we possess for constructing a biography of this our greatest writer, are more scanty than have been collected to illustrate the life of many an inferior author. His contemporaries, his friends, perhaps admirers, have left us but few traits of either his appearance or his character. Still when we feel regret at the meagreness of the fact-matter to be gathered respecting Shakspeare's life, we must be consoled with his own words:

"My spirit is thine, the better part of me."

Yes, he lives to us still and forever in his works.

To know that he was born in that quaint English village Stratford; that he went to the metropolis, and earned his fame unto all time; that his honored remains lie enshrined in the quiet little church on the banks of his own river Avon, with its silver stream and green trees, holy, bland, shining and tranquil as his own spirit, seems fully enough to know of one of the greatest as well as simplest of God's creatures.

To Shakspeare's works, then, we must go if we would know Shakspeare. We must endeavor to cull from his own pages the great and noble qualities of his character and unite them so as to form what we believe is his truest portrait. This, however, would involve the necessity of a longer dissertation than we are now prepared to give, for his writings are so varied and his genius so versatile, that no one can hope to treat either befittingly within the scope of a short paper.

Indeed, restricting ourselves to one play only—the historical tragedy of Julius Cæsar, which can be studied with so much interest and pleasure, we are compelled to say that Shakspeare's genius was inexhaustible. No one who reads this masterpiece can refrain from asking himself:—Did Shakspeare live in ancient Rome, strolling the Forum, or climbing the Capitol? Did he listen to the conspirators among the columns of its porti-

coes? Did he mingle among the Senators around Pompey's statue or with the Plebeians crowding to hear Brutus or Anthony harangue?

Since, then, our subject is so extensive, we must by some means or other confine it to narrower limits. This we shall accomplish by passing a few general remarks about our dear Bard of Avon.

Shakspeare has undoubtedly established his claim to the noblest position in English literature, as the great master of our language, as almost its regenerator,—quite its refiner,—as the author whose use of a word stamps it with the mark of purest English coinage, whose employment of a phrase makes it household and proverbial, whose sententious sayings flowing without effort from his mind, seem almost sacred, and are quoted as axioms or maxims indisputable,—as the orator whose speeches are not only apt, but natural to the lips from which they spring, are more eloquent than the discourses of senators or finished public speakers,—as the poet whose notes are richer, more wondrously varied than those of the greatest professed bards. His language in fine is the purest and best, his verses the most flowing and rich, and as for his sentiments, it would be difficult without the command of his own language to characterize them.

Taste is defined by the masters of Rhetoric as the power of perceiving and properly appreciating the beauties of nature and art. And

they tell us, moreover, that good taste should be characterized by the two qualities—delicacy and correctness. If all this be so, who in the whole range of literature can compare with Shakspeare in the exercise of refined and correct taste?

Who of all men ever gave evidence of so keen a perception of the beautiful in nature and art, as he? Up and down, throughout his works, there is no dearth of instances to prove this, but to confine ourselves to our favored play, we shall make choice of one example from it. It is the description of the tempest. I would ask you, mark the beauty of these Saxon lines:

"Are not you moved, when all the sway
of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding
winds

Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have
seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage
and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening
clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping
fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the
gods,

Incenses them to send destruction."

True, Shakspeare has his faults
in this as in other respects. Who
has not?

"Even Homer, good old man, sometimes
nods."

"Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."

Still in passing judgment on a
writer and his works, we should
not be less fair-minded than the
Sabine Poet, who says:—

"Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego
paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

"But where the beauties more in number
shine,

I am not angry when a casual line,
That with some trivial fault unequal
flows,

A careless hand, or human frailty
shows."

HENRY LEON SARPY, '00.

PAX ET HONOR.

Sternitur in vili palea Puer; anxia circum

Invigilat Mater; tera polique stupent.

Ecce autem carmen superis auditur ab auris:

"Pax hodie terris venit, honorque Deo!"



REV. F. S. GAUTRELET, S. J.,
FIRST JESUIT PRESIDENT SPRING HILL COLLEGE, 1847-1859.

REV. FRANCIS DE SALES GAUTRELET, S.J.

FATHER Francis de Sales Gautrelet, the first Jesuit President of Spring Hill College, was born in the village of Lampigni, Saone et Loire, France, June 24th, 1817. He had a sister, who for many years was Superioress of a large community in the diocese of Autun. His elder brother, Francis Xavier, born in 1807, entered the Society of Jesus September 7th, 1829, and became successively Founder of the Apostleship of Prayer, Provincial of Lyons, Superior of Syria, and at different times author of various treatises on asceticism, controversy, canon law, etc.

Francis de Sales had made part of his studies under the Jesuit Fathers at Chambéry, when at an early age he sought admission into their Society. Reverend Father Renault, then Provincial of France, was rather exacting and severe towards candidates for reception. He first detained Francis teaching in a college and afterwards postponed his first vows in consequence of bronchial troubles and his weak voice, which subsisted all his life long.

He entered the novitiate at Avignon, September 7th, 1836, and after two years, was sent to Vals for his philosophical and theological studies. He was raised to the priesthood and afterwards became pro-

fessor of philosophy at the same place.

In 1846, Bishop Portier of Mobile sent his Vicar General, the Very Reverend F. Bazin (afterwards Bishop of Vincennes) to France, with orders to make arrangements with some religious Order for the direction of his College-Seminary of Spring Hill. The college founded in 1829-30, had already passed through four different administrations, and lately the Bishop himself had been obliged to assume the name and office of President.

The Jesuits having accepted the trust, Father Gautrelet was appointed President October 4th, 1846, and soon after set out with a few companions. He was to conclude the arrangements with the Right Reverend Bishop on the basis agreed upon by the Provincial and Father Bazin. They reached New Orleans by the middle of January, 1847.

By the terms of the contract signed by both parties, the administration of the College, not its property, was transferred to the Jesuits on certain conditions. Nothing, however, was said of the change until the close of the scholastic year. Then in July, 1847, a notice was published in the papers announcing over the name of Father Gautrelet, the opening of the College under Jesuit control for the beginning of September.

The administration of Spring Hill College in those ante-bellum times was no easy task. We have no idea what Southern boys were in those days; yet the College sensibly prospered under the rule of Father Gautrelet, who enjoyed more and more the esteem of the parents and the clergy. Twice in succession he was called upon to preach the retreat to the clergy of New Orleans.

Some of the students of those times have since made their mark in various walks of life, both by their talents and learning, and their reputation for honor and virtue.

In October, 1859, Father Gautrelet was succeeded as President of Spring Hill by Father Jourdan, but remained there as Treasurer and Spiritual Father. Later on he was sent to New Orleans, where he became, at different times, Vice-President, Minister and Parish Priest. In the latter capacity he established a sodality of men, few in number, but of distinguished piety and considerable influence, whose direction he retained for many years.

At the time of the Spring Hill fire, February 5th, 1869, he was again sent thither to assist the President, Father Montillot, in rebuilding the College.

Soon after he was appointed Superior of the Southern Mission of New Orleans, in January, 1869. In the winter of the same year, he set out for Europe to confer with the Very Reverend Father Gen-

eral of the Order and with the Provincial of Lyons (to which the Mission was then attached), in order to procure, if possible, subjects for the South.

He was in France when the war broke out and the republic was proclaimed. Soon after he hastened back to America, bringing with him a good number of efficient men, to be soon followed by many others.

When, in 1880, he was succeeded by Father Butler as Superior of the Mission, he remained in New Orleans, dividing his time between the Confessional and the direction of Religious Communities until 1884. That year Father O'Connor was appointed the first President of Galveston College, and he requested as a favor to take Father Gautrelet with him to act as his adviser and also as spiritual director of the Convents entrusted to the care of the Jesuit Fathers. He remained, however, only two years there and returned to New Orleans. In September, 1886, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus.

During his last years his mental faculties gradually failed and finally gave way completely. It was painful to see a man, who had so often given proofs of an excellent mind, of consummate prudence and exalted virtues, who by counsel and example had directed so many in the path of salvation and sanctity, now reduced to the state of second childhood, as helpless, as irresponsible as a new-

born infant. It was a sad spectacle indeed.

At last the hour of death came on December 20th, 1894, when he was eighty years of age. Shortly before the end it seemed as if his mental powers had partly returned, and having devoutly re-

ceived the last Sacraments of the Church, he resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker. His funeral was honored by the attendance of a numerous clergy and by a great concourse of people.

JOSEPH L. DANOS, '00.

A PEEP INTO IRVING'S SKETCH-BOOK.

NAMES like Longfellow, Bryant and Irving prove that America is as prominent in Literature as she is in Science and the Arts. Hence in our colleges and schools we rightly prefer our own writers to those of other countries as masters and models of English style. And at the head of our favorite authors stands Washington Irving.

Irving was born in New York city in 1783; he received but a scanty education. This, together with later reverses of fortune and ill health, made it difficult for him to pursue the bent of his genius. His first work was the History of New York, his last—he died November 28th, 1859,—was the "Life of Washington." Either of these productions in itself is sufficient to establish Irving's reputation as a master of English prose. Among the other works that came from his pen is the Sketch Book, to which the present paper confines itself.

Irving, it seems, was fond of going among the old Dutch farm-

ers of New York State, listening to their stories and sharing their gossip. He would then write down in his own humorous way what he had seen or heard, and so we have the Sketch Book. There is nothing strikingly great or remarkable in his style, and neither does he describe things startling or impressive. He saw what any of us could have seen, if we had strolled leisurely in the New York State of those days, and he heard the same old stories that many old men and women would have been too ready to bore us with.

All this he set down in writing simply and naturally. He neither omitted, exaggerated nor embellished. If he saw a drove of pigs wallowing in the mire, or heard a foolish old ghost story, he put both in his Sketch Book, but managed to throw such a charm around the picture as to force everybody to read it, to be amused by it and to draw instruction from it.

He can turn from the picturesque Catskills or the lordly Hudson to the dilapidated farm of Rip

Van Winkle, and do full justice to either. The humble poverty of the Angler is as interesting as the comfortable plenty of the Dutch farmer, while we are equally delighted with characters so different as the careless, good-natured Rip, his close-fisted, free-tongued wife, the awkward pedagogue Ichabod, and the dashing young Dutch farmer, "Brom Bones."

And when we try to find out the charm that gives so much interest to writings so varied, we see it consists in this: that he tells simply the whole truth. He always calls a spade a spade, but adds something to show that there is more, after all, in a spade than you thought there was. Take, for instance, his *Description of a Dutch Farm*. There is nothing very attractive, for most people, about farm houses in general. An ordinary visitor from the city might call them a confused collection of cattle, poultry and swine. Let us see what Irving says.

"Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese was riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, disconcerted cry."

Would not these grunting swine and cackling geese be proud of

themselves if they could have understood such a flattering description?

Let us take another example to show what Irving could do in the face of difficulties. It is easy enough to describe a picturesque scene, or a handsome, well-proportioned person, but to give an interesting description of a lank, awkward, repulsive-looking fellow would seem impossible. Yet this is what Irving does with Ichabod Crane.

"The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew."

This will suffice to indicate the marvellous descriptive power of Irving, which can be more easily felt than expressed. He seems to have made a point of looking at a thing from every side, and especially from its humorous side. Yet this humor does not interfere with truth or nature, but throws a charm around both, that makes them at once instructive and amusing.

His humor is especially brought to bear on his Dutch stories, which he is slyly laughing at all

the time. He laughs rather too much, I think, at Rip Van Winkle, every schoolboy's friend, and, in fact, everybody's friend! Rip had taken a long sleep of twenty years in the mountains and returned to find himself so many years behind the age. Irving hints that Rip

might possibly have invented the story, and perhaps he did, but no matter whether it was Rip or Irving, or somebody else who invented it, the story told by Irving's facile pen shall ever be an interesting one!

FRANK GIULI, '04.

TO MY MOTHER.

In the month she loved, in the month of May,
In the month of flowers, she passed away;
In the month of Mary, her Queen and love,
She was ta'en from earthly to realms above.

I beheld her dead, in the coffin laid,
And I knelt and wept, and I wept and prayed;
But she wept no longer, her face was calm,
All her grief was tempered by Heaven's balm.

And the crucifix that she clasped when dying,
And the snowy flowers round about her lying,
They are mine, and mem'ries not full of gloom,
For they tell of meeting beyond the tomb.

LOUISIANA, '87.

THE PILGRIM.

A while to roam;
A stranger I, a passing guest;
Not here, not there my place of rest;
In Christ my home.

DIRE REVENGE.

DURING the old Colonial days, John Maynard, a native of New England, with his wife and four children was seeking a home on the banks of the Mississippi. When the stage which he had followed reached its destination at the present city of Louisville, Kentucky, he set out alone, with his family and the wagon containing the utensils he would need in his backwoods home.

After a day's journeying he came to the country of the Illinois, a tribe whose history has its pages stained with the record of almost incredible deeds of bloodshed and savage cruelty. Reason enough then had the fond parent, to redouble his care and anxiety for the welfare of his helpless charge. But the assurance that another day's journey would see him at his destination encouraged him, and infused into his breast new hope.

That evening he pitched his camp on the banks of a stream. The shades of night had gathered over a sultry atmosphere, and the moon was shining brightly. Maynard, having tethered the horses and made everything snug and tight, kissed his little ones as they lay buried in sleep, and then threw himself wearily on the grass, a short distance from the wagon. He was soon lost in slumber.

But as he dreamed, a shudder seized upon him. He thought he

saw slowly creeping through the underbrush that skirted the edge of the forest, a band of savages with knives and tomahawks in their hands, their eyes glaring in the bright moonlight like those of demons. Now they emerge from the woods, and, creeping on all fours, with their knives between their teeth, approach cautiously and quietly, nearer and nearer to the canvas-covered wagon.

Suddenly a piercing shriek rends the air! Maynard springs to his feet. Is he dreaming? He rubs his eyes. "Twas only a dr—" another, and still another scream breaks the stillness of the night! But these are drowned by the yells of the savages as they drag forth their sleeping victims, and cleave their skulls with a single blow of the tomahawk. Terror-stricken, the poor father draws his pistol and rushes furiously on the murderous foe. Ere they could recover from the sudden onslaught of the man, maddened with rage and terror, he had stretched five of them dead at his feet, while the others break from him and, with a yell that rings far and wide, dart into the forest. Mad, infuriated, Maynard plunges in after them, and first one, then another falls a victim to his deadly aim.

The Indians have now disappeared; but the brave man rushes on through the thicket like a ma-



THE OLD COLLEGE BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1869.



niac. A thousand bewildering fancies flash through his brain. His hair is dishevelled. Cold beads of perspiration stand on his forehead. His eyes dart fire. His teeth, from between which issues foam, alternately close and chatter. Aloft, in his tightly clenched right hand, he brandishes a dagger. On he rushes, on—pursuing fleeting phantoms of Indians with whom his frenzied brain has peopled the woods—on, on, he knows not whither. On a sudden his foot catches in the projecting root of a tree, and he falls heavily to the ground, stunned and unconscious.

When he awoke from his unnatural sleep, the sun was high in the heavens, a gentle breeze murmured softly through the forest, and the birds were hopping and trilling among the banches.

"Where am I?" muttered he. "Where is my wife—my little ones? Ah, yes, I remember; I left them up yonder in the glen. What am I doing here? They must be waiting for me? No, not there—they're not—Oh! those red demons! They've killed! O, my poor wife and babes!" he moaned.

"Ha! blood on my hands! Yes, those red devils!—ha! ha! didn't I fix them!" he exclaimed, with a demoniacal laugh. "ha! ha! ha! didn't I fix—oh, my poor wife, my pets!" and the wretched man, now gone stark mad, threw himself on his knees, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

Presently he arose and, like one fleeing from the blade of an assas-

sin, ran towards the scene of the previous night's conflict.

Oh, what a sight was there! Stretched lifeless in a bloody heap on the sward lay his darling children; and he kissed again and again those pale cheeks that, only the evening before had glowed under the impress of his fatherly affection. A short distance off lay the body of his spouse, cold in death, a hatchet buried deep in her skull.

O, God! who can describe the miserable man's feelings at that moment? He would fain put an end to his existence with the same weapon that wreaked such terrible vengeance on the perpetrators of this dreadful crime. What was life to him now? His dear ones—all that he prized in this world lay cold and lifeless at his feet. His treasure had passed through the portals of death; with it was his heart, and with it he longed to be. The fatal weapon is pointing at his temples. He hesitates—he lowers his aim. No, he will live not for himself, but for his all—live to be the avenger of the murder of his loved ones!

Hastily digging a grave, he consigned all that he held dear to the cold, silent earth. Then kneeling on the little mound, with a dagger grasped in his hand, he stretched out his arms to Heaven and, with hatred and fury gleaming from his eyes, swore that, until for every member of his murdered family he had slain twenty savages of this accursed tribe, he would never rest. After having thus, by sol-

emn oath, given expression to his dire purpose of revenge, the forlorn parent set fire to the wagon, saddled and mounted the horse that remained after the stampede occasioned by the encounter, and, casting one fond, farewell glance at the mound that hid from view his only care on earth, sadly rode away.

* * * * *

Twenty years later a strong, powerfully built man galloped up to the door of a tavern in one of the frontier towns of Texas. Dismounting from his coal-black steed, he secured it to a post on the roadside.

He appeared to be of declining years, and, by the lines that marked his bronzed features, gave evidence of having experienced no little amount of care and sorrow in his time. He was dressed in the costume of a ranchero, with high-topped boots and spurs. A belt, from which dangled a murderous-looking dagger and an antique pistol, encircled his waist; while covering the head of long, curly, black hair that, interspersed with streaks of gray, fell in graceful waves over his broad shoulders, was a sombrero with a deer-skin thong binding it, from the ends of which hung two gold-fringed tassels.

Entering the tavern, he soon gained the good will of the usual crowd of idlers by an all-around treat, and shortly became engaged in an exciting game of chance with a blustering cowboy, at a round

table upon which the stakes of each player were piled.

The stranger had already won the first pile and was about to put out for a second game, when a piercing shriek outside caused him and his boon companions to rush precipitately to the door.

They saw an Indian sprawled on the dusty road. Upon inquiry, they found that the Indian was riding along the road on a pony, and, seeing a horse tied in front of a tavern, he dismounted. Casting a sneaky, suspicious look on all sides, he approached and lifted the hind foot of the horse to examine its shape for purpose better known to the red man than to us.

"Ugh!" muttered the Indian, as he recoiled in terror, "him horse of big Wannanahassee; him kill Injun, ugh!" And with a shudder he turned to quit the scene as quickly as possible, when a terrific blow from the hoof of the animal struck him squarely in the back of the head and stretched him lifeless in the dust. It was the wretch's dying shriek that brought the tavern loafers to the door.

A crowd had gathered around the bleeding form, when the stranger, making his way to the dead man's side, scrutinized his features closely. Suddenly his eyes flashed fire. Pushing the crowd aside he strode to his horse, and, tenderly stroking its sleek neck, spoke to it in endearing terms: "Well done, my pet, you have acted nobly! Ten more, my beauty," said he, as he cut another notch in the handle of his

pistol, "and we shall be revenged!"

The brute seemed, by the affirmative shake of its head, to understand better than the idle multitude, who stood by gaping at the two in mute astonishment. Then mounting his steed, the stranger plied spur, and was soon lost in a cloud of dust on the distant horizon.

* * * * *

A score and five years had rolled by since the event last recorded, during which time the western half of our continent had undergone many changes. The warlike Indian now roamed about less freely. No unexplored regions now existed in that vast stretch of country, and the bison, which had hitherto reigned as monarch of the prairie in undisturbed solitude, was now often alarmed by the puffing, snorting steam engine as it clanged over the extensive plains, carrying civilization to the former haunts of the red man. Thriving little towns nestled here and there among the mountains and fertile valleys; and, indeed, the whole country was putting on new life and vigor.

At one of these towns, in a frontier state, a train stopped one summer's evening, from which alighted a stranger. He was aged and decrepit, and bore, trenched in his massive forehead and swarthy face, deep lines that indicated long years of pain and adversity. His hair, white as the driven snow, fell over his stooped shoulders in rich profusion, as,

bent over a stout stick, he trudged out of the town into the country beyond.

The old man's step was unsteady and feeble, and he had to exert himself exceedingly to climb the steep hills. Now and again he would pause to take off his hat and wipe the perspiration from his wrinkled brow. After an hour's tedious walking, he came to the bank of a stream which he followed for some distance towards its source. Coming to a glade extending from the stream back into the forest, he left the river bank and made his way across the opening. When near the edge of the glade, tired and fatigued, he seated himself on a grassy mound near at hand, and abandoned himself to the musings of his troubled mind.

"Is this the place?" he muttered. "That stream, this wood—both are familiar to me. Can this be the spot? Good heavens, am I sitting on the grave of my dear ones?"

"Look ye, what is this lying here on the grass? A human skull! Another! A skeleton! What does this mean?"

"Ah, yes, I remember—that fight. They murdered them in cold blood;—ha! but they are almost revenged.

"What! this cannot be the place? No? Yes, it is, three more skulls! Ha! didn't I fix the red devils," and, dropping the bleached skull from his bony, palsied hand, he broke out into a demoniacal laugh, "Ha! ha! ha! didn't I fix the devils!"

But hark! a rifle shot. Another! and a young Indian springs out from cover to secure the wounded prey.

The old man is startled at the sudden report and casts a quick glance in the direction whence it came. No sooner does his eye catch sight of the savage than it flashes fury. Quickly jumping behind a large oak tree, he awaits in silence the approach of the unwary huntsman.

The deer, having its fore leg broken by the bullet, hobbled as fast as it could in the direction of the tree, with its pursuer closely following.

When the Indian came within ten paces of the old man's place of concealment, the latter suddenly sprang from behind the tree and, with a horrible oath, fired point blank at him. Struck in the shoulder by the bullet, his rifle at the same time dropping from his hand, the red-skin rushes on his assailant with drawn knife and clasps him in his arms in deadly embrace. They both fall heavily to the earth, the Indian underneath, who, with a quick thrust,

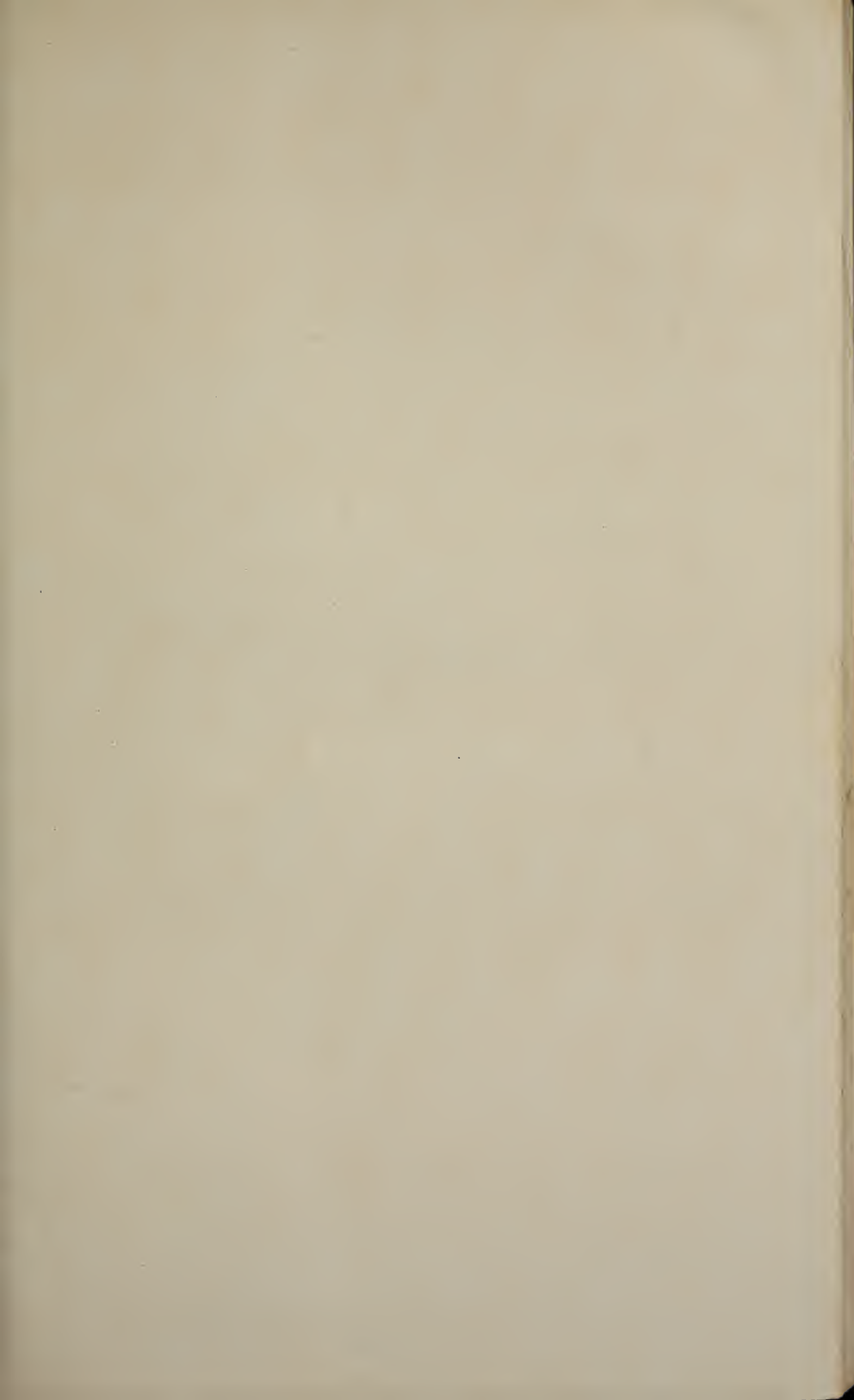
gives his foe a mortal wound in the side. The old man wrenches the weapon from the hand drawn back for a second stroke, raises it aloft, and plants it with a fearful curse in the savage's heart. Then, with his life's blood fast ebbing away, he staggers to the little mound and falls heavily across it. For some moments he lay overcome with weakness resulting from the terrible struggle and loss of blood, when, rising to a kneeling posture, he cut another notch in the handle of his pistol with the dagger.

Then, with a wild cry, he threw himself on the mound and, burying his long, skinny fingers into the sod, gasped with a mighty effort, as if trying to penetrate with his voice the hard clay, "'Tis done—my poor wife, my dear babes; the hundredth devil has bit the dust,—my vow is fulfilled—you are avenged!" And with this word upon his lips his soul winged its flight to the feet of that tribunal where just before him had stood the last victim of his vengeance.

FRED SOLIS, '00.

SPES UNICA.

Una mihi superes, Christi perdulcis Imago,
 Sumque Tui nimium solo praedives amore.
 Effigies, decus omne meum, solaris acerbos
 Casus, Tuque meae vitae praedulce levamen.
 Te teneam suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
 Ultima Te spectent morientia lumina, Christe!





JOHN HENRY GREENWOOD.

JOHN HENRY GREENWOOD.

WHEN the Northern gale scatters the shrunken petals of the sere and faded rose, we say, "'Tis well thus"; but when the tempest's rude blast strikes down the half-blown bud, just opening up its chaste beauty to the mellow sunshine, a wail of sadness breaks from our lips: "What loss! what pity to destroy such glory in the blossom!"

So it is with the King of terrors. Though merciless at all seasons, yet in the bloom of youth, in the spring-tide of life—more than ever—does he appear the ruthless tyrant.

Last May our College friend, bright, happy and hale, was in our midst; the month of June was scarce a fortnight old, when his pure, noble soul broke through its prison bars and took its flight heavenwards.

John Henry Greenwood was born in Pensacola, Florida, April 16th, 1883. At an early age his parents removed to Mobile. Here he attended different schools, among others the Barton Academy. He was a diligent and docile scholar, and early gave signs of superior mental endowments. When he made his First Communion, he was ranked among the most pious and orderly boys of his class. It is no wonder, then, that he was the idol of his fond parents, and a favorite with all who knew him.

At the beginning of the school term of 1898-99, John came to Spring Hill College with the view of completing his education. It was here, above all, that his admirable qualities of heart and mind manifested themselves in all their charming beauty.

Firm of character, yet respectful and obedient, generous to a fault, loyal in friendship, devout in his religious faith, he was loved and esteemed by his professors and school-mates alike. He possessed a genial and cheerful disposition, was fond of sports and a skilled athlete, a brilliant and successful student, and gained scores of friends by his gentle and amiable manners. Withal, he was ever the dutiful, affectionate son, almost worshipped by his father and mother, who were wont to welcome him as the sunshine of their lives.

In the midst of this happy and promising career, the fell hand of disease came upon our beloved College-mate. One day, towards the end of May, he complained of a slight indisposition. He was cared for immediately; and, after a few days, was taken to his home, where, for a time, he appeared to improve. Soon, however, a relapse set in, and he lingered on between life and death for several days.

During these last solemn hours, John was the same gentle, manly,

religious youth he had been at College. He was as patient as a lamb, allowing no peevish murmurs to escape his lips, but accepting his sufferings as from God's beneficent hand. Frequently during his pain and anguish he was heard to pronounce with reverence and devotion the Holy names of Jesus and Mary. At length, on the 15th of June, after being strengthened by the last sacraments of Mother Church, he calmly breathed his soul into the hands of his all-merciful Creator.

He was buried from the Cathedral. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, among whom were his College professor and a delegation of his class-mates. His father confes-

sor spoke a few touching and eloquent words at his obsequies, in which he wished his noble soul "God speed" on its journey to never-ending bliss, the precious reward of those "who die in the Lord."

Friend, we sorrow o'er thy passing,

Grieve to see thy early fall ;

Now we miss thy gentle presence

Shedding gladness on us all.

Sweet thy voice as heavenly music,

And thy joyous laughter's thrill,

And thy footstep's lightsome echo—

All are vanished—all are still.

But thou'rt past the bourne of trial,

Fraught with dangers none can tell,

And art gone to meet thy Saviour

Whom thou e'er didst love so well.

Rest thee, brother, rest thee calmly ;

Naught of earth can harm thee more.

May thy soul, no longer burdened,

In angelic choirs soar!

SAM. APPERIOUS, '00.

THE HELIOTROPE.

For thee, sweet Heliotrope, in vain,

The warblers wake their lay,

In vain the purling rills pour forth

Their murmurs soft and gay.

Heedless of their false flowing charms,

Upon the Sun, whose rays

Thy being gave, thy thankful soul

E'er turns its grateful gaze.

E'en so for thee, poor restless soul

Of mine, in vain its songs

Should luring pleasures wake ; in vain

Should gay and wordly throngs

Invite. These empty charms despised,

On God, thy Author, End,

Alone thy thankful heart

Its gaze should ever bend.

J. IRVING.

A LITTLE LEARNING.

SCRIPTURE says that knowledge "puffeth up." In the same spirit, the poet says:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Scripture never meant that knowledge in itself is hurtful. For David sings: "Teach me, God, discipline and science." Neither could the poet have meant that the least ray of that knowledge, which Plato calls divine, is unworthy of our admiration.

It is knowledge alone that makes man the lord of the universe. It is knowledge that displays to him the symphony, order and loveliness of nature. It is knowledge that raises him from the visible to the invisible. The portion of it is the portion of an intellectual being, a ray of the divine intelligence. It is so vast, so wide in its area, so infinite and inexhaustible in its depths that men may draw from its fountain, little or much, and may still be said to have but tasted and scarcely drunk of its waters. Why, then, should Pope have said:

"Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring?"

Pope himself left school at the age of twelve. His own learning, though of a high order, was not sufficient to enable him to distinguish always between metaphysics and true poetry. He is not classed among the greatest poets.

Yet who will say that Pope's learning did little for the English

language? Probably no man of the eighteenth century did more than he to harmonize English verse, and to bring order and symmetry into the wild, random diction of his predecessors.

The truth is quite evident: it is not knowledge, little or great, that is dangerous to man. We may credit Pope, there, with having meant only that knowledge which "puffeth up."

It is the pride, the vanity, the evil scheme, the wild machination, of which knowledge is made the instrument—it is the passion, the unsubjected slave, tearing down its master, Reason, and perverting the order of Divine Providence—it is the bloated, stalking knowledge of the tyrant, the cunning of the impostor, the cruel tact of the extortioner, the subtleness of the spy, the keen foresight of the full-bred warrior, whetted by ambition,—it is such knowledge as this that is so terrible in its effects. For knowledge, once devoted to a bad cause—what is it but another name for cunning, fraud, ambition and deceit? The power given to rule the world may destroy it. If the world were not kept in course by a Divine Ruler, nothing could be better calculated to destroy it than misdirected knowledge.

Give a man the muscles of a Hercules, the spirit of an Achilles, but deprive him of the divine gift: he becomes like the brute of the

field or the maniac in the asylum. Let him rave and chafe in the stubbornness of Prometheus in his chains, yet by a step he may be avoided, by silence he may be checked in his course, by kindness he may be softened; by force, at least, he may be taken to an abode of safety. But let his mind once grasp but a little knowledge—such knowledge as is void of meekness and humility—let him, through some ingenious flatterer, discover the arts by which physical power, anger, hatred, revenge, rousing the dregs of society into a cyclone of tumult, may sweep their way to destruction,—and we have a man well calculated to lead the mob of a city to ruin, fitted to hurl the missile of an anarchist, or ready to handle the dagger of a Cæsario.

Misdirected knowledge! A little learning! In every stage of life its influence may be exemplified: in the slums of the lower classes, in the bustle of business life, in church, in state, in the fair circles of the young, and in the élite of the higher classes.

In the down-town saloon, where the ignorant yet inquisitive youth of the lower class gather together, mark well the man of muscular, brutish energy, who sways the young blood of the city. A bully of bullies, self-appointed king, he defends the tenor of his life with a brawling sophism. He answers the objection of the religious man with a brazen sneer. He has enough knowledge to know that anything like true philosophy would issue in the ruin of

himself. He has a little learning surely: enough to raise the row at the polls of the next election, enough to disturb the homes of the poor with his unshaped political views, enough to manage the strike at the telegraph office or on the railroad. Now the politicians begin to fear him. Now he enters the lists himself. Finally he wields the sceptre of an office, where sycophancy and bribery hold sway and honesty is trodden under foot. What was it that encouraged him to aim at positions he is totally incapable of fulfilling? What but the little learning, the taste of the Pierian spring?

In the business circles, who is there that has not experienced the vast difference between the bright eye and the bright intellect, between the honest face and the honest heart? In business affairs, the man of little learning, yet a dangerous man, is the man of mighty eye, but little intellect—the man with dollars on his tongue, but no capital.

This is the man who builds and becomes famous on false pretensions. He deceives the uncautious by the magnificence and splendor of his apartments. He attracts the immature by the noise and hurry of his attendant clerks. He has a little learning, he knows that external grandeur will allure a decade of followers.

But the gaze of intelligent men discovers the breach in the lofty wall. The cannons are aimed against the foundations of the edifice. The crisis proves that a

mere wavering upstart had stood before the world, but not the sound man of business.

Such a man we find suddenly disappearing from the scene of daily life, and, with him, some few hundred thousand dollars, the resources of those that trusted him. Again, we find him behind the prison-bar, convicted of fraud or forgery. Frequently, worse than all, we find him, having realized the enormity of his deceptions, overcome by remorse—found lifeless on the river side by the first break of dawn—or a corpse in an obscure chamber, with the weapon of death at his side.

Let us advance to another sphere of life. Let us ascend the steps of a spacious mansion where the venerable mistress gathers the young together under her maternal care.

How sweet is the society of the young! How like the breath of morn! How like the ripening field of spring-time, or the tender buds of May!

Yet let us pause. In this society, where everything breathes sweetness and life, while the conversation glows and the dance is merriest, behold the young man, whom the knowledge of true virtue has never enlightened. He may have whatever other knowledge you will. He may have all the gifts that make learning attractive. He may be fair, brilliant, bright-eyed, genial and sociable. But let us suppose him to have but little learning, as far as virtue is concerned—let us sup-

pose him to be a youth who does not comprehend the meaning of true modesty, nor understands the love of candor and sincerity—to whom purity of morals is an external force, and chastity a nickname. Let such a one, with every other gift, be allowed to approach the tender society of his equals—and we shall find his little learning—his knowledge of evil—not only dangerous, but a very worm creeping into the sweet flowers, carrying decay and ruin, where once bloomed the rose of modesty and the lily of purity.

The young man develops. His passion develops with him. His talent for good lies buried in the ground. After a few years, men are on their guard against his wiles. Kind mothers warn their children against him. Aged fathers threaten him if he dare approach their door. But he still has his coterie of admirers. He still has gleams of success. He seizes his opportunity, and marries into a family of wealth and affluence. Perchance he becomes a man of fortune, and wins for himself renown. But at last the truth breaks from its hiding-place. Lo! in the midst of his success, at the very moment when cities, families and fortunes seem to hang upon his lips, we read, to our amazement, in the first column of the morning paper, the glaring headlines, which reveal to our eyes the hideous cancer that had long been concealed under the flash of the diamond or the halo of renown.

Such is the man of little learning, or of "puffed up knowledge," in the stages of ordinary life: the bane of the lower classes, the horror of the business man, the curse of refined and charitable society.

There remains still but one stage of life.

Is it possible that, astray in the Holy of Holies, among the men constituted the rocks of God's indefectible church—that even here the poison of vanity will infect the minds that are consecrated to His service? Yet even here the facts stare us in the face.

Well may the ignorant, in their sweet and simple faith, revere every churchman as another Mark, every pulpit orator as another Chrysostom, every zealous missionary as a Xavier or a Paul. Well may the attentive, sagacious bourgeois, of every country and clime, distinguish the pious pastor from the common herd, and trust their children to his care. And well may the educated and refined, imbued with the instinct of religion, point with pride to the seventy tomes of the Bollandists, the attempted history of saints and martyrs whose number is legion.

Nevertheless, to the careful student, the ambitious design, the cunning, the worldly tact of those who, under the cloak of the church, have forsaken the church's counsels, is as manifest and striking as any fact in history.

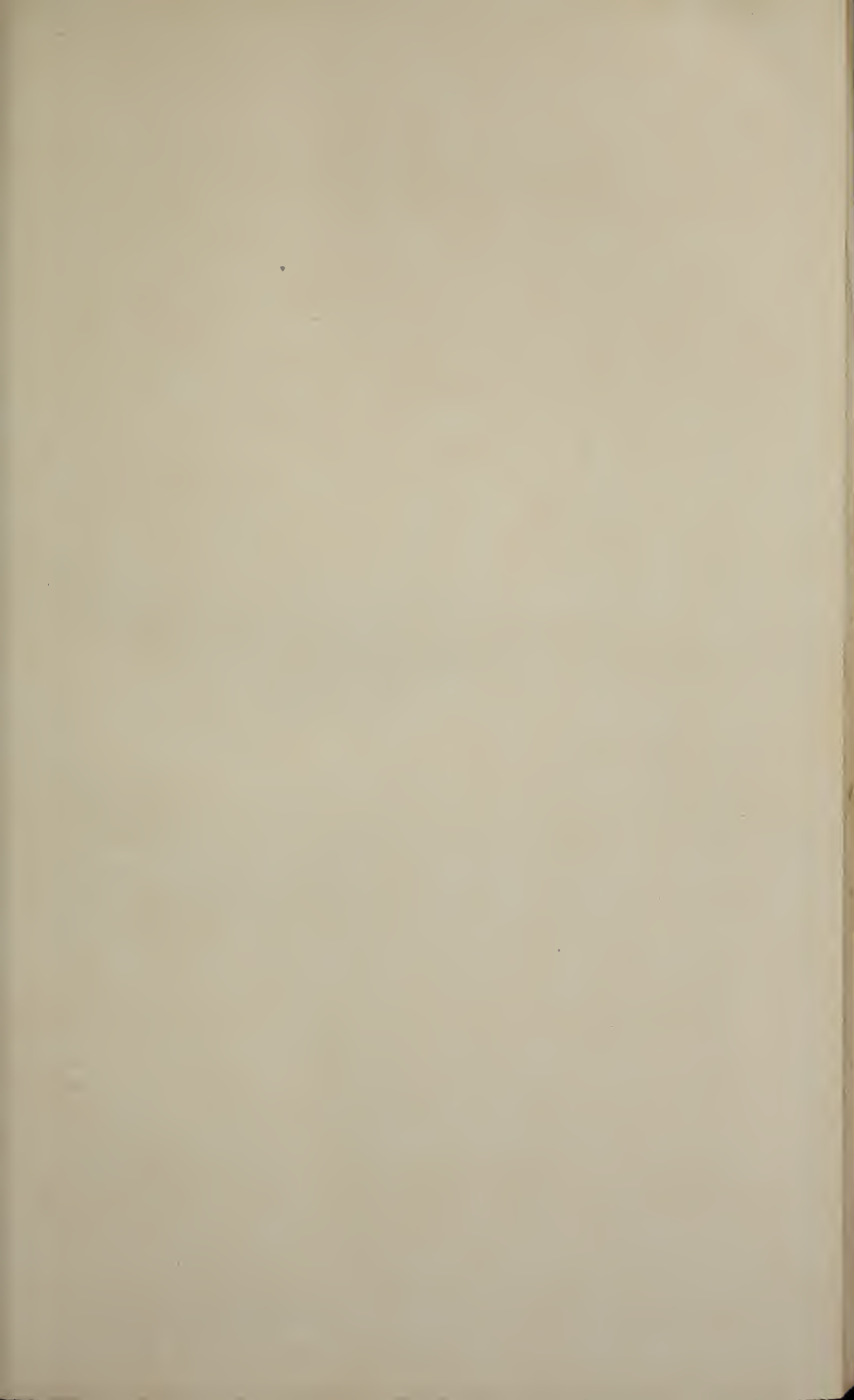
In every age, we find some egregious impostor enriching him-

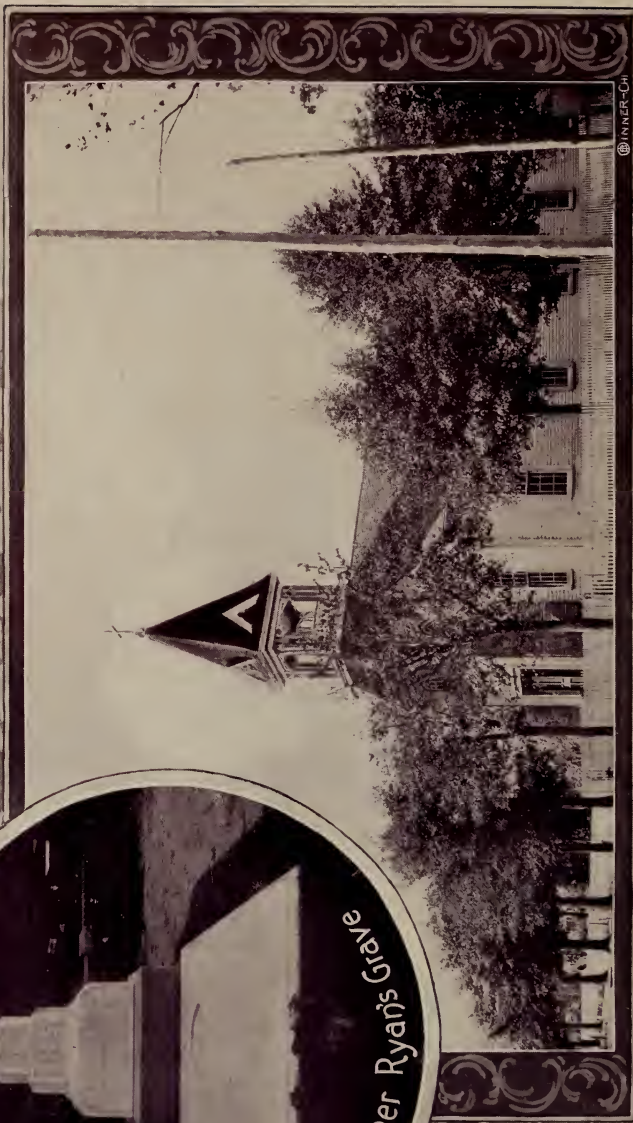
self, like Magus, at the expense of the multitude. In every clime we find the subtle heretic, raving, like Arius, under disappointment and chagrin, and, in the keenness of his discomfiture, hurling his very knowledge of Scripture against the Divinity of Christ. In every religious congregation, we see the bold monk, like another Luther, disturbed, in his own mind, by his own paradoxes and contradictions, dividing his followers into sects and divisions, until he is himself finally dissolved in melancholy, wretchedness and despair.

It is this knowledge, as we said in the beginning, that is deserving of our condemnation: the knowledge that is made the instrument of pride or vanity or jealousy or ambition or revenge. No other knowledge is or can be dangerous.

Far be it from the meaning of the poet—far be it from the tenor of Scripture—far be it from the sentiment of every one of us, to despise the knowledge of a Pastor, devoted to the cause of science, the knowledge of a Columbus, united with lofty aims and heroic courage, the sweet, discerning knowledge of an Assisi, alluring the heart of man to the love of celestial things, and moving the will of man to the noble and the true. Forbid it, God! But the bloated knowledge of the politician, the craft of the hypocrite—these are condemned, yes; but true knowledge never!

P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.





Father Ryan's Church
St. Mary's, Mobile.

THE SANCTUARY LIGHT.

All the night the moon is beaming,
Breathing words no man can tell,
Where the lilies odor-teeming
Waver to the breezes' swell :
And the starlight soft is streaming
On the chapel in the dell.

In the distance, dark and sombre,
Sleep the mountains o'er the sky ;
And the brooks, in ceaseless number,
O'er the rocks are running by ;
And the mocking-bird in slumber
Dreams aloud his lullaby.

Nature's music soul-refining !
Bird and brooklet everywhere !
Tree and flower in moonlight shining
Round the little house of prayer :
Mirror true of Him reclining
In the Tabernacle there !

* * * * *

Hark ! I hear the buoy a-tolling,
Where the distant waters flow !
Just above a cloud is strolling,
Where the moon was wont to glow.
Hear the far-off thunder rolling,
Like the cannon on the foe !

Just a moment's breathless hushing,
Like the stillness of the grave !
Then the loud winds rising, rushing,
Lashing, heaving o'er the wave,
Woods are drenched with torrents gushing,
Sea and shore in wildness rave !

Swift upon the blue deep dashing,
Cloud on cloud their fury spread :
Now the mountain oaks are crashing,
And, from Terror's fountain-head,
Lightning gleams of flame are flashing,
Like the spectres of the dead.

Yet, there's music in the thunder,
 Sweetness in the stormy night:
 Lo! my heart has turned with wonder
 To the Sanctuary Light!
 He, that cleft the oak asunder,
 Dwelleth there, all-calm, all-bright!

Never mocking-bird so sweetly,
 Never thrush sang note divine,
 Never sea-gull flew so fleetly
 To its home beyond the brine,
 Never petal opened meetly,
 As the Love from out the shrine.

In the bolts of heaven I hear Him,
 Gentle as the gentle dove;
 In the lightning flash I fear Him
 Fear that I may lose His love.
 Oh, the joy to be so near Him,—
 Brother, Friend and God Above!

ALABAMA.

THE USE OF ORATORY.

BRIEFLY speaking, oratory is the art of persuading by speech. Its nobility and grandeur, so highly extolled by masters like Cicero and Webster, I do not now purpose to glorify. My task will be an humbler one, that of explaining its practical uses.

They begin with the cradle and continue to the grave, and sometimes they end not there.

Take a baby, as Shakespeare says, "muling in his nurse's arms," or if, under the circumstances, you do not wish to take him, look at him.

He crows, and his mamma is enchanted; immediately he has

an admiring audience, and woe to those who admire him not! He screams, and at once awakes in his hearers a responsive thrill. He commands them in his own eloquent fashion, and they obey. He makes known by his voice that he wants—say "the earth"—and he gets it. Where is the orator more eloquent? Who excels him in the gift of persuasion?

This baby grows and goes unwillingly to school, and in hall and campus, does he wish to win a game or escape punishment, he at once finds out the uses of eloquence, and not unfrequently attains his end.

This infant, grown to maturer years, makes a study of oratory. That is supposing he is a boy; a girl does not need to study oratory—it was born with her. And when he is fully equipped with all the rules of speech-making, “armed against a sea of troubles,” he goes out into the world ready to swim “the tide that leads to fortune.”

He becomes a lawyer, and before his eloquent tongue, fed by a well-trained brain, the guilty tremble and the just go free. A physician, and who does not prefer to have his pills sugar-coated, as it were, by the doctor of smooth and artful speech?

He enters business, and even here his advantages are at once apparent. Be he salesman, contractor, member of a firm or drummer, the art of persuasion is invaluable to him in every grade.

He loves his country, and so he would become an alderman. Will not every convenient street corner resound with his eloquence? And the other poor man who loves his country and would like to be alderman just as well, but is no orator, reclines at the bottom of the pole.

And so with assembly, congress, senator, aye! even the presidency—every office in the hands of the people is won by the golden mouth, very often, it is true, with the assistance of the golden dollar!

And when business, politics, and all have failed,—does not the very tramp, euphoniously referred

to as the “Citizen of the World,” fall back upon eloquence to keep together body and soul—and stitches?

Still, not alone to-day, but ever in the past has eloquence been a power in the land. Go twenty centuries back,—stand upon the plain of Marathon,—look upon the historic isle of Salamis, where a handful of valiant Greeks put the Persian myriads to flight! But Marathon and Salamis would be names unknown; Grecian art, eloquence and culture would have died unborn, had not Themistocles, by his soul-stirring eloquence, nerved the men of Greece to meet and conquer the hosts of Persia.

Come to our own land, whose heroes we venerate, and whose liberties we prize.

Washington and the other noble generals of our land would not be shrined in story, nor liberty won, had not our ancestors been roused by the words of Patrick Henry, to throw off the yoke of the oppressors.

Therefore, may I not conclude with another orator, the silver-tongued Tully, who so thoroughly understood the uses and advantages of Oratory? These are his words of sound advice, as pertinent to-day as they were nineteen hundred years ago:

“Apply yourselves earnestly to the study of oratory, that you may be an honor to yourselves, a help to your friends, and a treasure to your country.”

J. DOUGLAS O'BRIEN, '00.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

“ONLY five o'clock! I hope six will soon come!” muttered Gertrude Cavey, as she heard the dusty little clock in the telegraph office strike five.

The next hour dragged wearily on. The rain came pouring down, and the angry clouds chased one another in quick succession through the vaulted skies. The little office shook. Gertie was twice compelled to leave her instrument; for the forked lightning that had struck a pole, ran along the wires, and flamed near the machine on which she was operating. The low, monotonous sound produced by vibrating wires, added to the gloom of the scene.

The door was opened, and Sam Chamberlain, the night operator, entered, grumbling about the weather. His “Good evening!” to Gertie was answered with a smile. Having shaken the water from his coat, and wiped the mud off his shoes, he leisurely seated himself at the vacant desk.

“I'll take this along with me,” said the relieved operator, as she approached the door, holding up a red lantern; “it will be of service to me; it's so dark and stormy.”

“Yes, you'd better!” replied Sam, who was already busy transcribing a message from the clicking instrument. “Good night!” and Gertie was out in the darkness.

Along the lonesome road the girl walked fearlessly. The light of her lantern fell on various objects, whose shadows, in the uncertain glare, might have proved so many sources of terror for another girl, but not for Gertrude Cavey.

Her home was in a dense thicket, through which she had to pass. When in the midst of the wood, she was startled to hear the sound of human voices. Instinctively she hid the lantern within the folds of her cloak. Pausing, she listens in breathless silence.

“Come on, boys!” she hears quite plainly, “all's ready! No. 10 will go into the river in twenty minutes. Watch, each one of you. See that no one nears the bridge!”

“O, Heavens!” uttered Gertie, “what's to be done!”

Thought after thought flashed through the girl's troubled mind.

“That voice was Burrows',” she mused. “He's a desperate man, and has had a spite against the company ever since his discharge. Hundreds of lives are in peril. I've no time to return and telegraph. I must do something!” exclaimed the excited girl.

Just then three dark forms emerged from the wood, and bent their hurried steps in the direction of the trestle.

“How can I save them?” Gertie asked herself almost distractedly.

"Oh! that wicked Burrows. They'll be—ah! my lantern," she exclaimed exultingly, as she drew it from beneath her cloak. "I can save them—I must! I will!" and with the beacon of safety under her garment, she dashes off through the darkness.

Fear gave wings to her speed, and she soon reached the railroad. Aware of the plans of the conspirators, and fearing to arouse suspicion, she walked slowly up the track towards the bridge. Panting she arrived at the trestle and, congratulating herself on having anticipated the wreckers, started to hasten across:

"Here, where are you going?" shouted some one behind her.

Gertie turned deathly pale—brave girl though she was—and, to her utmost terror, saw three dark figures advancing rapidly towards her.

"What's that bundle you're hugging' under your cloak there?" asked one.

Gertie's voice almost forsook her. "Don't you think father needs his overcoat to-night?" she replied.

"Let her go, Jim!" said Burrows, the leader, and, as Gertie continued to hasten across, she barely heard, through the storm, "She can do no harm, and it would make matters only worse to keep her here."

As, with renewed effort, breathless and almost blinded by the pelting rain, Gertie stumbled on through the darkness over the slippery ties, the trestle seemed

to sway and sink. Once, having ventured to look down at the black waters that roared and foamed in the depths far below, she almost fell through the bridge. Had such happened, she would soon have been joined in her watery grave by hundreds of unfortunates; and at the thought, her brave heart welled up in her throat.

"Only half way across; I will be too late. Heaven help me!" she exclaimed. "Oh! to get far enough up the track."

On across the long trestle, in the violent storm, walks, runs and stumbles gallant Gertie.

She is now off the bridge, and breaks into a run. She trips upon a rail and falls heavily. She can scarcely rise through weakness. Still she hastens on, heedless of fatigue and pelting storm.

Does she hear the engine's whistle? Perhaps it cannot stop in time! No, 'tis only the wind.

On she rushes, wildly rushes. Her foot slips on a stone; she reels. She recovers herself. She is faint, poor girl, and can hardly drag herself along. But a hundred lives hang in the balance, so on she hurries.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive sounding above the storm's roar, announces that Lightning Express No. 10 is on time. Then, as the brilliant headlight looms up in the distance, steady at first, but, as it approaches nearer, seeming to shake violently, Gertie drags the lantern from its hiding place, swings it high above her

head, and falls across the track senseless.

On rushes the train, and stops a few feet from the bridge.

At daybreak of the following morning the mangled remains of a young girl were found up the track. In the hand of the dismembered right arm was grasped a shattered lantern.

* * * * *

From the windows of cars that pass over the new railroad trestle,

passengers can see, down in the valley, a country church-yard. Conspicuous among its memorials of the dead is an imposing marble monument. Sculptured on its base is the epitaph:

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE
To the Memory of
GERTRUDE CAVEY,
Who, to Save the Lives
Of Others, Heroically
Sacrificed Her Own.

EDWARD B. DREAPER, '02.

FATHER RYAN.

FEW names are dearer to the Southern heart, or wake in it more tender memories, than that of the Poet-Priest.

The South justly claims him as her child of genius, whose heart beat in sympathy with her cause; and she has lovingly linked the name of Abram J. Ryan with those of Lee and Jackson, the staunchest defenders of her rights. She may well feel proud of him, for his words have thrilled her soldiers on the eve of battle, and have quickened the martial impulses of her chivalric sons; they have soothed the wounds of her heroes, and have lifted the hearts of her dying to God, the great Father of all.

But the name of Father Ryan is of greater interest to the Students of this College, who, from their childhood days, have heard it pronounced with reverence, and some of whom were taught to in-

clude it in their infant prayers. They are now treading the same ground which oft was hallowed by his footsteps, and live in those classic halls where he spent so many a happy hour. Oh! could the walls only speak, and send forth the sweetness of his silvery voice!

But to none is Father Ryan's name more dear than to the people of Mobile, among whom he lived, worked and touched his tuneful harp. They well know how faithfully he discharged the sometimes severe, and always responsible duties of his sacred calling. His zeal for the honor and glory of God gleams through every page of his poems, but his loving, ardent and indefatigable labors in St. Mary's parish wrought poems, yet more numerous and more beautiful, that will be writ forever on the souls of men.

People of every creed and class



FATHER RYAN.

flocked to hear him, attracted indeed by his smooth diction and poetic imagery, his mellow voice and graceful gestures, but more by that which touched his every word with fire, the love for his Father—God, and his brother—man.

"The love that is deep and deathless,
The faith that is strong and grand,
The hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of a weary land."

This is the reason more than his poetic gifts why Father Ryan was loved in life, and why even now many a Southern mother teaches the child at her knee to lisp a prayer in his memory.

With voice or pen he was the same; he wrote or spoke what was in his heart, and that was God, fellow-man and Southland. This is a true summary of all his poems.

But, though he is known as the Poet of the Southern Cause, and in common estimation is more perhaps the Patriot than the Priest, we find, after careful study of his volume, that his Lord and Master fills the larger space, and stands out prominent on every page. In sky, and sea, and landscape, nay in every phase of life he saw

* * * * *

only
One Heart, one Face, and one Name."

He loved the Blessed Virgin with all the love of a child for its mother, as he tells us in many of his beautiful poems.

"O Christ! of Thy Beautiful Mother,
Must I hide her name down in my
heart?

But ah! even there you will see it;
With Thy Mother's name how can I
part?"

Many of his brightest gems are tributes to Her whom he honored as the purest type and grandest embodiment of womanhood.

His touching affection for his own mother is instanced in his beautiful "Reverie." She is the strong argument that strengthens his love for God and Mary:

"But God is sweet,
My mother told me so
When I knelt at her feet.—
Yea, God is sweet,
She told me so,
She never told me wrong."

And when he would prove the "Immaculate Conception" of the Mother of God, he calls his mother to his aid:

"Let my mother, O Jesus! be blameless;
Let me suffer for her if you blame,
Her pure mother's heart knew no better,
When she taught me to love the pure
Name."

His touching piety drew from his heart many a burst of pathos for those holy names that appeal to a Catholic and a priest. Thus he speaks of the Sacred Heart, that Heart, Face and Name which he saw in every created thing:

"Ah! words of the olden Thursday!
Ye come from the far-away!
Ye bring us the Friday's victim
In His own love's olden way.
In the hand of the priest at the altar
His Heart finds a home each day."

And he felt with poetic realism

"—The heart that bled on Calvary
Still beat in the holy place."

His was a true and simple character, in which there was neither pride nor dissimulation. His generous heart was ever moved by kind impulses and charitable feelings, as became his holy office. Generosity was the ennobling principle of his nature and the mainspring of his life. He was generous by nature and by grace. He could refuse nothing that was in his power to give, either to God or man. To God he gave his life, a sacrifice that cost him dear, as some of his verses indicate; yet he made it freely, and never took back the gift. To his fellow-men, he gave whatever was asked of him if he had it; and if he had it not, he would often beg for it.

There are many stories, well known in Mobile, of his almost reckless generosity. Among others, one Sunday morning an old lady called to see him before service. She was one of those who had been in better circumstances before the war, a class for whom Father Ryan had special sympathy. According to his wont, he made inquiries about her sons and daughters and husband, and everything that concerned her, for he could say with the poet of old,

"Nihil humanum a me alienum puto,"

and added: "How is Mary? 'Tis an age since I've seen her; what Mass does she attend?" "Ah! father," replied the poor old lady, evidently with great reluctance, "Mary has not been to church for some time. You know how things

are with us,—and she is ashamed to appear in her old tattered shoes."

"Oh! poor thing! And that's all? There, now, what do you think of that for a pair?" said Father Ryan, pointing with pride to a new pair of his own, a gift of one of his parishioners; "take them now, and tell Mary if she does not wear them I'll consider it a reflection on the size of my feet. Oh! 'twas I that once had the handsome foot!" Thus he soothed the woman's pride with a kindly laugh and sent her away rejoicing.

It was then time for Mass, and he proceeded to doff his slippers and put on his shoes; but alas! there were no shoes! As soon as he had received the new ones he had given away the old; and now that the new were also gone he was forced, not for the first time, to be content with his slippers.

Friendship was likewise congenial to his heart; it was more than a name with him. He considered it as a chain of affection, whose binding link was fidelity, and whose tie the grave could not sever. Even on Christmas Eve, the day of joy and mirth, he grieves for the friends that he numbered among the dead.

"Peace! peace to everyone,
For whom we grieve, this Christmas
Eve,
In their graves beneath the snow."

His songs were always sad and tearful; his muse seemed never to smile. Heaven he knew could only be won by tears:

"The surest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears."

When he wrote, the blood of
his fallen friends that sanctified
the battle-plain of Shiloh or
Gettysburg must have rushed be-
fore his eyes. Perhaps he thought
of his brother, the noble youth
that

* * * Died alone, unattended,
Unbewept and unbefriended,
On the bloody battlefield ;"

or even of Erin, the home of his
fathers:—

"A cloud hangs o'er
My Erin's shore—
Ah! God, 'twas always so."

It is needless to dwell on his
love for his country—the Land of
the "Conquered Banner"—which
he sung so often and so well.

"Land of the sunniest skies!
Our love glows the more for thy gloom;
Our hearts by the saddest of ties,
Cling closest to thee in thy doom."

After the war of '61, when the
dark clouds of fate loomed up
over his once fair and sunny land,
his loving heart, nigh crushed with
grief, sent forth her song of woe:

"My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod,
My face is wan and white with many
woes;
But I will lift my poor chained hands
to God,
And for my children pray, and for
my foes."

In these few words, we may
read the grand character of Father
Ryan, who in his sorrow looks
up to God and weeping, prays:—

"* * * Thy will be done,"

and like his crucified Saviour,
cries out in his woe:—

"* * * Father, forgive them,
They know not what they do."

But, when the South was re-
stored to her rights, he took down
his harp, and touching its chords
with renewed strength and vigor,
drew forth the rich tones of his
grand "Reunited:"—

"The North and South stand side by
side,
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousals are made one."

Father Ryan was no poet like
Milton, who soared aloft into the
very gates of heaven and pictured
to us—

"* * * God in His first frown
And man in his first prevarication ;"—

nor like Shakespeare, who fath-
omed

"The dark abysses of the human heart,"

and laid bare the varied doings of
man; nor, least of all, like Dante,
who plunged into the impene-
trable depths of the infernal re-
gions, and opened to our view
their never-ending misery and
woe. He has a style of his own,
full of simplicity, truth, and the
love of God.

Father Ryan did not make
poetry his vocation, for, as he
himself says, his feet knew more
of the humble steps that lead up
to the Altar and its Mysteries,
than of the steepes that lead up to
Parnassus and the Home of the
Muses. But his voice musically
uttered the thought of his soul,
often with unusual grace and
power. He touched the lyre with
a firm and practised hand and
drew forth a stream whose sim-

plcity and holiness won the hearts of his people, and still thrills their souls.

Whatever else may be said of Father Ryan as a poet, he was truly the priest, the teacher and inspirer of deepest love for truth and duty. He summed up the philosophy of life in these beautiful words, whose sombre sadness is gilt in the last line by a gleam of hope:

"Life is a burden—bear it—

Life is a duty—dare it—

Life is a thorn-crown—wear it—

Though it break your heart in twain;
Though the burden crush you down;
Close your lips and hide your pain,
First the cross and then the crown."

Father Ryan had indeed his crosses, and he bore them nobly,

after the example of his Divine Redeemer. Now he wears the crown. The South has woven a garland for him, and crowned him her King of song; and Mary, the Queen he loved so dearly and sung so well, has placed on his brow a deathless diadem in that glorious home, where he gazes forever on

"A Heart, a Face, and a Name."

And now, gentle reader, may I be permitted to ask Father Ryan to address you, from his throne of light, the generous wish he sung so sweetly in days gone by:

"Merry, merry Christmas!

May the coming year

Bring as merry a Christmas,

And as bright a cheer!"

TISDALE J. TOUART, '01.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS ;

OR,

HOW WORLDS SPRANG INTO BEING.

[A communication addressed to the Science Class of Spring Hill College by the whilom Monsieur Pierre Simon Laplace, now a resident of the Spectral Regions, in answer to some inquiries about the beginnings of the planetary system. The original is written in elegant French, but for obvious reasons it was judged advisable to transfer the celebrated philosopher's words to the "universal language."]

SHADELAND, ACROSS THE BORDER, }
December 15th, 1899. }

My Scientific Friends:

When your highly complimentary letter reached me I was holding a conversation,—or better—Monsieur Buffon was holding a conversation with me. For, I can assure you, when the gentleman once begins to talk about beasts,

birds and fishes,—mastodons, or—nithorynchi, ichthyosauri,—it is difficult to know when or where he will stop. I lose patience with him; he is a *bird* himself,—excuse my temper. I generally shake him off by applying to him the Latin word which resembles his own name. Of course, any one of your Third Grammar boys

can tell what "Bufo-onis" means.

Well, to come to the matter in hand, that is, the origin of the planet world; you must not imagine that the subject is difficult of comprehension, and can be grasped only by scientists of the mental calibre of Messieurs Pascal, Newton or your humble servant. Such is by no means the case, as you will readily perceive after I have explained the whole question to you. At the outset, I must encourage you by informing you that I shall indulge in no abstruse calculations. I shall merely put together—in a nutshell, as it were—the principles which I established before I "shuffled off my mortal coil," and which I have fully verified since I made my egress from the planet Tellus and visited the other colossal worlds floating in ethereal liquid.

No need have I to tell you that in our universe the sun revolves about its axis once in every twenty-five days in a motion from East to West, as you face it; that in the same direction the planets revolve around the sun, and the satellites around each of their respective planets. Moreover, all the greater planets move in nearly the same plane, which is approximately that of the sun's equator.

How are these facts to be explained? Different men of varied intellectual capacity have answered this question in diverse ways. My solution—the only correct one—is "The Nebular Hypothesis."

As fond as I am of this my pet theory, I cannot claim unreserved rights to it. In other words, I am not the only meteor in the sky; there are others. (I think that with you expressions of this kind are classed among slang phrases. What a pity, I often remark to Shakspeare, your grand, vigorous, prolific tongue is being dragged into the mire by fools! Pardon this parenthesis.)

Anyhow, the chief shades who have an option on my Hypothesis are Messieurs Kant and Herschel; so, in order to bar out and keep down all competitors, we have formed the "Laplace-Kant-Herschel Nebular Syndicate," named from the senior partners. You see, even we, unearthly spirits as we are, are affected by the Trust evil. 'Tis ever thus!

Most of you mortals call Monsieur Kant the Father of this theory. After all, as there is not much in a name, and it tickles the old man's vanity, I never dispute the title. When he was among you, he said and now repeats: "I assume that all the materials out of which the bodies of our solar system were formed, were, in the beginning of things, resolved into their original elements, and filled all the space of the universe in which these bodies now move." According to his theory, there was no definite shaping in this chaos, the formation of different bodies by the mutual gravitation of these parts being a newer occurrence. But some parts would, of course, be

denser than others, and these would gather about themselves all the more subtle particles. This last supposition, with due respect to the German sage's transcendental "*nous*," I maintain to be incorrect, for it is clear that if the larger bodies would persist in attracting all the lesser ones, there would eventually result but one immense body poised in space.

Monsieur Herschel was the successor of Monsieur Kant in these researches; and he appears to be the first one to conceive the idea that from the nebulae, those vast gaseous bodies that float in the ether, solid ones could have been generated. By a careful and accurate study, he found some nebulae to be entirely gaseous, others to be partly solidified, some to have naught but a more luminous centre, others to be already formed into a star or condensed into a group of stars. In one of my poetic flights, I very aptly compared Monsieur Herschel studying the nebulae to a forester who, patiently watching the growth of young trees, at length joyfully sees the slender sapling grow up and spread out into the stately pine.

But, even though I do say it myself, I, Pierre Simon Laplace, am truly the one who have done the most for the present Nebular Hypothesis. Unlike Monsieur Kant, I do not begin with chaos, in which attractive and repulsive forces struggle for mastery, but with the sun surrounded by an immense atmosphere whose fiery

gase fills the whole of space. Reasoning from mechanical laws, the sun, or whatever was the sun, turns around in a slow rotary motion about its axis. As the gigantic mass cools off, it contracts. As it contracts, its rotation increases in velocity. Now, the centrifugal force counterbalances the attractive force at the centre, and the outer crust, in great measure cooled off, flies off at the sun's equator in the shape of a huge revolving ring. This ring little by little divides itself into various parts, and by the attraction between them, the lesser parts are drawn towards the greater, and at last, the whole condensing into one great sphere, the planet Neptune, the first-born, comes into existence,

Meanwhile, the same action continues with the sun-mass. Dropping concentric circles of matter at fixed points, it grows smaller and smaller, until finally the attractive and centrifugal forces being balanced, this process of conceiving worlds is ended, and lo! the golden orb becomes the centre of our universe, with all the planets revolving around it. The planets, moreover, behaving in their turn like the sun, generate their satellites.

Such, my young friends, is the origin of the solar system, of that wandering family of giant spheres, clustered about their mighty progenitor, and swinging in immeasurable space around him. Such, in other words, is the Nebular Hypothesis!

It is not hard to understand now, is it? So simple, you will say, that a merest child can fathom its meaning; what a wonder some one did not find it out before you! Ah, yes! a great wonder indeed! but,—I say it with due modesty—it required my master brain to call into being such a clever theory.

But, do not suppose for a moment that everything is plain sailing, and that there are no objections to this theory. Many difficulties present themselves—not to us across the Styx, no longer trammelled with the “muddy vesture of decay”—but to you mundane beings. These, however, need not be stumbling-blocks along the path of science; they can all be met with good, solid solutions even by your earthly astronomers.

I may treat of these objections in another letter. Should I do so, my answers will not be based on any arbitrary figment of the imagination, as were those of the darkey preacher who was expounding his theory in regard to the planetary system. Perhaps you have heard the story, as it smacks of antiquity; we got it from Monsieur Bill Nye.

Well, the darkey spoke as follows: “Brethren, you heah heap er folks claimin’ dat dis yer wurl’ am moverin’ fro’ space at race-horse speed. Ain’t no sech fing! Dis yer erf am a-sottin’ on a rock!”

“But, pahson,” asked one of the audience, “w’at am dat rock a-sottin’ on?”

“On tuther rock, of course!”

“And w’at am dat tuther rock a-sottin’ on?”

“Don’t you be axing such Jack-assical questions; dar’s rocks de whole way down.”

Do not be shocked at my introducing such a trivial incident into my epistle. It serves a purpose, namely, to illustrate what my solutions of the difficulties will not be like.

Trusting you have all understood my Nebular Hypothesis, and wishing you success in the pursuit of the sciences, I am,

Respectfully yours,

PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE, Shade.

N. B.—The Editors wish to state that the manuscript of the above has been accidentally destroyed; so, curio-seekers need not call to purchase the document.

P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

AD VIRGINEM IMMACULATAM.

Cum summos rutilo spargebat lumine montes

Sol oriens, legi lilia, Virgo, tibi.

Hibernas candore nives superare laborant;

Tu tamen, O Virgo, purior omnibus es!

PICTURESQUE SPRING HILL.

"Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there,
The primrose pale, the violet flower,
Found in each cleft a narrow bower."

--Scott.

IN natural scenery, as well as in other respects, our College Home is certainly blessed beyond measure. On whatever side we turn, landscapes of surpassing loveliness greet the enchanted eye. With its long vistas and broad plains, its gently-sloping hills and shady dells, its glassy lake and crystal streams, its stately trees and rich-hued flowers,—truly we are living in a Paradise of the Poet.

Looking from the College you see on one side residences lining the Spring Hill road and growing in beauty till they reach Mobile. Some are of the most modern architecture and speak the comfort and ease of their proprietors; others are of an older stamp, and retiring from the public road with a grand avenue of cedars or live oak leading to their entrances, tell, but too plainly, that before the war, they were the homes of good cheer, where the stranger was kindly welcomed and was treated with real Southern hospitality.

Here if you wish to behold nature improved by art, you may linger to see the artistically arranged flower gardens with their profusion of roses varying from

the pure white to the dark crimson. Here the japonica and oleander spring up and flourish, and are free from the freezing grasp of deadly winter. Here the numberless colors of the geraniums are brought out and softened and blended by the clear sunny air. Here the azaleas, heliotropes and chrysanthemums are of the richest dyes, and all are so arranged—each increasing the beauties of the others—that they offer a picture which the imagination may dream of, but never hope to see realized.

But perhaps you are of a more material turn of mind; then visit the orange grove, adorned with rich blossoms or laden with golden fruit. Or, glancing in another direction you cannot fail to notice on our wooded hill the huge live oak with its wide-spreading branches rising giant-like from the ground. Nor the wild magnolia with its wealth of cup-like flowers, freighting the homeward breeze with the richest perfumes. And there stands the "forest primeval" with its "murmuring pines" rising high into the heavens, studying the hill and meeting the sky in the distance.

Yonder is the gulf with its white-capped waves beating upon the golden sands. And though you cannot notice the heaving and panting of the liquid plain, though you see not the waves, like a long



A FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM THE COLLEGE.

line of soldiers forever marching to the shore, yet you cannot but enjoy the cool breeze that comes freshened and quickened from its waters.

And if your eyesight is weary of drinking in the beauties of the spot, then sit and listen to the melodious sounds that will reach your ears. You cannot but be charmed by the mocking-bird swinging aloft from yonder tree and pouring from its little throat "floods of delirious music." Now your spirits are saddened by the monotonous, mournful plaint of the whip-poor-will, or cheered by the joyful whistle of the cardinal. Now you are delighted by the joyous ripple of the stream, as dancing along it reaches the lake, or you are lulled by the music of the trembling leaves of the poplar. While the noisy clank of the turbine mellowed by distance into a musical sound and the dreamy soothing splash of fountain-streams, playing for a moment on the iron fountains and then leaping into the stone basin, will weave fantastic dreams, even for the unpoetic soul. Or, if you prefer to take a walk under the interlocking trees, graced by the wild grape or clamoring woodbine, and stop to admire the wild flowers that spring up so profusely to deck the hill, then choose any path; it will lead you to beauties far beyond your expectation.

Then, perhaps unknowingly, before you have gone far from the College, you will stumble upon the ravine. Yes, deep in a tuft of

young cedars, the ravine begins its course. Gradually, it leaves the high hill and widens and deepens its path. Soon the steep banks, either stand up perpendicularly and suggest the tall cliffs in mountainous countries, or worn by the water-courses they assume the most fantastic shapes. The channel has now widened and reminds one of a river, whose waters have forsaken its bed and hastened to the sea.

But nature has set off the silvery streams of sand by the richest vegetation, carpeting the banks with the softest grass and wild flowers of the most varied hues. This is the spot where the first violet is blown, and the first wild rose perfumes the air. Here the yellow jessamine takes so kindly to the soil that it climbs up the banks and wreathes the fragrant hawthorn with its golden bells. Here the bee gathers the sweetest honey and the humming-bird sips his dulcet food.

Here the sombre cedar, the druid oak, the sweet gum and the stately pine spring up side by side, and each forgets his monotony in the company of the others. The cedar's livery assumes a darker hue, the oak appears to be of a brighter green, the pine becomes more majestic as it towers aloft high over the others, and the gum changes with the season from the fresh green of spring to the red glow of autumn. While the dog-wood, half-concealed by the jutting banks, with its top of whitened blossoms, seems a heap

of driven snow. There you may sit, shut out from the busy world, where no sound penetrates save that of the singing groves, and give yourself up to the perfect enjoyment of nature.

But if you continue your walk, you shall see that the ravine loses nothing of its picturesque beauty, until it passes where once in the good olden time it was spanned by a foot-bridge. And as you stand on the spot (now occupied by a massive culvert), shaded from the burning rays of a tropical sun, by the long projecting arms of the trees, how easily you might muse on the lives of those who passed over it! And do what you may, you cannot but remember the feelings of awe that filled the hearts of the small boys on their first arrival, and their deep thoughts of regret, when they stood on it for the last time and cast "one lingering, lingering look behind" on their Alma Mater. Now it begins to grow less precipitous and finally it spreads its stream of sand over the level country and is lost in the swamps, far away from the College.

Or how delightful it would be to take some walk, for example, the one leading to the old mill-pond, and give expression to the enthusiastic feelings that will swell the breasts of every one—but, alas! I feel myself unequal to the task, for in the words of Longfellow, "some feelings are quite

untranslatable." No language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of Fancy, and yet when we bring them close to us and hold them up to the light of reason, they lose their beauty all at once; as glow-worms which gleam with such spiritual light in the shadows of evening, but when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be worms, like so many others.

In conclusion, I may say that it is only from the visitors of the ice-bound North, when standing for the first time they behold this cheering panorama unfolded before them, that we can learn to appreciate what has grown familiar to our eyes. It is from their exclamations of delight that we realize that Spring Hill is the lovely spot, where even the poet, with his mind stored with charming images, may come and receive new beauties. It is from their words of admiration we learn that it has attractions far beyond the ideal of those who have pictured to themselves the Eden of earth, with its rolling hills and fertile valleys, with its dense forests and limpid lakes, where the trees are countless in variety and most noble in shape, and where the clear Italian sky and the delicate and brilliant atmosphere shed a peculiar charm over all.

JOS. V. KEARNS, JR., '95.

UNCLE SAM TO THE COLUMBIA.

Columbia, here's a cup to thee,
Thou world-famed champion of the sea!
As thou didst nobly win it,
I care not what is in it;
Mead, nectar Olympic or vintage of France,
Pure, crystalline water, 'tis sure to enhance.

A toast to the victor of the brine!

A toast to the yacht of ninety-nine!

Since thou didst save the cup for me,

Columbia, here's a cup to thee!

PATRITII HENRY

ORATIO PHILIPPICA DE BELLO ANGLICO
IN SENATU VIRGINIANO HABITA
ANNO 1775.

QUID? Nos imbelles esse! im-
pares esse hosti tam potenti!
At quando validiores erimus? An
mensem, annum exspectabimus?
Tardabimus, donec armis exspoli-
ati simus, et singulorum januis
Anglus excubitor assideat? Sper-
amusne dubitatione, inertia ad-
venturum nobis robur? Nos tunc
tandem ad resistendum valentes
fore, quum satis diu desides jacue-
rimus, satis diu vana spe quasi
quibusdam in cunis sopiti dor-
mierimus? Quando vinculis con-
stricti erimus?

Nos imbecillos esse! Minime
vero; dummodo praesidiis uti vel-
imus, quibus benignissimus mundi
Dominus nos communivit. Na-
tionem tricies centenis millibus
frequentem, quae armata consur-
git et pro sua libertate decertat in
locis, qualia nostra sunt, nullus
legionum numerus, nulla hostium
vis aut astutia subigere speret.

Neque soli pugnabimus: ille
idem justitiae vindex Deus aderit
adjutoresque nobis suscitabit pro
nostra causa armandos; praeter-
quam quod non solis violentis ac
potentibus victoria debetur, sed
vigilibus, strenuis, generosis.

Denique nulla jam optio datur,
nec, etsi quispiam tam abjecti ani-
mi esset, ut a certamine recedere
moliretur, alia via relinquitur, nisi
cum iniquo hoste pacisci aut colla
servituti submittere velimus. Jam
procusa sunt vincula nostra; jam
catenarum strepitus a Bostonien-
sibus castris ad nos perveniunt.
Bellum in foribus adest, eja, veniat
tandem, veniat, inquam!

Profecto operam perderet, qui
etiam nunc periculum aut negare
aut extenuare auderet; qui etiam
nunc "Pax, Pax!" inclamaret,
quum pax jam esse non possit.
Jam enim bellum inceptum esse
videtur et stridorem armorum sine

dubio proxima Boreae flamina ad aures nostras perferent. Jam castra posita sunt, et fratres nostri ad pugnam accincti.

At nos, quid hic stamus otiosi? quid cives sibi volunt? Anne tam pretiosa est vita, et tam sua-

vis pax, ut eas catenis ac servitute emendas putent? Ignoscat mihi Deus! quid aliis placeat nescio nec curo; mihi vero, quocumque pretio, aut libertas contingat aut praematura mors!

TISDALE J. TOUTART, '01.

ONE GHOST FOUND OUT.

I HAVE always prided myself on my freedom from all kinds of superstition. My father was most careful about instructing our nurse not to tell us any stories of ghosts, or to make use of the airy spirits of the night to frighten us when we were tempted to be naughty or troublesome. So I grew into boyhood firmly convinced that there were no such things as ghosts.

True, I took perhaps more than ordinary pleasure in reading weird and mysterious tales,—pleasure derived, I suppose, from their appealing to the extraordinary part of one's being. But they never made more than a passing impression on me, and I shook off the remembrance of them as I would the recollection of a dream.

I had been told that the best way to find out if a ghost was a ghost was to walk right up to it and shake it vigorously. This plan I have on more than one occasion adopted, and have succeeded in disposing of the spectre.

I had one experience that well-nigh scattered all my theories to

the four winds. I was attending one of the departments of Exton University, and boarded in a house regularly patronized by the scholars. In those days I was a hard student, but so managed my time as to be able to get to bed at quite an early hour, and revive my forces for the coming day.

I had retired one night, after putting out my light and arranging a low coal fire in the open hearth. It never took me long to fall asleep. Suddenly I found myself awake, and saw a man standing in the middle of my room. He was in his shirt-sleeves; I could not clearly make out his features, but his size and shape were perfectly plain. There he stood silent and motionless, gazing upward fixedly.

The first thought that flashed across my mind was that the man was a burglar. Had I not better stay quietly where I was, and let him finish his work, and then attack him from behind? But no. He must have known that I was awake, from the change in my breathing, and anyhow I could

not long keep up the pretence of being asleep.

I quickly resolved, therefore, that as there was to be some fighting I had better do mine standing, and with one sweep of my arm I threw aside the bed-clothes and jumped out on the floor. I knew that if I could keep up the struggle for a short time all would be well with me, for my outcry would bring some of my comrades to my aid.

If you have ever tried to ascend or descend one step more than there was in a flight of stairs, you may have some faint idea of the shock of both my mind and body when I found myself standing alone in the middle of the room. My man had vanished; he had not moved away from me, but he had simply ceased to be in the inconceivably short space of time between my leaving the bed and my standing on the floor.

Had I met a murderous burglar in the flesh, I could not have been one-millionth part as terrified as I was now, standing face to face with this unsubstantial phantom. I used my best endeavors to persuade myself that it must have been some human being. I tried the door; it was bolted and locked and the key on the inside. I lit the gas; I looked in the corners of the room; I peered under the bed; nobody to be seen anywhere. I rushed over to the window: it was clasped; I flung up the sash; there was no ladder, no lightning-rod, no water-pipe, no creeping vine, nothing by which a man

could have climbed down the three stories that separated my room from the ground. A chilling fear shook my whole system.

I was almost completely unnerved, when one last ray of hope gleamed upon me. My room being under the roof was not rectangular in all corners. The ceiling inclined towards the eaves to within five feet of the floor. The remaining space out to the eaves was boarded in and served as a closet, the door of which I had never had the curiosity to open. I observed that it had a spring-bolt on the outside. The man might have stepped in there and sprung the bolt after him. But strange I had not heard the click of the spring.

Still, candle in hand, I pulled back the catch, and bending over, stepped bravely into the recess. It ran the whole length of the house on that side, and struck me as being a rather uncanny place to explore by the light of a candle. I looked to the right and left and saw that it contained old furniture, carpets and such things as are generally found in a garret. At one end was a trunk, partly open; it looked somewhat suspicious, but I must acknowledge that I could not pluck up enough courage to walk down that gloomy passage and examine it. So consoling myself that it was scarcely large enough for a grown person to get into, I came out, slamming the door behind me, because any noise is company on an occasion of this kind.

For a moment I stood dazed; and then I felt that I was shivering from real cold as much as from fear. It must have been one of night's fantasies, I thought, though I had never heard of one so much akin to reality. I turned out my light, stirred up the fire and jumped into bed.

I lay in that dimly marked state between sleep and waking, the memory of my experience having almost passed out of my mind. Suddenly I was awakened! Before me stood that man again, transformed into a wild beast. I crouched for an instant, and then with all my strength sprang at him savagely, ready to tear his every limb asunder. I hit the floor with fearful force and just managed to save my head from the fire. I raised myself up timorously. I was alone in the dimly lit room. The blood recoiled in my veins, my eyes started from their sockets, my affrighted hair stood bolt upright, horror and fear possessed the fainting powers of my soul.

What was this strange appearance, this silent figure, that stood sentinel over my bed, that melted away when I reached out to grasp it? I bethought me of the number of young men who had occupied this room before me. Had it been the scene of some terrible crime, and was this the uneasy spirit of criminal or victim? Recollections of ghost stories I had read flooded in on my mind and I was on the point of placing some credence in them, when the sen-

sible early training I had received in these matters came to my help and stood me in good stead. I resolved to make a complete study of the situation. I again tried the window and door and even was brave enough to search the closet and open that trunk, all with the same result as before.

I knew that the senses might sometimes be deceived and had heard of such things as optical illusions. Might I not have been the victim of one? I would examine whether there was not some object in the room, some curtain, picture or design of the wall—paper that could by any means be made to resemble the spectre I had seen.

I lay down in my bed, taking the same position, my head in the same hollow in the pillow and inclined at the same angle. I half closed my eyes, blinked them slightly and—there was my man again! This time I did not jump up. I opened my eyes widely, stared fixedly before me and behold! my ghost materialized!

On a chair some yards across my room was a suit of clothes light gray coat and vest and white trousers, which I had worn that day at a party. Before retiring, I had placed my vest on the back of the chair, my coat was carefully spread over them, with the sleeves dangling on either side, while my trousers were laid on the seat with the legs hanging down to the floor.

You may have seen a little optical toy by which a distorted image



Prof. Paul C. Boudousquie



Prof. Joseph Bloch

Three Familiar Faces



Prof. August J. Staub

seems to stand upright and assume some totally unexpected shape, when looked at in a mirror or lens. That was what happened to me. I could make my clothes take on a most fantastic appearance in the mirror suspended from the wall and cause them to loom up before me in the middle of the room as a seemingly human being.

And so my appalling experience

ended in a laugh. I got up, pulled the chair, my ghost, out of the range of my eyes and the mirror, and then slept the more soundly for my fright.

Doubtless many another blood-curdling ghost story has had as little substantial foundation as had mine.

C. ANDRE LELONG, '01.

THREE FAMILIAR FACES.

No student who has passed through Spring Hill within the last quarter of a century will fail to recognize old acquaintances in the three distinguished gentlemen represented on the opposite page. For many years they have been identified with the fortunes of the College as efficient and faithful members of its faculty. The REVIEW takes this occasion to pay a slight tribute to their genuine ability and sterling worth.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH BLOCH, known in Mobile as the "Father of Music," was born in 1826 at Wachenheim, Germany, and studied music at a well-known University. At the age of twenty-two he came to the United States, and settled in Mobile, where he has resided for the past 51 years. He taught music until his retirement a few years ago. He was the first to introduce the choir into the Synagogue and was its leader for eighteen years. He acted as Professor of music at

Spring Hill College for thirty-seven years. Many a noted musician graduated under him. During his tutorship he secured the highest esteem of all the Faculty and scholars, and was for years a close friend of Father Holand and the lamented Father Yenni and of Bishop Quinlan. Some of his happiest days were spent in the College, and it has always been a source of regret to him to have been forced to resign his position on account of ill health. He is one of the two living originators of the Mobile Musical Association, which gave such enjoyable and instructive entertainments in the sixties. In 1849, Professor Bloch married Miss Hannah Goldstucker and on September 12th, they celebrated the 50th anniversary of their union. He is now 73 years of age, and spends his time quietly at home, surrounded by his beloved family.

PROFESSOR PAUL C. BOUDOUS-QUIE was born in New Orleans,

August 18, 1847, and was educated at the Jesuit College of that city and also at Spring Hill College, which conferred on him the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. He then went to Paris, entered Chaptal College, the nursery of engineers, and returned just in time to join the Confederate army. He served during the last years of the war in the Engineer Corps, which fact enabled him to prolong the studies required by the profession he followed, until he accepted a responsible position in 1870 with the U. S. Engineer Department. Here he rose to the distinction of being entrusted with the supervision of vast works of improvement, undertaken by the general government, at Mobile, Pascagoula, Biloxi and at Horn and Ship Islands in Mississippi Sound. A distinguished pupil of Cassagne in drawing, Moise in painting, Rauchenstein in mechanics and de Pouilly in architecture, the faculty of Spring Hill College selected him in 1872, as instructor of drawing and painting. Lately he has also accepted the position of special teacher of penmanship. The wide range of art work of Professor Boudousquie is well known in this section, owing to his connection with the many artistic and social organizations with which he has been actively identified; as a teacher of experience his method is as thorough as the excellence of the schooling he has received. The beautiful and life-like painting, "Ecce Ho-

mo," which hangs over the main altar in the Mobile Cathedral, is the work of the skilful brush of this talented Spring Hill alumnus.

PROFESSOR AUGUST J. STAUB is a native of Zug, in Switzerland. On the paternal side he comes of musical ancestors, counting among them many of professional as well as of unusual amateur talent. His mother's family figures prominently in clerical and political history as far back as the fourteenth century. Professor Staub began to study music at the early age of six, and at the age of eleven was considered an adept performer on the piano. Inferior teachers, however, almost discouraged him in his musical pursuits, but, upon the advice of Professor Vogt, organist of St. Nicholas Church at Fribourg, and of Professor Muller, a violinist of merit, he determined to continue in his chosen art. Under the former he took his first lessons in harmony; he then attended the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, where for the space of three years he successfully studied piano under Lebert Gloens, theory and organ under Doctor Faisst, and violin under Debuysere, a pupil of Molligne. Subsequently he filled the position of piano teacher in the Conservatory at Wiesbaden for two years; this was followed by an engagement in his native city. In 1877, upon the recommendation of a fellow-countryman who had resigned the office of Principal of the Musical Department of Spring Hill College, Professor Staub

came to America and assumed the duties of the vacant position. During his long term of office, he has given universal satisfaction in his manner and methods of teaching, both Faculty and pupils being unqualified in their praise of his

merits and faithfulness. He has had the honor of training some excellent musicians both in the amateur and the professional line. The Professor himself is one of the best known musicians in the South.

A SAILOR HERO.

A BALLAD.

"Sailors vile unchristian wretches?
Well, sir, listen for a spell,
And then say if Christian landsfolk
Act as nobly or as well."

Thus spoke honest Captain Halsey—
Kindness filled his facial chart,
Candor's sails decked every feature,
Honor masted in his heart.

"Well," he said, "The Knickerbocker,
This tight craft on which we float,
Anchored years ago alongside
Of a wretched, sinking boat.

"Now, I think the man who ever
To the flag of woe is blind,
Or is deaf to drowning heart-cries,
Is the scum of human kind.

"Not so brave, big-hearted Henry—
He was first mate on that trip,
And a nobler-hearted fellow
Never manned or ruled a ship.

"Now, I've been in many waters,
And yet can I truly say
I've never sailed a wilder sea,
Than the one that raged that day.

"And the cold was something fearful:—
It chopped and froze your skin;
It froze the breath upon your face;
It froze your blood within.

"But Henry, little recked he;
He heard the drowning cry,
And cut he down, and launched a boat,—
Prepared to do or die.

"Then jumped he to the gunwale,
And cried right merrily:
'I go to bring in yonder crew;
Who'll come along with me?'

"Then twenty gallant sailor men
Cried out: 'I go with thee,'
And Henry, with a valiant crew,
Swept o'er the billowy sea.

"The waves rolled up like mountains,
They raged both fore and aft;
They swept across the gunwale
And tossed on high the craft.

"And twice the gallant mate and crew
Were cast upon the main,
And twice they climbed into the boat
And set her right again.

"Now a deadly cold ran through their
veins
And chilled them to the core,
Unnerved their frames, benumbed their
hands,
And froze them to the oar.

"No moan they made, no cry they
raised,
They scarcely drew a breath,
But sat erect, faced toward the wreck,
Calmly awaiting death.

"And the cruel sea rose up in wrath
And snatched them to her breast,
And shrieked a fearful requiem song
To their eternal rest.

"But still the wave-tossed boat moved
on,

Nor yet was heard a groan,
For gallant Henry's manly form
Sat there erect alone!

"He cut the rope and bound him
Securely to the deck,
And sat he there, his back to us—
His face was to the wreck.

"Then mustering all his failing force
To reach the wreck he wrought,
'Gainst surging seas and numbing cold,
Right manfully he fought.

"But be his spirit e'er so strong,
How brave soe'er he be,
What can one man's best strength
avail
Against an angry sea.

"The oars slipped from his nerveless
grasp,
His hands now forceless fell,
Yet still his face was to the wreck,
As the sea shrieked forth his knell.

"Then a cry went forth from our gal-
lant boat,

"To the rescue, comrades all!"
And every sailor man that day
Responded to the call.

"They made for him with might and
main,
With lightning speed they sped,
And Henry found they rigid there,
But his soul had forever fled.

"And then we simple sailor men
All felt as our eyes grew dim,
That the God of love who crowns the
brave,
Would find a place for him.

"And now ye gentle landsfolk.
Who hear the tale I tell,
Say, would your polished landmen
Act as nobly or as well?"

JOHN H. RYAN, '01.

THROUGH THE UNITED STATES IN A BALLOON.

IF we could raise ourselves high
enough above the valley of the
Mississippi, about midway be-
tween Canada and Mexico, and if
we had sight keen enough to take
in the vast extent—this is what
we should see:

Between two great oceans, near-
ly in the shape of a parallelogram,
and occupying the central portion
of a continent—an area of more
than three million square miles.
Standing out in bold relief are the
Rocky Mountains in the west
and the Alleghanies in the east,
with minor chains issuing from
either of these two, and losing

themselves in the valley of the
Mississippi River, or that of the
Great Salt Lake.

Between these two mountain
ranges is the great valley of the
Mississippi river, that mighty
stream that bears to the gulf of
Mexico the many waters of that
vast mountain walled country.
Mountains, then, to the right and
to the left, sloping to the main
on one side, and to the central
valley on the other—such is the
outlined picture that meets the
eye from afar.

If these outlines interest you,
and you are disposed to look at

the picture a little more closely, without being too exacting in details, let me accompany you on a balloon trip over different parts of the scene thus marked out.

Starting from our College home, among the pine-girt hills of Alabama, with the gulf in view to the right of us, we direct our aerial course towards the Atlantic slope, over the "Land of Flowers" and of tropical fruits, across the Sewanee river and the red hills of Georgia.

Leaving the Palmetto State to our right, we steer northward in a middle course between the Alleghanies and the sea. Behind us we have left the fields of cotton, rice and corn. A hilly tract, rich and picturesque, lies before us. Now it is the pine forests and tobacco farms of North Carolina, now the beautiful mountains of the two Virginias, rich in their mineral resources and their delightful climate.

What is that bright spot which even at this distance dazzles the eye? That is the dome of the capitol at Washington, which, by the way, is one of the finest public buildings in the world, and the shaft you see near it is the famous Washington monument, over 500 feet high. Now we are in Maryland, rich in all forms of vegetation and in commerce; that large sheet of water indenting the land is Chesapeake bay—a delightful view, indeed,—but presently it is obscured by the smoke of factories rising thick below us. These are the coal and iron works of Penn-

sylvania; next the eye is relieved by the sight of the rich and level lands of Delaware, the ship-building state, and by the green gardens of New Jersey, washed by the waters of the Atlantic; and then we come to New York, the Empire State, thickly populated, beautiful in its mountain and water scenery, and rich in commercial advantages.

Here, while contemplating the beauties of the "lordly Hudson," let us pause to take a general view of the New England states—all of which, excepting Vermont, enjoy the advantages of the sea-coast. Manufactures, you will notice, is the leading industry of this section; but fishing and ship-building are also carried on extensively. There are the Green Mountains of Vermont, which tourists speak about; and if you look towards the Massachusetts sea-coast, you may descry Plymouth Rock, and perhaps Bunker Hill, both of historic fame.

But, to continue our journey, we leave the hum of crowded cities, and the busy slope of the Atlantic, and we direct our course towards the valley of the Mississippi, where the great river springs from the little lake Itasca.

But, first, what unusual sight is this? A vast sheet of crystal water, broken into five large bodies, ocean-like yet inland, and communicating through a great river with the Atlantic. These are the "Great Lakes" of North America; they contain two-thirds of the fresh water of the globe. Beauti-

ful are these waters dotted with many sails. This gives you an idea of the state of commerce in this part of the country. The double peninsula of Michigan enjoys all the advantages of a great coast line, and its rich vegetation shows the fertility of its soil. In fact, the whole valley of the Mississippi, which now lies before us, is remarkably fertile. Varying in its appearance according to its adaptation to diverse industries, you will remark that agriculture is the chief pursuit of the people from Minnesota down to Louisiana.

On the east side of the river, frequent cities, many of them large, tell of a brisk trade. Prominent among these is the gigantic though youthful Chicago, Queen City of the lakes. Covering the unbuilt lands, as far down as the Ohio river, are well tilled fields, mostly of wheat.

On the west side of the great river, cities are fewer—this is the granary of the United States, the home of thrifty farmers and stock raisers. Here, before resuming our course southward, let us turn more towards the west—it will be worth the delay.

Thinly populated, the "Great Wild West" shows nature forth in all her pristine grandeur. Perched high in air, like the eagle's nest, is the city of Denver, 5,000 feet above sea level—the highest city in the United States. The Yosemite valley and Yosemite Falls, the Big Tree Groves, Lake Tahoe and the Geyser Hot Springs are

some of the natural curiosities which we would like to examine more closely and in detail, for they are things of beauty! Nor does beauty thrive here alone, for the great West is one vast mine of wealth. The Rocky Mountains furnish nearly one-half of the gold and silver of the world.

Agriculture is not extensively pursued; still the soil in some parts is very fertile, as the phenomenal growth of trees indicates. California has vast orchards of various fruits. Its vineyards are fast rising into prominence and already compare favorably with those of the Old World.

In this part of the country, too, dwell most of the remaining tribes of our American Indians, once the sole inhabitants of this continent, but now by law confined to government reservations in various states and territories.

But we must hasten on! We have strayed far beyond Missouri; thither let us return. There a change of scenery awaits us. Rich mines of iron, coal and lead, extensive manufactories, all vying with the products of the farm for the staple industry. Here is St. Louis, the commercial centre of the country, marking off almost mathematically the line between north and south, between east and west, while from its advantageous position, in close commercial connection with all parts of the Union. Just above the city the muddy waters of the Missouri flow into the Mississippi, and not far below it the Ohio meets the parent



THE CATHEDRAL OF MOBILE.

stream—both vastly swelling the great river.

East of the Mississippi, a picturesque scenery greets the eye. Hills and plains, beautifully mingling, show us now the fields of cotton, rye or tobacco; now the rich green pasturage of the Blue-grass state. We see vast mines of coal in Tennessee, of coal and iron in Alabama, Mississippi, the leading cotton state, to our left,

and beyond that, low and level Louisiana, land of the sugar-cane, and the boundless prairies of the Lone Star state.

We would fain continue our airy trip and tarry over the beauties of the fair southwest, but I see the gilded dome that tops our College home, and invites us to rest after a wonderful journey.

CLARENCE A. COSTELLO, '04.

A TRIPLE GLORY.

THE only lasting and trustworthy monument to a man's memory are his works. His only real tombstone is the one which he himself has reared; his only truthful epitaph is the one which his own hand has carved upon the tablet of ages; his only accurate record is the one which his own pen has traced upon the scroll of history. Not as a man has spoken, but as he has wrought, so should his worth be valued by posterity.

A grand Cathedral, a beautiful Convent, a thriving College,—such are the works of Mobile's first Prelate, such the triple shaft raised on high to perpetuate the glorious merits of the zealous and saintly BISHOP MICHAEL PORTIER.

He came to the Gulf City in 1826 as Vicar Apostolic; his death occurred in May, 1859. Upon his arrival, his field of labor was one wild tract of land, but thinly populated, with few Catholics, only

two churches and three priests. When called to his crown thirty years later, he left behind him a flourishing diocese with schools and churches in many towns and a zealous and fairly numerous clergy. A complete transformation had been brought about, and that, too, in the face of difficulties innumerable and obstacles well-nigh insurmountable.

It is not our purpose to review the wonderful career of this great pioneer Churchman; nor to follow his footsteps in the achievement of such marvellous results. We shall merely glance at the history of his threefold monument—the fadeless glories of his episcopate—the Mobile Cathedral, the Summerville Academy of the Visitation and Spring Hill College. They stand, and will for many years stand, as a brilliant testimonial of the work which a single man of strong will, determined character and heroic spirit can

accomplish with the help of the Almighty.

In 1827, the only Catholic Church which Mobile possessed was destroyed by a great fire which not only reduced the little edifice to ashes, but also laid waste a large portion of the young and rapidly growing city. This was indeed a great blow to the Bishop, and, coming as it did when his finances were in straitened circumstances, served to make the loss the more bitter.

Nothing daunted, however, his bold and persevering nature immediately manifested itself in renewed efforts to raise another temple of God. Shortly afterwards, a little frame edifice was built on the site of the former church. This the bishop used as his Cathedral. For a long time it stood thus, until the increasing congregation demanded a more spacious building. Year after year it underwent changes, until, in the early thirties, Bishop Portier planned a new church larger and more beautiful than the one then standing.

Accordingly he set to work with great energy. The structure was commenced in 1835, and, on the occasion of laying the first stone Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, delivered an eloquent address. Owing to various hardships and difficulties, the work was interrupted from time to time. Bishop Portier, however, was not a man to be overcome by obstacles; this delay served only as a stimulus, inciting him to greater effort and

determination. The new building progressed, and day after day its arches and columns became more imposing. At length, after a lapse of fifteen years, the magnificent CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION was completed.

It is a noble edifice of Corinthian architecture, measuring 102 feet in front by 162 in depth. It is situated nearly in the centre of Mobile, and overlooks two of its principal streets. The rising sunbeams play upon its gilded crosses, while its two towers rise in splendor over the graceful pile. In the year 1850, it was solemnly consecrated in honor of Her whose name it bears. The Right Reverend Ignatius A. Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston, officiated at its dedication. The first Pontifical High Mass that followed was offered by Bishop Portier, and Bishop Spalding preached a masterly sermon.

The lofty portico, with its eight huge columns, was added by Bishop Quinlan. The late lamented Bishop O'Sullivan paved the portico and beautified the interior of the building with frescoes and ornaments. Each successive prelate has added to its grandeur, but it stands as the living monument of only one, its saintly Founder.

The ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION, just outside of Mobile, is Bishop Portier's second glory. At his urgent appeal in 1833, the community of Georgetown sent eight Sisters to aid him in his

holy work. Hitherto there had been no religious body in his diocese, which then extended over three states; and thus these Visitandines enjoyed the distinction of being the pioneer religious in this section, and the glory of constituting the second house of their order in the United States.

The Bishop, with his usual generosity, gave the Sisters the small house in which they first took up their humble abode. On the 8th of December, 1833, he said Mass here for the first time, and placed the Blessed Sacrament under their roof.

In the month of March, 1858, a terrific storm destroyed their lowly building, and nearly killed all the inmates. The tempest burst over them on the eve of the Annunciation, and for a great part of the night they were exposed to the violence of the wind and rain.

The good Bishop visited his little colony the next day, and while sadly viewing the havoc of the preceding night, made preparations for relief and comfort. Hearing of the desolation of this once thriving little school and convent, all of the neighborhood, even Protestants, came to the assistance of the Sisters. Soon the ruins became less unsightly, and the little home was once more made habitable.

But Bishop Portier wished to erect something more substantial. Consequently, letters of appeal were sent out and were published in the New Orleans and local papers. People responded read-

ily and generously, and after a few months the good sisters were established in a more comfortable domicile; a handsome and commodious chapel was also built beside their Convent home. The Bishop himself superintended the work of construction and greatly rejoiced over the fulfilment of his cherished plans.

In the midst of this happy state of affairs, a shadow fell upon the prosperous scene. On the 8th of May, 1854, a disastrous fire occurred and left the monastery and chapel but a heap of smouldering ruins. When the news of the destruction reached the Bishop at the Cathedral, he was unable to restrain his emotion. He hastened to his once more homeless colony and bade them have courage. He promised them that a more beautiful convent and chapel would rise above the ruins; at the same time he told them that he himself would not erect them, because of his declining years, but he would look down from heaven on their work and help them to succeed. His words were prophetic. He certainly kept his promise to aid them from heaven, for where once the little convent and chapel stood, there now rises a spacious and shapely building, and adjoining it the most beautiful chapel in all the Southland.

The last gem in Bishop Portier's earthly diadem is SPRING HILL COLLEGE, our Alma Mater.

JULES M. BURGUIERES, '00.

BROTHER JOHN MENGUS, S. J.

WHEN the humble, hard-working Brother Mengus was called to his reward last November, one of the longest and best-known residents of the College passed away. Nearly all his life as a religious was spent here; and the fathers of some of the present students knew him more than forty years ago.

Brother John Mengus was born in Alsace on the 25th of July, 1822. He belonged to a good Catholic family, and was early trained in the ways of faith and virtue. One of his brothers is a zealous Parish Priest in his native land. They were life-long correspondents.

Brother Mengus came to America in the fifties, and was admitted into the Society of Jesus on the 9th of April, 1859. He was then stationed at Spring Hill College, and left its roof but once, in the seventies, to spend a short time in St. Charles College, Grand Coteau. Almost the sole occupation of his life was gardening.

He was an indefatigable laborer, "a veritable Trojan," some one called him who was describing his love and ardor for work. He knew not what it was to restrain his energies, but, beginning early and finishing late, he could not live without steady occupation. Even after he had become infirm, he still persisted in doing odd tasks about the house and

grounds, until his superiors prudently ordered him to cease.

At length, after a long career of humble yet useful labor, all unknown to the world outside, the good Brother died calmly and piously on the 8th of last November. The students attended his funeral in a body, and the members of the Philosophy Class acted as pall-bearers. He was laid to rest in the neat little cemetery beneath the shadow of the swaying pines.

Besides being noted as an ever active laborer for God's glory, Brother Mengus was distinguished for his spirit of simple and earnest piety. He aptly joined the "orare" with the "laborare"; his life may indeed be truthfully summed up in the two words: "Work and Prayer." We shall not soon forget the touching spectacle presented by the holy brother, as he walked around with his walking-stick in one hand and his prayer-beads in the other, fervently supplicating the Mother of mercy.

Yet withal, his was a gentle spirit, always genial, always happy, and he would never meet any one but with a smile and a cheering word. We have no doubt that his many and noble virtues have won for him a bright crown and a high place among Saint Ignatius and his noble band in heaven.

WALLACE PREJEAN, '00.

HIS MOTHER'S ROSARY.

"Well, Horace, are you going?"

"Yes, indeed! Everything was settled yesterday; my mother gave her consent, but it cost her to do so, I assure you. I have already been examined, and they labelled me O. K."

"Why, did you expect to be rejected?"

"Not quite; but you know Uncle Sam is so particular that there's no telling but he might have found out that I was too tall for my weight or too heavy for my height. Who knows?"

The last speaker was a robust and shapely youth of about twenty years of age, living in the town of Alliance, Ohio. His name was Horace Moultrie, and he was one of a large number who had enlisted from the same town for the Spanish-American war. The most of these were destined for the Volunteer Army, but some few entered the Regulars as a fighting complement to the different regiments.

Among these latter, were young Moultrie and about five or six of his friends, all of whom had been mustered into the 21st Infantry. This was one of the regiments which had early been ordered to move southwards. The recruits were directed to join their commands in Mobile.

The day of their departure dawned, a balmy, cheery day in mid-April. Stern winter's snows

had thawed away, and bounteous Spring had already begun to spread her verdant mantle upon the earth. The golden sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing gaily in tree and shrub. Joy held sway everywhere, save among the scattered groups of men and women gathered on the platform of the little station-house. The train was due in a few minutes,—and parents, relatives and friends were assembled to bid the soldier-boys farewell. Many a fond word was spoken, many a warm tear was shed, many a tender heart ached, as mother and son, husband and wife, lover and beloved, parted, perhaps never more to behold one another in this life.

At one end of the waiting-stage and somewhat separated from the others, stood Horace and his mother, engaged in earnest conversation. Mrs. Moultrie, a gentle, devoted lady, now widowed many years, was living with a married son on his farm near Alliance. It had been a keen sacrifice to part with her youngest-born and favorite, but she had generously yielded him up for her country's service. Now, she had accompanied him to the station, and, with tear-dimmed eyes and tremulous voice, was giving him her last words of advice and comfort.

"Be brave, my darling, and serve your flag loyally. Always

do your duty, and, above all, keep out of bad company."

"I promise you, mother, I will behave in a manner becoming your son."

"I know you will, my boy," answered she between sobs. Then taking something from her pocket, she resumed: "Here, Horace, is a treasure I prize dearly. It is a pair of Rosary beads presented to me by your noble father on the happy day of our marriage, thirty-seven years ago. Keep them sacredly and pray on them now and then."

"Yes, mother, I will," replied the lad. "How can I thank you for this? I will never part with them: rather will I die with them around my neck."

"My brave boy!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Moultrie. Just then the train drew up to the station. As it rang for "All aboard!" she hastily kissed her son several times, and with a hearty "God bless you," sent him forth to fight his country's battles.

He quickly bid all his friends good-bye, and then disappeared into one of the rear coaches. The whistle blew and the bell clanged, and the iron monster puffed its way out of town southward-bound. Horace sat near a window and waved his hand to those he was leaving behind. For a long time his eyes were riveted on an elderly figure wearing a plain calico bonnet and casting wistful glances at the fast receding train. At last, when he could behold her no more, he sorrowfully turned his

head away and sighed; and he felt a weight upon his heart.

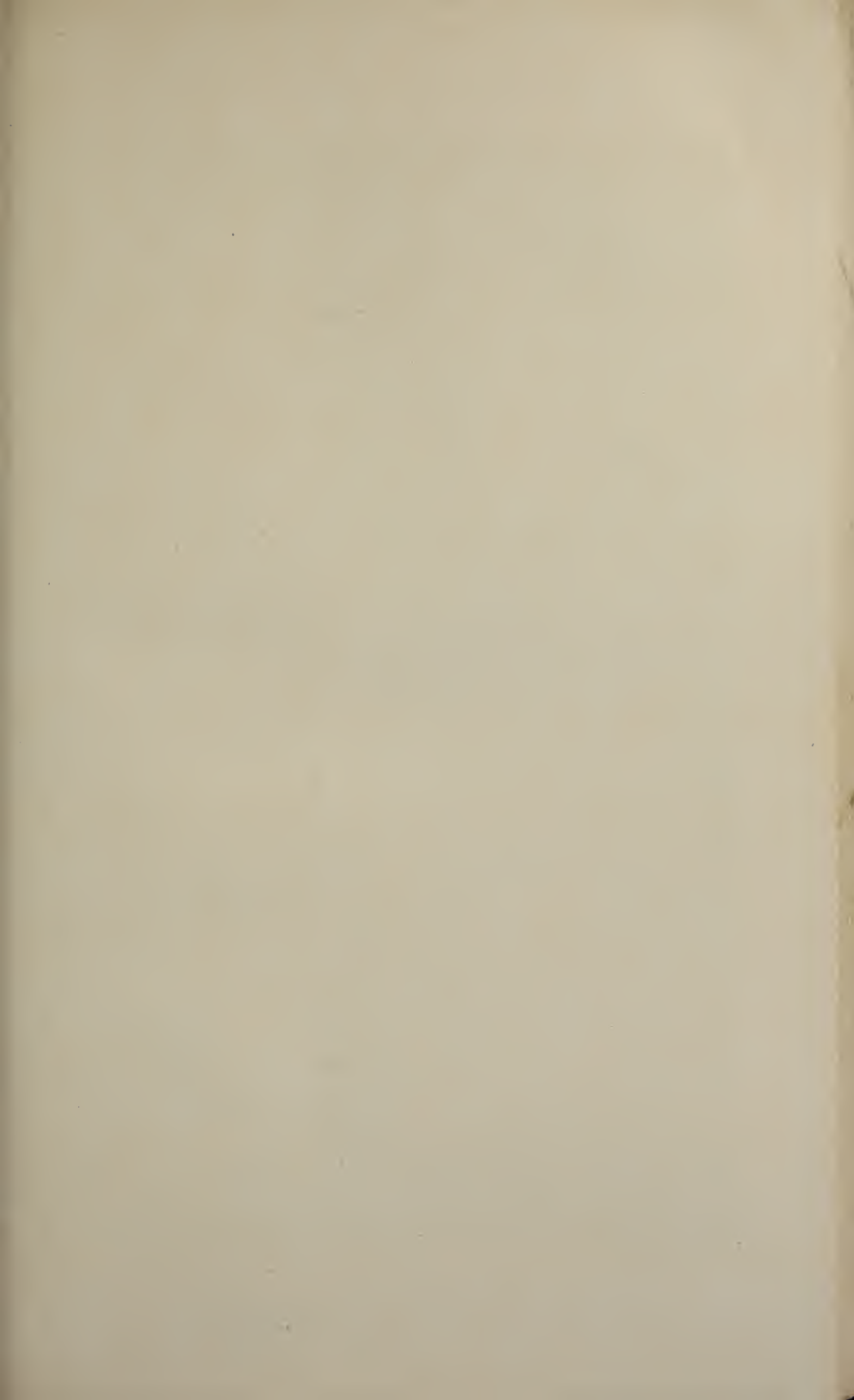
After awhile, however, he joined in conversation with his fellow travellers, as forlorn as himself; and, by dint of an effort on the part of each one of them, they succeeded in making the time pass pleasantly enough along the route. In about twenty-four hours they reached their destination.

"Mobile!" twanged the porter, and the recruits knew their journey was at an end and their military career about to begin. As soon as they arrived, they reported to headquarters at Camp Cop-pinger.

This post, established as a temporary station only, was named after the valiant General in command. It was situated on a pine-girt hill about five miles west of the city. It bordered on a picturesque streamlet known as Three-mile Creek. Six or seven regiments made it their tenting grounds.

The new-comers did not take long to accustom themselves to their new life and surroundings. They went through the regulation system of drilling, and soon became so proficient that they could scarcely be distinguished from the more experienced among the soldiers.

Horace Moultrie fell into line very quickly and naturally, and made a model son of Mars. He was noted for his exact observance of military discipline and prompt obedience to orders. Regular in his habits and addicted





COLLEGE LAKE.

to no unruly vices, he could always be relied upon for the quick and accurate execution of any command, and, hence, became a great favorite with his superior officers.

"Tell Moultrie to look after it," his captain got into the habit of saying, whenever he wanted to make sure that an urgent matter would be properly attended to.

He never forgot his mother's parting instructions. Careful about his choice of companions, he kept out of all gambling, drinking and brawling, and was looked upon as one of the most orderly young men in the camp. Whenever he was free on Sundays, he always assisted at Mass, either at the Visitation Academy Chapel or at the Spring Hill College Church, about a mile to the westward. His night and morning prayers he made a necessary portion of his daily life, and he never lost sight of his God in the midst of his military avocations.

While thus putting duty before pleasure, Horace did not cast the latter aside altogether. He was of a lively and genial disposition and readily joined in all the harmless pastimes which helped to relieve the monotony of camp life. At all the soldiers' concerts and carousals, he was always prepared with a recitation or a song, which was sure to be received with enthusiasm. If a crowd got together for the purpose of tossing up strolling darkey boys in blankets, he was there to lend a hand in the frolic.

Whenever there was a game of baseball between the 21sts and another regimental team, his men would invariably call for "Horace Moultrie on second!" For they knew that with him on the key-stone base, they would see genuine, wide-awake playing, no matter how the score stood. He displayed as much dash and earnestness in an uphill contest as in an easy victory. Once his club crossed bats with the Spring Hill College Nine; but the military sportsmen were no match for the student athletes, as the score—S. H. C., 17, 21st, 5—amply testifies. Horace made two of those five runs.

The principal attraction, however, which Spring Hill possessed for the soldiers of Camp Coppinger was the beautiful College Lake, nestling at the base of a thickly wooded knoll. In its waters they spent many a joyful hour, deeming it a rare pleasure indeed to disport in such a cool, refreshing pool. "You can't strike this everywhere," as they laconically expressed it.

One day a large crowd of them were in swimming, Horace Moultrie among them. They were having a royal time. Plunge after plunge,—now in, now out,—now floating on the glassy liquid, now buried in its crystal depths,—they thought no more of "taps" and imagined they were in a paradise of delight.

After a while, in the midst of their enjoyment, some one noticed that Horace was continually

diving in the same place, as if in search of something. He called out to him:

"What's the matter, Moultrie? Lost your ring?"

"No!"

"Well, what are you looking for?" inquired his comrade.

"I am trying to find my Rosary, which slipped off my neck while I was playing around with Jim Dixon."

"We'll help you look for it. Where did you drop it?"

"Right here opposite this spring-board," answered Horace.

"Come along, boys! Let's see who'll pick it up first!"

And the speaker jumped in, shortly followed by others, who sought over and over again for the lost article.

Whilst the soldiers were engaged in this pursuit, the Junior College boys came tripping down for a bath. Finding out what the excitement was about, some of their champion divers offered to recover the beads.

"I'll bet you I'll find them!"

"I'll bet you won't! I'm going to land right on them."

"Come along! here goes!"

In the midst of such palavering and a great deal more, the youngsters jumped in with a splash! and began to feel along the bottom for the object of their quest. At length, after several unsuccessful attempts, one little slim fellow with curly hair brought up the lost treasure, a beautiful pearl Rosary.

"I've got them! Hurrah!"

eagerly shouted the successful diver, as he took them in triumph to their grateful owner.

"A thousand thanks!" said Horace, unable fully to express in words what he felt in his heart, "I prize them highly; they are my mother's parting gift."

For a slight token of his gratitude, he made the boy a present of a brace of Krag-Jorgensen shells, "a souvenir," he explained, "of the coming war."

He occasionally visited the College after this occurrence and found many friends among the students, especially the Juniors.

How happily the time sped by in Camp-Coppinger! The soldier-boys could hardly realize that the flower-wreathed month of May was drawing to its close. Soon, however, an element of uncertainty began to mar their joyousness. Each day some rumor spread around about their departure for the field of war. "Next week!" "In three days!" "To-morrow!" These words were repeated several times over, and still they were kept in the awful state of suspense.

At length, one evening, the General in command received a sealed order from Washington. He broke it open, read it over carefully and then communicated its contents to his staff, who sent word to all the regimental officers.

"Leave to-morrow for Tampa."

The news spread like wild-fire from company to company, and as each received the welcome tidings, they shouted with relief, perhaps

as much as with delight. The hills and dells rang with their gladsome cheers. At last the long-looked-for order had come! They would now see service in actual war!

Preparations were soon made for the trip; everything was put in order for decamping overnight. Early in the morning they struck their tents and were moving with the sunrise.

The tiresome march to Mobile on a hot, sultry day; the embarkation on board the transports amid the loyal and enthusiastic shouts of the men, women and children that thronged the river bank; the monotonous voyage over the blue waters of the Mexican Gulf, with nothing in sight save a dim shoreline and an occasional flitting sail; the arrival at Tampa and long and anxious stay in the Flowery State; the final landing at Guantanamo Bay,—all these incidents, though spread over a stretch of weeks, were so crowded together and so unimportant as compared to the grand event of engaging in real battle that they passed by without attracting much notice.

Ashore on Cuban soil at last, there was no time to be wasted, as the order for fighting was expected at any moment. A suitable site among the palms and cactus was selected for a camping ground, and all was put in readiness for a brisk campaign. In a few days, the advance on Santiago by way of El Caney and San Juan Hill was begun.

On July 1st, at early dawn, the

word to "Forward March!" was given, and the long line of American troops moved towards the little village. Immediately they opened fire on the enemy's batteries, and fought like fiends for every inch of ground they gained. They were met by a vigorous response from the Spaniards, who, intrenched behind ramparts, fences and bushes, poured a destructive volley of shells on the besiegers. The assault was fierce, but the resistance was just as stubborn, and whatever advantage the Americans secured was bought at the price of much bloodshed.

Foremost among the army of brave combatants was the gallant 21st, officers and men vying with one another for the honors of the day. The effective assistance which they rendered on the right-hand road to General Hawkins' Brigade contributed not a little to the success of the charge; and they can justly claim their share of merit for the brilliant showing made by the Boys in Blue on that eventful day. Yet, the glory which they earned was not undimmed by the shadow of sorrow, for many of their ablest officers and bravest men fell in the hard-fought engagement.

At the first intimation of actual hostilities, Horace Moultrie, always striving to do right, had hastened to make his peace with his Creator. By a special leave, he had crossed over the 22d's lines, and had been shriven by their valiant chaplain, the soldier-boy's friend, Father Fitzgerald.

After confession, he had a long and serious conversation with the noble-hearted priest. On the night preceding the battle, he spent much time in earnest prayer, especially in reciting his Rosary to Her in whose protecting hands he placed his welfare. Having God with him, he was afraid to meet no mortal foe.

When the bugle sounded "Charge," and the fight up San Juan Hill was opened, Horace Moultrie marched undaunted with his fearless regiment. Unflinchingly he faced the deathly fire, and quickly and surely returned it. Not for a moment did he shrink from his arduous duty.

In the heat of the engagement, his colonel gave the order to take possession of a block-house a few hundred yards ahead. Moultrie was among the detachment that proceeded to do his behest. Boldly, bravely they stepped forth, bearing the Stars and Stripes aloft before them. A hail of Mauser bullets was falling on all sides. First one man dropped, then another: when they had reached their destination, and hoisted the colors over the block-house, eleven of their comrades were missing.

At the end of this first day's vig-

orous fighting, when the Ambulance Corps made its rounds of the battle-field, one of their number stumbled against a young private lying prostrate with a deep wound in his left side. He was not dead, but in a dimly conscious state, and grasped with his right hand a pearl Rosary which he had suspended about his shoulders. He was suffering intensely and looked up pitifully at his visitor. It was evident he was not long for this earth.

"Are you much hurt, my good friend?" asked the ambulance man, soothingly.

"Did — we — gain ——" the young soldier faltered and gasped in pain.

"Yes, we gained the victory."

A faint smile lit up his distorted features; it quickly disappeared, and his death-like look returned.

"Come, we must take you to a safe place."

"Yes! No!—My God! Tell moth—"

The word was never finished—a soul had taken its flight heavenwards.

Horace Moultrie, with his mother's Rosary twined round his neck, died as he had lived, a brave warrior and a loyal Christian.

MAXIMIN D. TOUART, '03.

AD SANCTUM PATRONUM.

Quem veneranda vocat gaudens Ecclesia Mater
 Justum; Judaeis lux, honor atque decus;
 Deliciae Domini Jesu, custosque parensque,
 O Joseph, nostris annue nunc precibus!

SUNSET ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Heaven's glow is on the mountain,
Heaven's smile is in the sky;
Heaven's rainbow round the fountain
Breathe the love of God on high.

Linger, O sweet sunlight, linger!
Sink not sadly thus to sleep,
Where the Night, with sable finger,
Lays her hand upon the deep!

Infant Jesus, fair as skylight,
Smile the smile that knows no dross,
While beyond the distant twilight,
Looms the night-fall of the Cross!

But the Sun will rise to-morrow,
As he rose in days of yore :
Jesus! raise the veil of sorrow,
Till we see Thee evermore.

C. ANDRE LELONG, '01.

VISIT OF A SPRING HILL STUDENT TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

EARLY on the morning of August 23d, 1899, I boarded a train at Quebec, bound for the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

Of the many interesting spots in and around the quaint and historic city of Quebec, this is perhaps the most interesting, and surely, from whatever point of view, the most deeply impressive.

It is situated twenty-one miles to the north of Quebec, on the St. Lawrence river, and is reached either by railway along the bank,

or by steamer on the swift flowing waters.

I made the short journey by rail, and from the window of the car, I could follow the winding course of that beautiful and mighty stream, which never disappeared entirely from view. As we pulled away from the massive walls of Quebec, with both banks of the St. Lawrence plainly in sight, a most fascinating and ever-changing picture presented itself to my eager gaze—every-

thing was so different from anything I had seen in the States.

We passed through several villages nestling at the base and in the recesses of the mountains. The houses, mostly small, but neat, are of unique design, and no matter how small the village, in a prominent position I could see the steeple of a Catholic church.

Now we are speeding over a rich meadow, where numerous cows graze peacefully, and a moment later there bursts upon us the sight of Montmorenci Falls, one hundred feet higher than those of Niagara. The train slackens speed, while we gaze upon this gorgeous sight; then we continue our journey through more Canadian villages, and after an hour's ride we come to our destination.

The first object that attracts my attention is the large and magnificent church with its twin towers. This imposing edifice is new, but the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré was known already 250 years ago. Its origin, according to the tradition handed down by the good people of the country, is briefly thus :

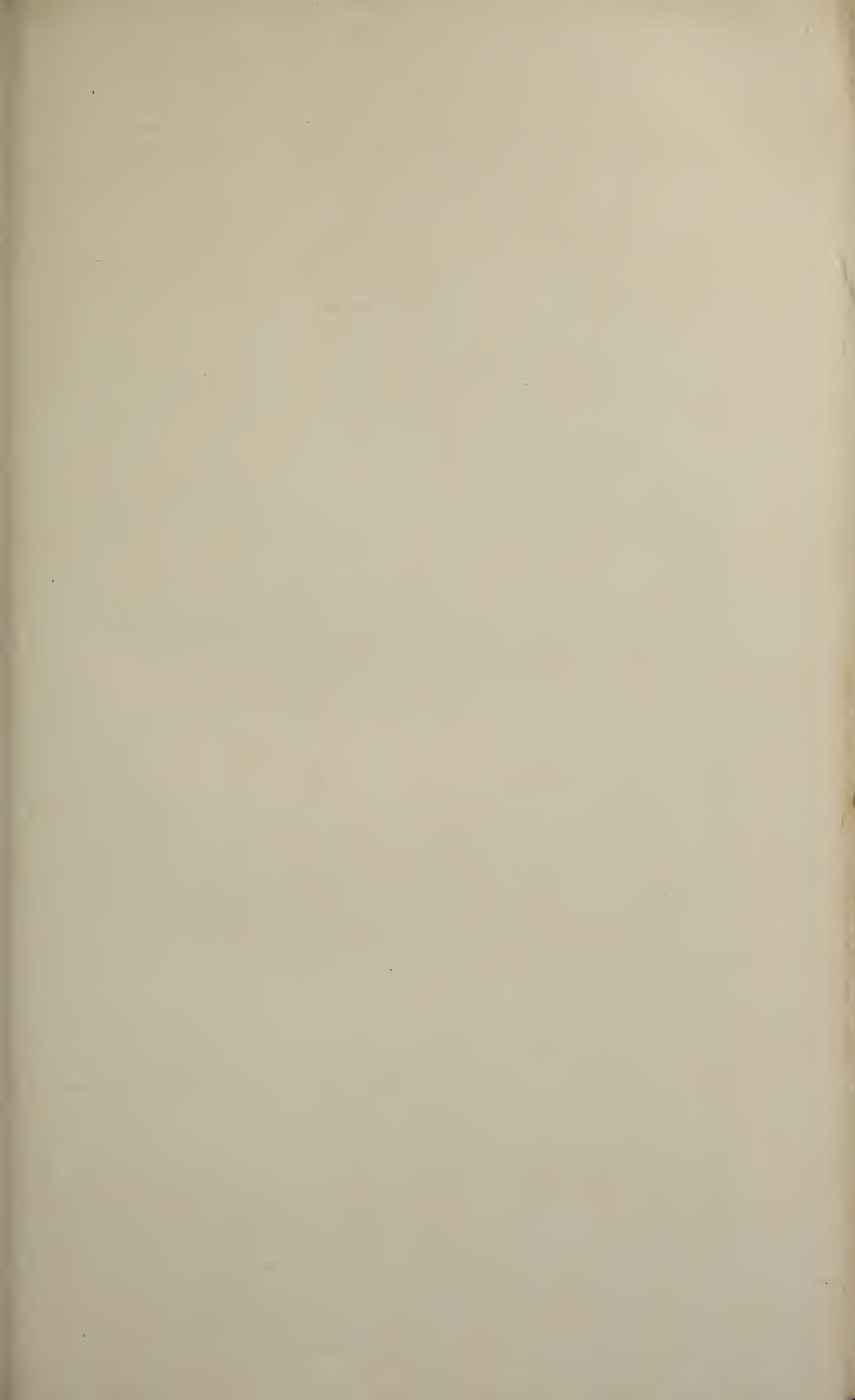
Early in the seventeenth century some Breton mariners, who were overtaken by a violent storm on the St. Lawrence, solemnly vowed to Ste. Anne that if delivered from the dangers which threatened them, they would erect a sanctuary in her honor on the spot where they should land. Their prayer was heard, and to

fulfil their vow they built a small wooden chapel, which soon became so famous that in the year 1660 it was replaced by a finer structure. This was subsequently enlarged, and after about a century's existence, was almost entirely rebuilt in 1787, and again in 1878—still occupying its original site near the "Sacred Spring" whose waters are known to have wrought miraculous cures.

Just on the opposite side of the street stands the magnificent church mentioned above. It is a grand specimen of Corinthian architecture, 152 feet long, 64 feet wide, and cost \$200,000. A large and beautiful statue of Ste. Anne stands over the facade, between two high towers. Though not completed till the year 1889, the church was opened to public worship as early as 1876. It is considered one of the finest churches in the dominion, its interior being full of magnificent paintings and decorations, the work of famed artists.

At the head of the middle aisle stands a beautiful and rich statue of Ste. Anne, the gift of a lady who was cured through her intercession. At the foot of this statue are deposited relics of the Saint.

As evidence of what Ste. Anne has done for her clients, at the entrance of the church are two pyramids of crutches, abandoned at the shrine. There are also huge tiers of sticks and splints and trusses piled up eleven stories high, which have been left here because no further use was re-





*XAVIER CASTLE THE BIRTH PLACE OF
SAINT FRANCIS*



FRONT VIEW OF XAVIER CASTLE

quired of them. On the walls are marble tablets innumerable, giving names and dates of recoveries, all attributed to Ste. Anne.

The original church built by the hardy Bretons is still preserved. Just beyond it is the "Scala Sancta," which is a fac simile in wood of the original kept in Rome. Here, as at Rome, these steps are ascended on the knees, the pious pilgrim pausing on each step to meditate on the sufferings of Christ.

Of the thousands who every year visit this noted shrine, it is needless to say that most of them go as pilgrims, impelled by religious devotion to the Saint here honored, or to seek, through her

intercession, aid for some infirmity under which they are laboring.

In 1874 there were 17,200 visitors: in 1898 the pilgrims alone numbered 125,000. On the day of my visit we were at least 1,200.

The Redemptorist Fathers, in charge of the shrine, are most kind and courteous to all visitors, escorting them about the grounds and explaining all things of interest and devotion.

Whoever goes to Quebec should see this, the most interesting of its suburbs, for it is only an hour's ride from the city. My own visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré I shall ever treasure among the most pleasant of my recollections.

JAMES L. DARRAGH, '00.

THE HERO-APOSTLE OF THE EAST.

ON a slope of the Pyrenees, surrounded by the unnumbered oaks and walnuts that emerge amid the rocks of granite and argillite, stands the Castle of Xavier.

To the ordinary traveller the Castle is hardly a greater attraction than a Carroll manor or a homestead of Boone. Perhaps it is a little older. It is a relic of the Middle Ages. Nothing more.

But to the soul-stirred pilgrim, who has studied and pondered the life of Francis Xavier—to whose soul's vision the Apostle of the East still climbs the ice-clad hills of Japan—to whose mind the mark of his faith is still impressed

in the civilization of the kingdoms he conquered for Christ—to him the grand old Castle of Xavier is an ever-inspiring source of religion and devotion.

And when he gazes upon the very walls that re-echoed to the voice of the saint, what thoughts are conjured up?

He sees the castle still standing in its integrity, massive and strong. He considers how grandly and loftily it stood in the days when Spain, in wealth and magnificence, ruled the world—when the father of Xavier was councillor of state to the King of Navarre, and his mother the owner of the castle, the sole heiress to the

wealth of two distinguished houses of nobility—when Francis himself, from the splendor of his mansion, looked out upon the glory of the world that awaited his talent, his nobility and spirit of enterprise.

Perhaps nothing so completely sums up the tenor of his life and loftiness of his soul, as that strange contrast between the birth of the saint and his death, his early life and his later years, his life of vain-glory in Navarre or ambitious projects in the Paris University, and his life of humility, mortification and self-sacrifice shown in his labors among the tribes of India and Japan.

It is a mystery of which the human mind, in this life, cannot fathom the depths. It is that grand strength of soul, that participation of the divinity, by which a man rises above the nearest, dearest of natural ties—above friends, home and kindred—above the passions and affections common to men—and, moving in a supernatural sphere, keeps his soul ever fixed on the Creator, until others, too, attracted by his sanctity, partake of his heavenly aspirations.

Philosophers have reasoned upon such characters. Orators have represented them. But only the grace of the Almighty can make them really exist. Outside the Church of Christ, there is no Xavier, as there is no Paul, no Ignatius, no Dominic, no Assisi.

In the light of this mystery, let any one of us gaze upon the Castle

where the Apostle was born, and perchance those rare thoughts, which filled the mind of the pilgrim, will pour upon his own soul.

Consider the Apostle of the Indies, the man of labor and penance. Contemplate the haggard face, the worn and weary frame. Picture him at the hour of death, on the lonely isle, exhausted, wearied,—the soul too active for the body—the sword too bright for its scabbard—cut off in the midst of unheard-of labors, dying in the prime of manhood!

The same man is born in this mansion of delights, bred in the abode of princes, reared in the stateliest palace of all the Pyrenees, instructed in the maxims of the world. The same man once looked out upon the earth, with prospects such that the scenes of his youth, overlooking the weird valleys of Navarre, were only a shadow of the earthly glory that awaited him.

What has wrought this change in the man of the world? Is it some stupendous miracle? No. Scarcely has Xavier been made professor of philosophy in the University of Paris—in the twenty-fourth year of his age—when an unlettered soldier, a hero from the siege of Pamplona, comes to the university. He desires to study the sciences. It is Ignatius of Loyola. From the mouth of the young Xavier he will learn philosophy. But the pupil soon becomes the master; for he has learned a higher philosophy.

"Francis!" he cried, "what will it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?"

Xavier rises from his seat. He gazes into the face of his friend. Angelic light surrounds the countenance of Ignatius. The master falls before his pupil, exclaiming, "What will you have me to do?"

"Come with me," answers Ignatius, "and we will convert the world!"

The hand was clasped, the kiss of peace was given. Ten years after in the far Indies, Francis writes on his knees to the father of his soul: "Ten thousand to-day have received the waters of Baptism."

But what has become of the doctor of philosophy? Whither has drifted his love of poetry and literature? To what purpose all his thirst for wisdom, his study of the masters of art and language?

Poet of God! We read thy soul, loftier than the glory of earth, in thy "Deus, amo Te." Orator! A hundred thousand souls listened to thy words, and with one voice proclaimed thy Christ to be the true God. Philosopher! Well may the annals of the University of Paris number thee among her doctors of learning; but it was thy wisdom to win the benighted heathen to the love of Eternal Truth.

Let worldly-minded men cry out, "What glory awaits him in his native land! What phantom possessed him, what fanaticism

seized him, to leave his home and friends—never to return!"

Let them cry out against him! Human wisdom, as opposed to the conduct of Francis Xavier, is crushed in the very thought of his life and works. Had he but lived for another decade of years, he might have returned to his native Castle—not indeed over the sea to Portugal—but by land, across Asia and Europe, after having left two continents behind him, blessed in his path, stamped with the impress of his faith and character, converted by his exalted purity and divine love.

We hear him still, when his arm has fallen to his side, wearied with pouring the waters of Baptism—still in voice and heart uttering that shriek of perfect love, "Sancta Trinitas!" "O holy Trinity!"

We see him still, on the lone Isle of San Chan, in the very sight of the continent of Asia—his heart feverish with longing to allure that land to Christ—with none but a wayward slave at his side to give him consolation—we hear him still, repeating and repeating the name of God—until his spirit, relieved of the "body of death," is wrapped in His bosom forever.

Francis Xavier! Look down upon us from thy throne in Heaven! Be now, be forever, the light and guide of heroic souls in India, in Japan, in Alaska, or wherever the Claver, or Anchieta of whatever clime is laboring to tear down the idols of paganism! Be thy name a star of the North,

a vessel of strength, to guide him through the wildest perils and persecutions!

With this prayer, we bid adieu to the Castle of Xavier. Farewell, ye massive halls that

trembled beneath his step—Crucifix that bled to his sufferings—woodlands that re-echoed to his voice, farewell!

CARL E. BRAUN, 01.

THE HYGIENIC ADVANTAGES OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

[From the American Journal of Health of August 26, 1899.]

BY L. D. THOMAS, M. D.

THE care which lays heaviest on the minds of many parents throughout the land to-day is in regard to the selection of an institution of learning to which they may, with perfect confidence, entrust their sons and daughters. There are so many things to be thought of in this connection that fathers and mothers often forget to give sufficient consideration to the sanitary conditions belonging to a school or college. Having taken upon ourselves a sense of responsibility for the physical welfare of our readers, it is eminently fitting that we should emphasize this aspect of the student's life.

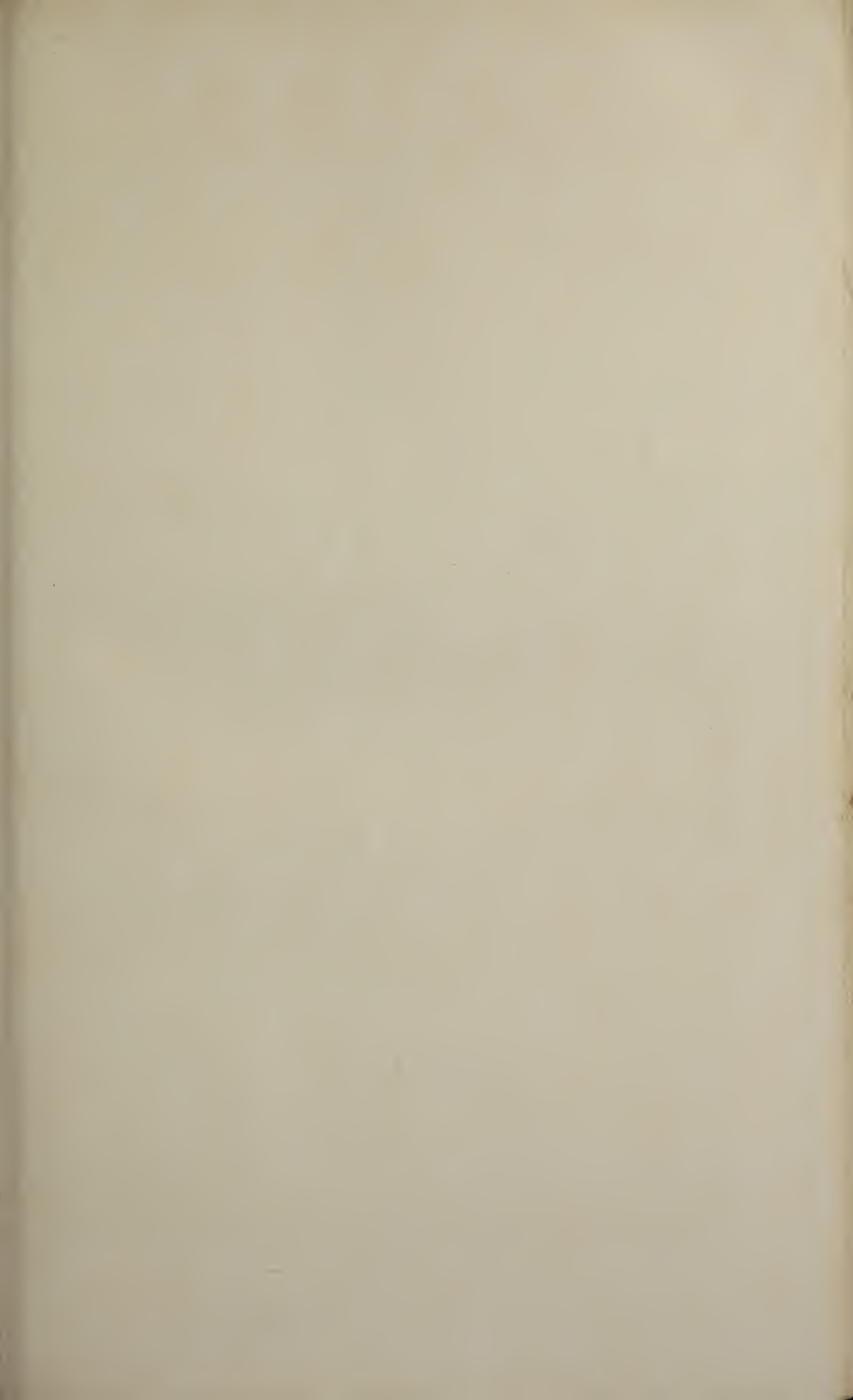
At the time of life when a child usually leaves home to attend boarding school, he is peculiarly subject to impressions in his physical as well as his mental being. This is a critical period. The presence of refining influences will leave a stamp of nobility on his nature; association with strong and logical thinkers will give him the habit of virile intellectual effort; but both of these qualities,

grand as they are, will wither and die without the foundation of a strong and healthy constitution to support them.

With this truth constantly before us, we have spared no pains in investigating the hygienic conditions which surround different institutions of learning. And it was with a feeling of deepest satisfaction that we read the report sent from our representative in regard to Spring Hill College near Mobile, Alabama.

The first point he took occasion to mention was its situation, which is singularly fortunate from the standpoint of health, being entirely void of those conditions which so often combine to produce malaria. The water supply in connection with the institution is plentiful, and is free from every trace of impurity; while the atmosphere seems to infuse the body with a spirit of invigoration.

Turning now to the report we received in regard to the buildings, we find that the dormitories are arranged and ventilated in ac-





THE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

cordance with the suggestions of the most modern scientific thought on this subject.

The food supplied by Spring Hill College is both wholesome and agreeable. Nothing is omitted which, beside being appetizing, is conducive to sound bodily health and vigor.

The next matter for consideration is in regard to the lighting of class rooms. It is only during recent years that this subject has received the attention it deserves; for the importance of having the light properly adjusted, when the eyes are in constant use, can hardly be overestimated. In Spring Hill College the utmost care has been bestowed, not only on the problem in general, but on every phase suggested either by the doctrine of science or of personal experience. So that this institution has now perfected its arrangements with regard to light to such a degree that the least strain possible is imposed upon the eyes. As the fatiguing of the delicate organ of sight often brings on other ills, such as nervous headaches, the hygienist need offer no apology for bestowing emphasis on this matter.

In regard to practical athletics, the students of the College are generously provided with every facility for their proper physical development. They enjoy the daily use of an excellent gymnasium, equipped with a complete supply of A. G. Spalding's apparatus, and in which ample space is allotted for any and every in-

door bodily exercise. Adjoining this commodious structure is the large rectangular Campus, covering nearly two acres of ground. On it are a base ball diamond, a tennis court, two hand ball alleys and an oval running and bicycle track.

About a quarter of a mile from the College building is situated a magnificent swimming pool, of safe and reasonable depth, fed from upland springs, whose pure, glassy waters are kept at a healthful temperature by constant exposure to sun and wind. Here during the summer months the students bathe at stated times during the week, thus keeping their systems in good salutary condition, while indulging in one of the most agreeable of muscular exercises.

Although this is primarily beyond the scope of our investigation, we feel that it is nothing more than simple justice to remark, in passing, the high standard of scholarship and the distinctly able corps of instructors belonging to the above mentioned college. We have insisted that without a healthy body, a strong mind will soon decay. We are no less ready to acknowledge that a well disciplined mind, animated with sound and wholesome thought, is conducive in a high degree to bodily health. Surely there is no training so well calculated to develop the "whole man" as that received at some institution which, like Spring Hill College, promotes intellectual and physical vigor in harmony.

ZACHARIAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ZACHARIAS—A Victim of the Factions.

JOHN OF GHISCALA—Leader of a Faction.

ARCHELAUS—Follower of John of Ghiscala.

ANANIAS—High Priest.

JUDGES.

Scene laid in Jerusalem, A. D. 70.

(The Sanhedrim—John of G. absorbed in thought. Enter Archelaus).

Arch. Why so pensive, my liege? that dark frown ill befits so noble a countenance.

John of G. Aye, dark thoughts pervade my mind. Archelaus, thou ne'er hast proved unworthy of my confidence, so I trust thee. But let thy master's secrets be sacred to thee.

Arch. Thou'rt all to me, my Lord; speak.

John of G. I hate the oppression of the people, and the priests' imputations are 'specially obnoxious to me. I crushed the 'cursed power of the priest Josephus in Ghiscala, my native city. He 'scaped my dagger, the traitor, and sold himself to the Romans. To-day, he sells us all for a smile to Vespasian's son. I am now master in Jerusalem: I reign supreme in the Holy City, in the very Temple I rule; yet—one grief gnaws my heart, one fear harrows my soul.

Arch. And who the cause of this? The priests tremble before thee; Simon Bar Gioras has been cowed down by thee; who resists thee?

John of G. An old man, who hates, dares me, and calls me a tyrant! Me! the enemy of tyrants!

Arch. Give but the name, my Lord—

John of G. Dost know the prophet Zacharias?

Arch. An apostate! the follower of a crucified Impostor! He is alone, methinks, of his cursed sect inside the walls. Did not the cowardly Christians flee to Pella before Titus arrived?

John of G. He is alone, but he is powerful; he seems virtuous, but he bends before no one. His courage is indomitable, and he fears no man. He is a dangerous enemy, for his will is inflexible.

Arch. Full many a time thy dagger's stilled a tongue that wagged against thee.

John of G. 'Tis from no conscientious qualms I harm him not! Could I but elude the people's wrath, my trusty dagger e'en now would in his heart be buried.

Arch. Then load him with dishonor: summon him before the Sanhedrim and charge him as a traitor,—thus fared his Christ! Say he predicts Jerusalem is predestined to fall; that he has promised, when the Romans near the wall, to open the gates and give them access to the city. Thy sagacity will much more suggest.

John of G. Well said! But here come our Masters in religion. Go, seek thou this Zacharias, and tell him the Sanhedrim awaits his coming.

(Exit Arch.) I'll show him how they're served, who brave the wrath of John of Ghiscala.

(Enter Ananias and Judges.)

Anan. The strength of the Lord be with the noble leader of our gallant defenders.

John of G. The wisdom of Jehovah be with you, Prince of Doctors, and your most worthy associates. *(Anan. and Judges seat themselves. John of G. remains standing.)* Till now, as you know, my sole aim has been to preserve intact the heritage of God, to retain our liberty, and to keep free from corruption our Holy Religion.

Anan. The Sanhedrim appreciates your lordship's zeal, and returns its hearty thanks.

John of G. I know the sentiments of the noble lords. I know that all here present would rather be buried under the ruins of the Temple,—would rather die a thousand deaths than submit to the Romans.

A Judge. Most certainly!

John of G. I know you are one with the people and me, yet,—there are those that speak of peace with Titus, that would betray Sion into the hands of our foe. I know of *one*, a faithless man, in whose breast the sacred fire of loyalty was never kindled; who uses his riches and his influence to betray his God and hand his city over to her enemies. YES! there is a *traitor* within our walls!

Judges. A traitor! Impossible!

Anan. Some vile, ambitious slave who hopes to gain position by his perfidy?

A Judge. Perhaps it e'en may be some evil-minded man,—a citizen, no doubt, who's suffered some discomfort at the bar of Justice, and is seeking retribution by betrayal!

John of G. Nay, he of whom I speak is *not* a slave, and to my recollection, ne'er has been before the Judges. But if he had his just deserts, his bones would now be mouldering in the dust. He goes about the streets in Prophet's guise, while in the people's hearts he's stirring up dissensions. He portrays me as plotting and ambitious, when you *all* know I'm free from guile and aught that savors of pollution. Intrigue I've fought, and for the people

always shown myself solicitous,—and will, until my pulse's beat is stopped and I am cold and lifeless. The man of whom I speak is a viper, who has turned against the mother that for eighty years has nourished and upheld him. This villain, friends, this trait'rous wretch is the *noble* Zacharias.

Anan. Zacharias? A traitor? Never! There surely is some awful blunder here!

Judges. Zacharias is a model of virtue, courage and piety!

John of G. Zacharias, that model of virtue, that compendium of courage and piety, that peace-loving citizen, has but one aim in life,—to ruin his country!

Anan. Zacharias has proved in every place and on every occasion, by his words, his tears and liberality, that he has but one thing at heart, the welfare of his country!

John of G. What! *you*, Ananias, high priest of God, *you* would defend an enemy of God and of the people? Know you not, that, faithless to the law of Moses, Zacharias has embraced the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth, whom Annas, your father, condemned?

Anan. Oh God! omit such recollections!

John of G. This is the man you would defend?

Anan. Yes, if he is innocent!

John of G. You will judge for yourselves; I will accuse him before you. When John of Ghiscala plays the accuser, he must be sure of the crime, of the sentence—of the penalty! Remember, Judges, I rule here! I demand perfect obedience to my order. Swear me satisfaction. If not—

(points significantly at his sword.)

Anan. Threats will never cause me to perjure myself.

Judges. Let justice be done though the Heavens fall.

(Enter Zacharias.)

John of G. Behold the prisoner!

Zach. Prisoner! Do I stand before this, the most venerable assembly on earth, a prisoner? With what crime am I charged?

John of G. The one of which thou'rt guilty, *traitor!!!*

Zach. But you speak in riddles!

John of G. Aye, riddles of which *thou* hast the solution. Learn, traitor, that thy plots are unearthed. The eye of John of Ghiscala, ever watchful for the people's safety, has discovered thy sedition. It is to pass judgment on thy machinations that the Sanhedrim is sitting to-day. Thy crime is great, and thy condemnation shall be accordingly.

Members of the Sanhedrim: If I seem to act strangely for a warrior; if I have brought before your tribunal an aged man whom you revere, it is through love of country, of religion and of jus-

tice. Zacharias has intercourse with the Roman idolaters, to whom he would betray our Holy City. I swear it by the Temple, by the safety of the people, by my word!

Anan. We respect your lordship's oath. You can, no doubt, confirm it by facts.

John of G. I myself have heard the seditious advice Zacharias gives the people; I have heard the signs of perdition with which he tries to dampen their courage. 'Tremble!' he cries "tremble! the day of destruction has come! Acknowledge the Crucified for the true God! If not, there shall not remain a stone upon a stone of the walls in the which you trust!" What wonder, then, the people should announce their fears, and yield to terror and despair?

Anan. Has our lord any witnesses whom he can produce to prove his accusation?

John of G. Is there need of witnesses to calm your scruples? They lack not. The whole people, my soldiers, Simon Bar Gioras, myself, and best of all, *Zacharias himself*. Speak, traitor! thine own words shall convict thee! Dost thou deny having betrayed thy God, to profess the Faith of the Christ? That, alone of thy execrable sect, thou hast remained in the city to stir dissension in the people's hearts? But enough! Members of the Sanhedrim, you know your duty. Spare me the trouble of having to force you to accomplish it. I reiterate my charge: Zacharias is a *traitor*!!!!

Judges. 'Tis false! It cannot be!!

Anan. Defend yourself, most venerable sire. We're all convinced you can refute the accusation.

Zach. 'Twere useless,—a mere waste of words and time that I say aught in my defence. I stand before you, *not* as a prisoner awaiting justice, but as a criminal precondemned! However, out of respect for your priestly character, Judges, I will explain. *I* wish to betray my country? *I* stir the people with seditious speeches? Have I then lived so long, devoted my whole life to the welfare of my people but to betray them on the threshold of Death? Has fear, then, brought me down so low,—*me*, who fear not thy dagger, John of Ghiscala? For eighty years I've lived and stayed among you, helping the poor and delicate. These feeble hands have helped repair the walls which Roman rams had battered. And even in this very Hall, o'er some momentous matter, I have conferred with you. My life, then, is a secret to no one. Would I, think you, annul these my services by betrayal of those whom I have so long assisted? What would I gain? Power? How long would I enjoy it? An old man, with one foot in the grave, hovering on the brink of Eternity, my thoughts dwell not upon

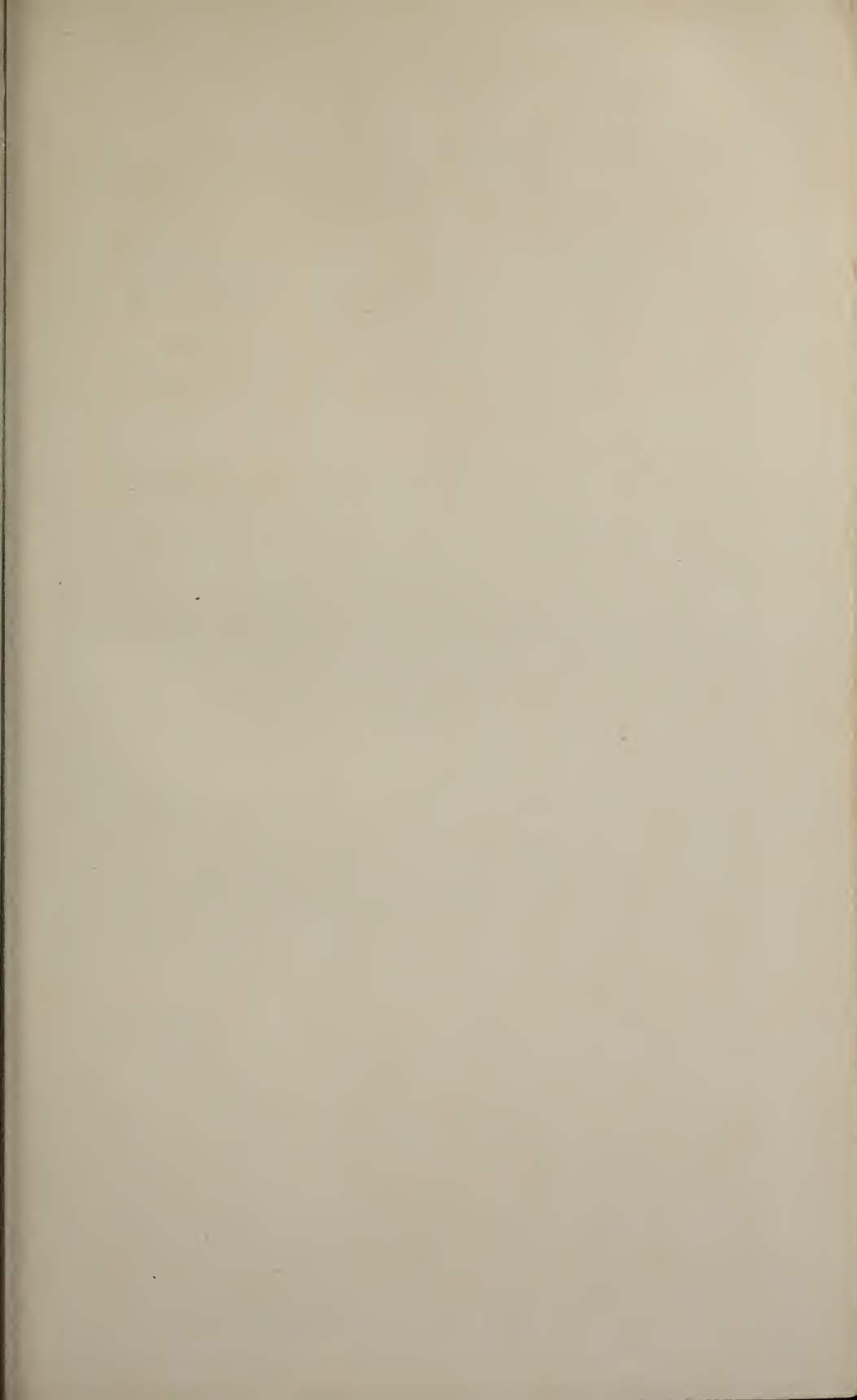
earthly glory. John of Ghiscala, you say you have witnesses—adduce but one. I dare you! No one appears? Members of the Sandedrim, *I call upon you to be my witnesses.* My life is my guarantee! *You all know whether I be the man to play the Roman slave!* John of Ghiscala knows best of all, whate'er he may pretend, my *only* crime's my *independence!* This man, my friends, is jealous—jealous of my popularity; nay, he fears his base designs will be revealed! He'd scruple not to make your dead bodies the stepping-stones to his ambitious aims. He *seems* an upright man, this *sanctimonious* hypocrite, but his heart is as black as the sable robe of Night. John, hear thou *my* accusation against *thee*; I accuse thee of oppressing the nation; of ruining it by thy crimes! Thy wicked deeds have brought God's wrath upon Jerusalem, and on the Temple, desecrated by thy abominations, the fire that soon will consume it.

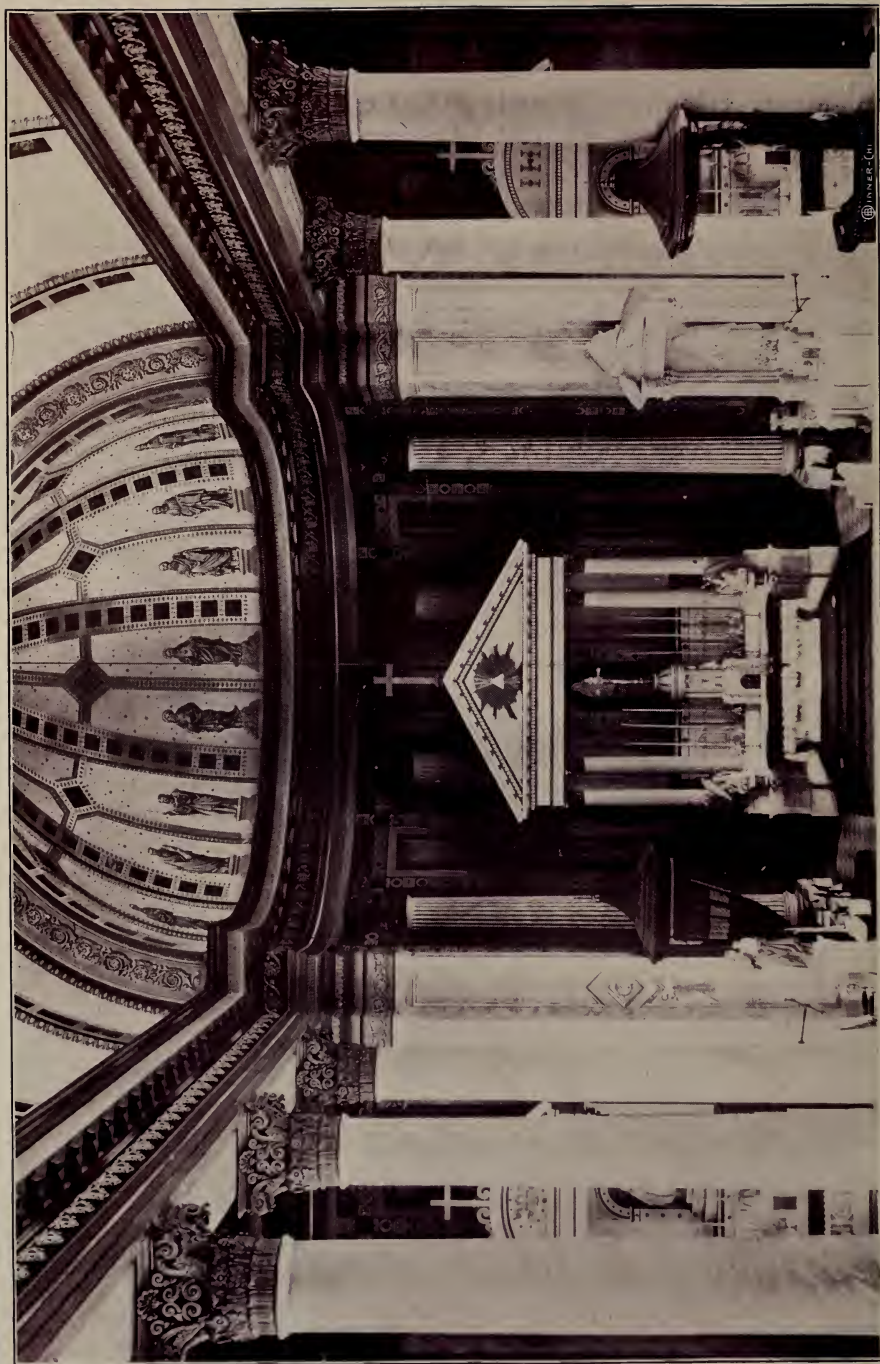
John of G. (Sneeringly.) Pleasant old man!

Zach. Alas! God demands a terrible retribution! Shall I dare enumerate all thy crimes committed against Him by His chosen people these fifty years past? There is one I cannot omit! The Sun, beholding it, veiled its face; the Earth shook to its very foundations—even the dead were awakened from their sleep, and left their sepulchral stones. I remember when He who gave Himself for the redemption of man was crucified. Full well I recollect, as staggering with His heavy Cross, He climbed up Calvary's heights; bruised and bleeding at every pore; faint from the loss of blood He fell exhausted at the Centurion's feet. With wicked scourge they did His unprotected shoulders beat, leaving huge welts and jagged cuts—the marks of the cruel lash. A sight it was would move to tears a heart of flint. I saw it all! for—I was there; (*turning to Ananias,*) your father Annas was there, as was your brother-in-law Caiphas who—

Anan. Stop! Stop! You're leaving your subject!

Zach. Aye, you like not being reminded of that day. 'Twas forty years ago, but 'tis as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday! Forty years ago, before Christ's death, 'twas prophesied, one man should die that the people might live. Christ died—yet the people are starving—perishing by hundreds! You know the reason? Then listen: When Pilate said, "I find no cause in Him," as with one voice the people cried: "His blood be upon us, and upon our children!" That awful imprecation was heard—behold the result: The city is forsaken by God; the dead and dying are piled up in the very streets; Famine stalks about claiming thousands of victims! To such straits are we reduced that husbands from their starving wives wrest the last crust of





INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MOBILE.

bread; children struggle with their parents for food. Mothers even sacrifice their little babes to save their lives by this horrid sustenance! Ah! Tremble! lest Jerusalem's punishment astound the nations of the earth. See ye not the conquerors of the world encamped at our doors—their eagles soaring aloft, ready to pounce upon our walls? Feel you not the vengeance of Jehovah coming upon you? O God! If it be not too late, spare my dear country! Touch the hearts of Thy once cherished people! And if my life can disarm Thy just wrath—here am I. Be it done unto me according to Thy word. Judges, I am ready to receive my condemnation.

John of G. Judges, remember your duty! I *command* you to convict him. If not—

(Judges confer together for a moment, then Ananias speaks.)

Anan. There is against Zacharias neither proof nor testimony. We declare him, therefore, *not guilty* as charged. Venerable Zacharias, go thou in peace.

Zach. Most Just Ananias; Beloved Judges: my gracious thanks!
(Retires—John of Ghiscala follows, sword in hand.)

John of G. Stop! Wretch!! What! He would depart triumphant over me? I'll mete out the justice the Court has denied me. Zacharias *must* die!

Anan. Wretch! Wouldst thou dare pursue a defenceless old man and dip thy hands in his blood?

A Judge. *(Stepping to a window and looking out).* He is close upon our reverend Friend. Zacharias has turned—and is talking with him. O God! Zacharias is stabbed, and falls between the vestibule and altar. The bloody wretch may yet complete his work!

(Enter J. of G., sword in hand. Excited and breathless.)

J. of G. Still here? Rebellious pack! Ananias, heartless Pontiff! thou art not worthy of the tiara! Avaunt! Priests! Doctors! You have betrayed your trust! Leave the place! Your reign is over,—mine begun!!!!

JACK J. MCGRATH, '02.

THE MAGI'S PRAYER.

Light of heaven, gentle star!
Guide us to the land afar,
Where the Light that gave thee birth
Sheds its rays upon the earth!

A TRIP TO FORT MORGAN.

THE morning sun was shining in all its brilliancy, as we left the busy wharf of Mobile bound for Fort Morgan. Our goodly boat, the Maud, a fast sea-going tug, blew its shrill whistle at about 8 o'clock, and we were soon gliding over the silvery gray waters of the stately river.

We travelled at a somewhat moderate rate until we neared the Bay channel, when we sped along like the winged wind. Little by little, the house-tops and towers and steeples grew more indistinct, until they assumed the shape of irregular mounds and peaks wrapped in misty clouds.

In the meanwhile, our immediate surroundings had shifted considerably. From the glaring white beach of South End and the thick and sombre oak groves of Daphne, we were passing by the tawny bluffs of Montrose, which lift their comely heads far above the adjoining country. They have an elevation of 147 feet, and are the highest land along the Atlantic seaboard south of New Jersey. Right here one can enjoy some of the most picturesque scenery in the State of Alabama. The ever-changing blue and gray and emerald of the Bay waters, surmounted by the russet of the sand and clay strand, and the whole crowned by the bright green of the pines and cedars,—all these beauteous tints and forms combine to produce a

natural effect that is truly charming.

Further down, after leaving behind us Fair Hope, the Single Tax colony, and Point Clear, a much frequented watering place, we steamed by the Mobile Bay Light House, situated eighteen miles from the city and gulf respectively. At this stage of our outing, we could distinguish nothing on any side save a mingled streak of shore and woodland. What a dreary life must not the keeper and his wife and children lead on this watery desert? How monotonous! The only semblance of activity they witness is the motion of passing ships, swimming fish and flying gulls; the only change they experience is that of the weather and the seasons,—sunshine one day, clouds the next, with an occasional storm to enliven their tomb-like existence.

Onward we moved, our trusty tug skimming over the greenish, salt-laden waters with the ease and grace of a swan. Very soon in the distance loomed up in shadowy dimness the outlines of Fort Morgan. These grew more and more distinct, until at length they assumed definite proportions, and we beheld in all its grim and rugged grandeur the redoubtable bulwark of Mobile Bay.

It is situated on a low sandy peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of Mexico. On the oppo-

site shore, Dauphin Island, which is three miles and a half distant, stands old Fort Gaines, for many years out of repair, but now being put in excellent condition by the government. Fort Morgan itself, taken as a whole, may be divided into three parts: the old works, surrounded and protected by the newer fortifications, and the modern mortar battery, now in course of erection. Not less than two companies of soldiers, under command of a senior captain, are stationed there.

There is not a more interesting sight in our broad land than the one on which old Fort Bowyer, actually Fort Morgan, is located. During many centuries it was the scene of endless conflicts for supremacy between the savage Alabamas, Muscogees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Mobiles and Cherokees. Countless bleaching bones scattered on the sand dunes near by, some partly buried with tomahawks, flint arrow-heads, beads and remains of artistic pottery, attest how far back this spot was considered of strategical value by the aborigines. But other burial grounds, not better protected and greatly crowded by the French under Bienville and Iberville, the Spaniards under Don Galvez, the English under Ellicott, and finally the Americans under Jackson, are there also to assert still more forcibly the importance of that neck of land where thousands of lives have been sacrificed at the call of the mother country.

This old scarred and battered stronghold, whose citadel was destroyed during an eighteen days' bombardment in 1864, remained a perfect wreck of Carmontaine's and Nauban's art for the twenty year's preceding the Spanish-American war. Only a solitary ordnance sergeant during that time paced its desolate curtains, bastions, redans and lunettes, heavily furrowed by shot and shell.

When the bugle of alarm sounded over its obsolete parapets, these were diligently converted by hundreds of skilled artisans, under the intelligent direction of superior minds, into impregnable walls of huge dimensions, and quickly armed with most formidable weapons. And to-day, we behold in Fort Morgan the highest type of what modern armament can accomplish as a defensive work. There is military activity everywhere, and the constant roar of the distant surf has given way to the deafening and prolonged reports of the 12-inch guns served with extraordinary precision by artillery men eager to surpass the gunners of Dewey and Schley.

While standing, shortly before my departure that evening, upon one of the massive wharves leading to the covered way and the spacious barracks, I contemplated the superb panorama unfolded before my enchanted gaze. The rich tones of one of our semi-tropical sunsets flooded with its vivid hues the whole landscape, tinted

blood-red the salients and other projections, and fringed with crimson the horizon bounded by the placid Gulf of Mexico. In the midst of such a sublime scene, the thought arose unbidden to my mind: how heartless, how un-

grateful, how unworthy of love men are, in their ferocious efforts to destroy their fellow-beings on a spot so grand, made so beautiful by a God of mercy and goodness!

JEAN A. BOUDOUSQUIE, '03.

TWO WAYS.

“ALL hands to the anchor!” pipes the boatswain, and with a “heave-ho!” right merrily is it shipped. Far adown the water’s edge, from every pier, the gallant ship is bid a hearty God-speed. Belfries are pealing out their joyous peals; bannerets and flaunting streamers, from every house-top, waft her a proud farewell. Full many an eye is wet with tears of joy, and many a heart jubilant to see the noble craft breasting the billowy deep.

God-speed thee, precious bark, fraught with rich and brilliant hopes, and the fond yearnings of a people whose bravest sons tread thy deck!

Across the bounding main—decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled—gayly careers the gallant ship. Her quavering mast glistens in the sunlight; her cordage writhes and crackles under the mighty strain. With clear route and chart,—past buoy, pharos and deceitful shoal, on, on she flies, while merrily sings the sailor-lad as he climbs the shrouds to catch a last look at home and fatherland. Out, straight out into

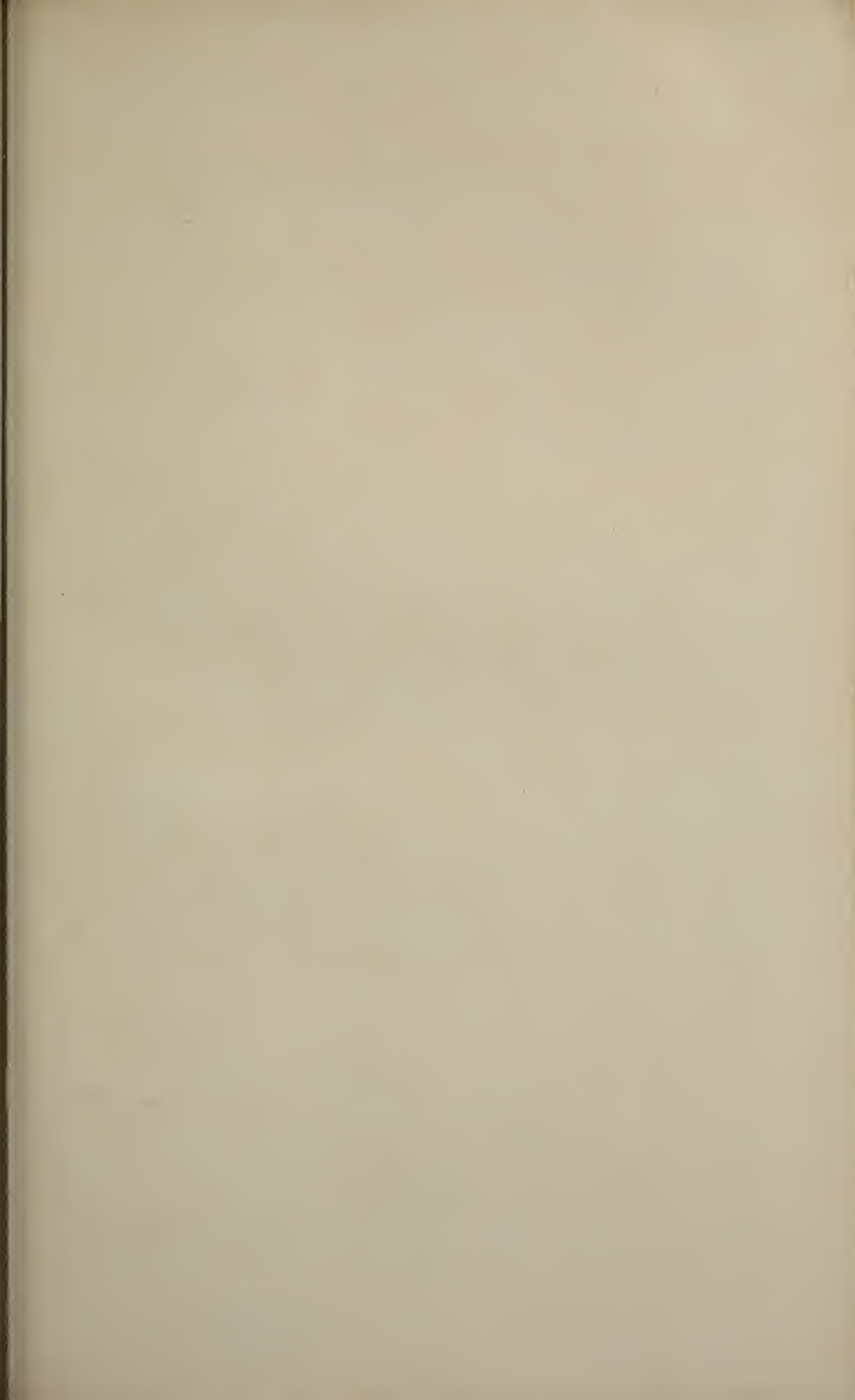
the ocean’s blue she sails,—parting, with her graceful prow, “Neptune’s hoary locks.” On she holds, fearless of danger, strong in hope, sanguine in expectation; for, emblazoned on her fluttering pennant, is the magic name—SUCCESS.

* * * * *

Slowly, sadly a craft is plowing the placid waters of the harbor. Despite the stiff breeze, her progress is laggard, and the waters eddy idly in her wake. How cadaverous her crew! Are they Mors and his ghostly train parading a funeral bark,—a phantom ship, such as might properly haunt the Dead Sea? Whence this strange craft?

Her sails are in shreds, and dangle wearily from the yards. Her main-mast is shattered, her timbers shivered. Her deck is strewn with débris; and not a hand to clear it away.

Over the wavelets, kissed by the golden dawn until burnished, dances the fresh morning breeze. Murky and ominous, over the horizon, climb the thunder-charged clouds. Like sentinels they stand,



guarding the peace of the deep. Stiffer and stronger grows the breath of the morning; and yet the sad, silent ship drags its weary, sepulchral bulk over the rolling waves.

No waving signals, no friendly salute, no tender welcome to the returning craft! Death-like silence reigns along the water's edge; and a people, in their woe, mourn the hope of the future in the tombs of the past.

Wind and wave have dealt cruelly with the gallant ship that

erst from her gilded masthead, flaunted her proud pennant—SUCCESS.

She makes fast to a deserted dock,—listing wearily, like an old man spent with the journey of life, and sinking into his grave.

Impotent are words to describe what looks and sighs do tell! Shame and sorrow is written in the countenances of the crew; for time, and the storm—the Almighty—has traced on the shattered helm the fatal name—FAILURE.

OWEN E. McDONNELL, '02.

A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER.

IT was Christmas eve. Dull grey clouds hung heavily under a sombre sky. "It will surely snow to-day; how delightful Christmas will be with the snow!" said I, as I thought of the happiness the morrow would bring.

And so it was, for very soon downy snow-flakes flecked my window with their stars and varied shapes of crystal beauty,—and all the air alike was filled with winged spotless little fur bits. How could I then repress

THE QUESTION?

Lily-white floating flakes,
Whither do you come?
Whose the hands that scatter you
From your starry home?

Why in myriad numbers

Fall you from the sky,
Clothing hill and valley land
All so spotlessly?

Straightway, as from Heaven
gently whispered, sweetly, softly
came

THE ANSWER.

Angel hands in Paradise
Gather petals fair;
Joyfully they sprinkle them
Through the wintry air.

'Tis for Him who lieth
In yon stable bare,
Born of Virgin-Mother mild,
Purest, Fairest Fair.

That so hill and valley land
Comeliest garb may wear,
Welcoming the Babe Divine,
Jesus, sleeping there!

1901.

LAST NIGHT IN OLD SPRING HILL.

THE burning of Old Spring Hill, four years after the War, was looked upon as a national calamity—a heavy blow to the Southland just then retrieving its lost fortunes. The necessity of having well-educated men in the community had brought to Spring Hill about two hundred young Southerners at the opening of the session of '68-'69.

Classes began on October 27th. The course of studies was then what it is to-day—as thorough and as complete; and the standard attained was, we are told by one of the Professors at the time, “very high.” “They were all brave fellows,” he says, “eager for work.” College events succeeded each other rapidly. Christmas and New Year’s holidays were welcome breaks in the monotony of class-work, and at the word “study”, each boy took up his books with new and increased earnestness.

What a tribute to Old Spring Hill is this characteristic of her sons in the heyday of her glory, and alas! in the final hour, too, of her most useful existence! She has done her work; who will deny that she has done it well? Her last hour is fast drawing near. The fire-fiend is ready to hurl his flaming torch; but he is unheeded, unseen.

“College will not burn to-night,” was the reflection dear old Fr.

Yenni tells us he made when retiring to rest he observed that his loved Cremona was not in its accustomed place, in his room. But—

“The wisest plans of mice and men
Gang oft aglee.”

In the year 1869 the 4th of February fell on Thursday, and Thursday brought, we presume, its usual round of play for these old Spring Hillians. The evening passed as many another Thursday evening: study, supper, prayers and bed. The clock strikes ten. All is well.

Above, the sky is cloudless, and the stars shine out with that sparkling brilliancy so characteristic of a frosty night. Within the College everything is still and silent as the grave. A faint glimmer of light may be seen along the dormitory windows on the fourth floor, and the hallowed glow of the sanctuary lamp flickers softly on the chapel window in the second story. Not a sound is audible without, save the low mumblings of the chilling Norther, and within the heavy breathing of some tired sleeper.

Sleep on, ye brave fellows, and take your rest. There is in the Infirmary one unlucky fellow nursing a fractured limb. Even he gets a respite from his distressing pain; his eyes are closed, but he is not asleep. He *shall not* sleep to-night.

Another long, weary hour, and it is eleven. Now the fire-fiend is at his ruthless task and the strong breeze helps him.

Soon the young sufferer is aware of excessive light filling his room. Lurid shadows dance giddily on his bed-room wall. He is awe-struck. Painfully he drags himself to the window; and that ominous word which makes the stoutest heart tremble with fear breaks the awful silence. "Fire! Fire!" he yells like one beside himself. The Infirmary is out in a twinkling. He also knows nothing but those dread words. Fortunately he has the presence of mind to ring the College bell. As soon as the alarm is given, frantic shouts of "Fire!" are heard above the stroke of the bell throughout the dormitories and private rooms.

As no one knew its extent and only very few that it was the College itself that was ablaze, each one took the shortest way to safety. Some who ran along the galleries on the south side of the building saw dense clouds of flame and smoke piled high in air and raining a constant shower of sparks, while those who sped to the north side thought that every building there was burning.

Though it was impossible that a person be cut off from some means of escape, still among a crowd of helpless boys and at the midnight hour, what some one or other will not do under the circumstances, it is difficult to conjecture. Around them surely all anxiety was cen-

tered. Each one was the object of personal attention, and never a boy needed attention as on that memorable night. What took place when the alarm was given in a room where fifty large boys, or even fifty little fellows were sleeping soundly, cannot or rather need not be described. Even the very thought causes a shiver to run through our nerves. Some faced the cold air with a minimum of covering. Many grabbed their clothes and dressed themselves on the run for life, while not a few, completely bewildered, threw blankets over their shoulders.

In less than a minute after the word is spread around, old Spring Hill has not a soul within her walls. Again and again the dormitories have been carefully searched to be absolutely certain that no sleeper has been overlooked, for it is next to impossible to count the boys outside.

The old halls are deserted, completely deserted. Whatever is valuable and rare is still within. Not an article of furniture has been moved from its accustomed place. The Library with its treasures, and the Museum, the most complete in the South, await patiently the destructive flame. Mutely every picture and painting—and there were some very valuable ones—in class room and study hall and dormitory is waiting to mingle its ashes with the ruins of old Spring Hill.

Each boy, too, is forced to make his sacrifice. For some it is a keepsake, a parting gift from a

dear soldier father or loving mother; for others it is something which flatters their boyish pride, and though they are restrained from risking their lives to rescue them, there is no word of complaint.

"They could not realize," an eyewitness tells us, "what was taking place before their wondering gaze. No one could. The boys were most sympathetic. Their admirable behavior was much appreciated by the Fathers whose College home was hopelessly gone, within the short space of a few hours. And there was no available means of sheltering over 200 shivering boys."

They were lined up on the north side of the building, driven as near the blaze by the north wind as prudence would permit. And what did they see? A home, second only in their hearts' love to the parental hearth—their home ablaze from basement to roof.

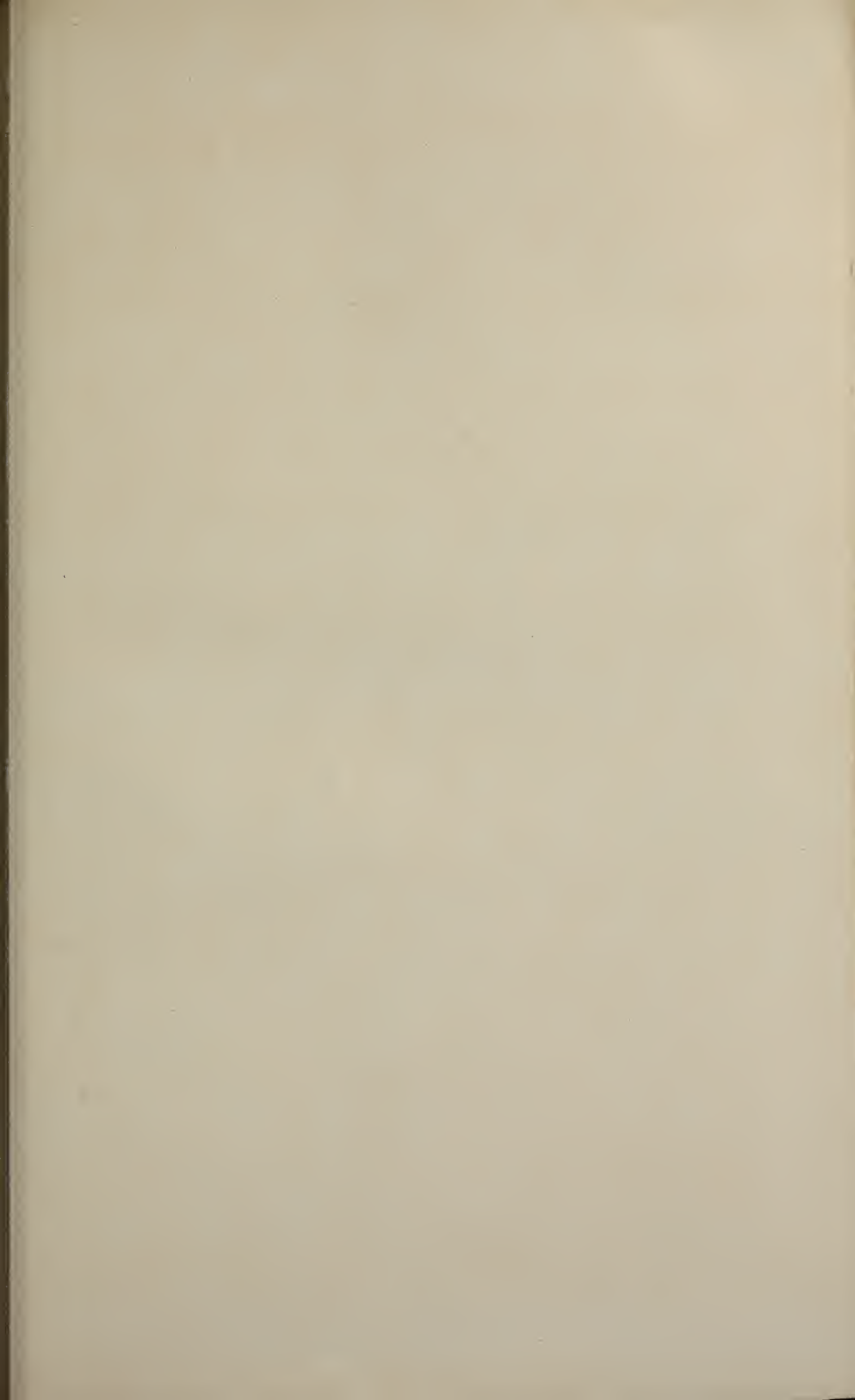
The entire building is still intact; the outer walls are unshaken, but the roof shelters a roaring storm of fire. Some partition walls are evidently burned and fallen, for the blaze raves furiously, lashed to madness by the strong constant breeze. The soft glow of the sanctuary lamp is gone forever, the domestic chapel is no

more, and nothing is saved. Wistfully the boys look up at those deserted rooms, but they have no thought of sleep. It is deafening to listen to the crackling of the slates when the wood-lining to which they are fastened takes fire. Shortly the roof trembles and a column of sparks shoot high into the air, large tongues of flame issue in several places. Above the angry storm-roar a loud, dull report is heard; another and then another! The girders and binders that stretch from wall to wall across the college break, and tear with them huge masses of masonry and roofing in their fall. This is the first tremendous crash; and it is scarcely midnight yet. It made an ugly gap almost midway in the building—a yawning mouth of fire which opened its jaws wider and wider. At about 3 o'clock a look at the accompanying engravings show what was left of Old Spring Hill, after its awful baptism of fire.

For a few days the smoke of the dying embers hovered like incense over the smouldering pile.

By the following November a new and greater Spring Hill had, phoenix-like, arisen from the ashes of the old.

GEORGE S. McCARTY, '01.



RUINS OF THE OLD COLLEGE



THE THUNDERING LEGION.

THE Roman camp lay intrenched in a defile of the Moravian mountains: it proved a trap to which even the Carthaginian could be lured when marching through hostile territory. Some weeks had already elapsed since the error had been committed, and swarms of Quadi and Marcomans were besieging Marcus Aurelius.

The Romans were busy strengthening their position and preparing for the expected attack; still the besiegers waited, for they were not anxious to harass a proud, desperate and world-famed foe, whose keen-edged steel they had so often tasted. They would bide their time till the day when the Quirites would be dying of thirst: it had not rained since the opening of the siege, and all water supplies had been cut off from the camp. The only stream within their reach had become shallow, stagnant, corrupted and finally dry; its bed had been turned into a hard surface, indented with large crevices. The foliage round about had changed from red to russet, and from russet to brown. By day the sky above resembled a metallic plate heated to incandescence; in the evening its whiteness cooled to crimson, and at night a hot vapor hung over the valley.

Such was the state of affairs when the Imperial Philosopher, turning to the commander of the

Twelfth Legion, asked: "Why cannot thou and thine, who are Christians, save us from these straits? In vain have bullocks bled on the shrines of Jupiter Tonans and the deities of Rome, in vain have our magi sought omens and probed the silent entrails. Unless the Christians, to whom signs and wonders are often attributed, save us, in three days not so much as *one* man will be able to lift a pike."

"August Imperator," replied the officer, "we shall raise up our hearts to the Lord of Hosts, and He shall deliver us from the hands of the enemy. He has permitted this extremity that deliverance may be the more striking."

Word was passed round, and the whole Legion knelt in humble prayer, while the entire camp—soldiers, officers, the Emperor himself—all who, on other occasions, would have yelled: "The Christians to the lions!" united themselves in spirit to the supplication.

It was not long before one small cloud, and then another, crept over the mountain tops, and soon the whole sky became overcast. A cool breeze was wafted down the valley; the low rumbling of thunder was heard; then the trees exposed to the wind bent eastward, and, veil-like, the rain was seen approaching. A few large drops flattened themselves against

the ground; a mighty flash of light immediately lit up the darkening scene, followed by an earth-rending crash, and a dense rain, driven with violence, falling with a deafening swash, and soon swirling about in the parched stream.

All was now disorder in the camp: fevered men lying on their backs to swallow mouthfuls of rain, others running to and fro to gather the precious drops in helmets, bucklers, casks and the folds of tents; and horses, unspirited by the drought, now sniffing, pawing the ground and trying to lap up a few drops of water in the smallest fissures of the earth.

The Quadi, seeing their only chance of reducing the Romans frustrated, determined to profit by the present disorder, and under cover of the dense rain made good their attack; so much so that their advance guard fell upon the Roman sentries without being perceived. A hard fight ensued between both parties, some of whom combated and drank at the same time, so frantic and parched by thirst were these unfortunates. Soon, however, auxiliary Roman troops arrived and put an end to the skirmishing.

At that very moment the heavy rain ceased and a spectacle appeared which chilled the hearts of the bravest. Half way down the mountain slope, was a charge of cavalry, thousands gathering from all directions, to form themselves into a blunted wedge and break through the Roman camp

at the very onset. To oppose them the Romans had only a triple line of infantry. On they came—the nearer the faster. A few hundred feet separated the two forces, when, all of a sudden, a streak of fire flashed across the cavalry's front, right in the very eyes of the men and the ground seemed to totter in front of them. A score of the leaders were toppled from their saddles; their followers were dazzled; and so frightened were the coursers that they were thrown on their haunches and went sliding down the declivity.

Another instantaneous flash!—and, as the barbarians were blinking under their shields, they heard a crackling upon them, which at first they took for Roman missiles; but a moment later they found themselves in the midst of a terrific hail-storm, with the stones, some as large as a man's fist, driven by a violent wind almost horizontally against them. Their steeds, smarting from the cuts made by the hail, attempted to veer around. But the second line of cavalry was upon them; then the third and fourth, till the whole Quadi cavalry became a scene of death-dealing confusion.

In wonder did the Romans await the delaying charge: the hostile columns had been suddenly wrapt out of sight by a tempest, while only a thin refreshing shower was falling upon their own camp: the line of demarcation was quite noticeable.

At this juncture, however, the Roman scouts announced that a

body of foot was approaching from the rear of the camp. The Marcomans had descended unnoticed along perilous causeways, hoping to second the charge of Quadi cavalry. The Roman horse was immediately ordered out to keep them in check. When in sight of the enemy they beheld them already in battle array, presenting a sort of Macedonian phalanx. But the Romans were not idle; without any battle-cry, they set spurs to their chargers and burst through the enemy's ranks, their scabbards and trappings keeping time with the beating of three thousand hoofs and the rattling of the hail-storm. Standing high in their stirrups they trampled down their opponents, thrusting and slashing without opposition.

The battle had now come to a close. The besieging army had been thrown into disorder. Seeing themselves the objects of vengeance of some angry deity, the

survivors were fleeing in all directions; some clambering up the heights lost their footing on the dank rocks, others made good their escape, whilst a few, noticing that the Roman camp had suffered no injury from the storm, fled thither and yielded themselves up as prisoners.

That evening Aurelius emerged from the defile at the head of his cohorts, and there was not so much as one timid swain to spy his movements. Above, the victorious clouds had been swept away and were gathering around the setting sun in shining crimson tiers. Amidst the blaze of the conquering centurions, Aurelius was again proclaimed "Imperator," and the Twelfth Legion of Armenian Christians, who, by their prayers, had saved the day, was honored with the title of the "Thundering Legion."

ROBERT A. FLAUTT, '03.

JERUSALEM.

BUILT on the opposite sides of two unequal hills, Jerusalem of old lay securely ensconced in the valley formed by them, as between two impregnable forts. On one side rose Acra, the most populous part of the city; on the other was Sion, the country of the prophets. In the centre of these natural defences, stood Mount Moriah, crowned with that masterpiece of oriental art, the Temple,

admired and venerated by foreign kings, and before whose God barbarian victors disdained not to bend the knee.

The city was protected on the south and east by a triple wall, studded with one hundred and forty-nine towers; but as a deep valley skirted it, north and south, one wall was sufficient on these sides as a protection against attacks from without.

To-day Jerusalem is much changed. In a barren plain, where one sees the oft dried-up bed of a torrent, surrounded by rugged hills, arises, in the shape of a Turkish city, not the Jerusalem of ancient times, but the Oelia Capitolina, built by Adrian on the very spot where Jerusalem stood. Romans, Greeks, Persians, Saracens, Turks and Crusaders have all left behind them traces of desolation and death. To the traveller who contemplates its white walls the city appears as it were wrapped in a winding sheet, and seems to be now but the sepulchre of the city whose name it bears. The breath of an angry God has passed over it.

Successively the scene of blessings and of miracles, Jerusalem had for its first ruler a mysterious pontiff, Melchisedec, who gave it its name of "City of God." Here he offered his sacrifice of bread and wine, typical of the one that was to purify the world. Fallen later into the hands of the idolatrous Jebusites, Sion was again reconquered by David, who made it the capital of his kingdom.

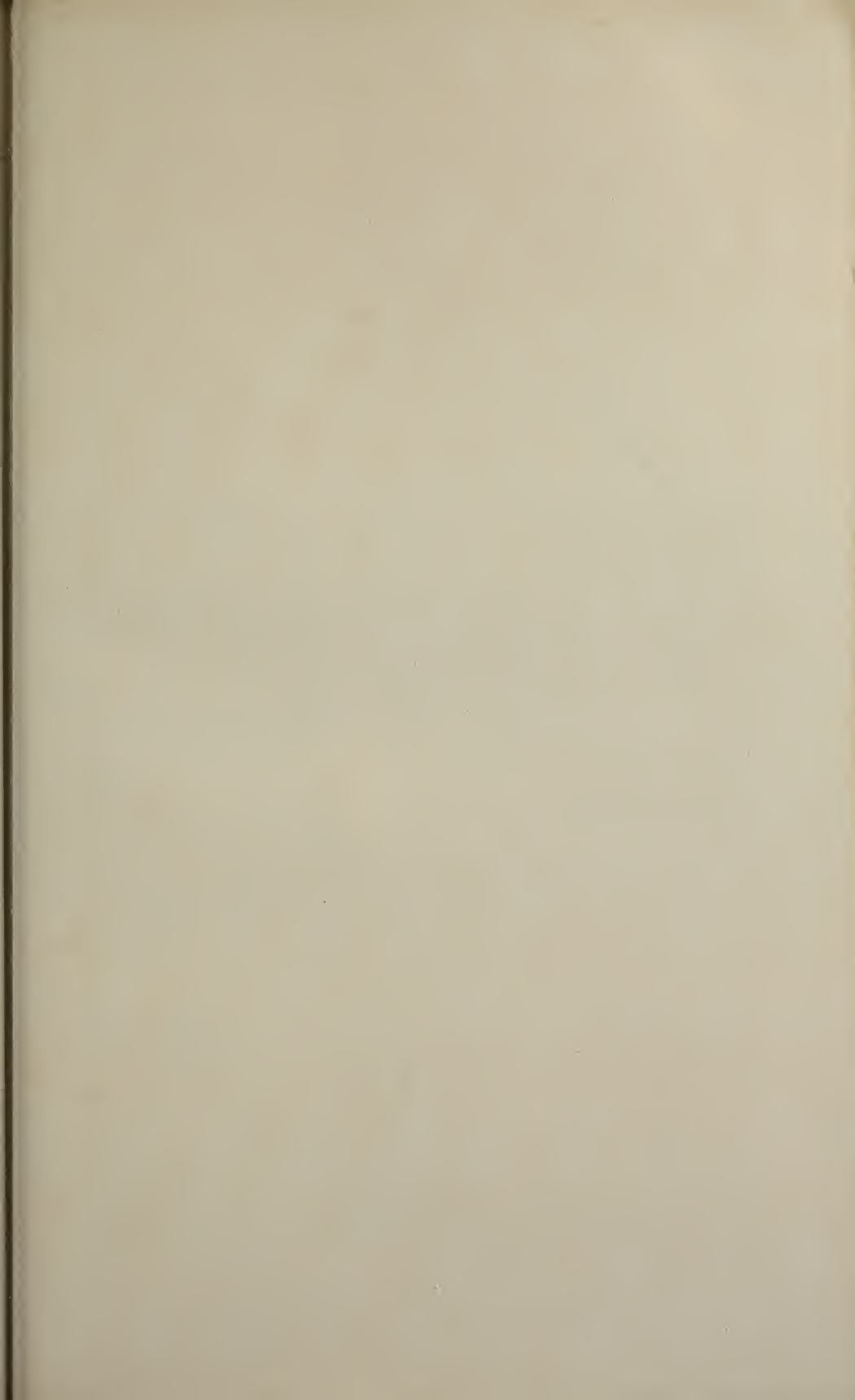
It now became prosperous, and very famous,—more glorious even than Thebes, Ninive, Babylon and Tyre, the Queen of the seas. Hav-

ing withstood the schism of the ten tribes, the rivalry of Samaria, the infidelity of its own kings, the repeated attacks of the Egyptians, it at last fell into the hands of Nabuchadonosor, and lost for seventy years its temple, its kings, its people,—keeping naught else but its glorious recollections and its eternal promises.

At a word from Cyrus, it rose anew and enjoyed a few hopeful days under its great Asiatic monarchs, soon, however, to shed again bitter tears under the perverse Seleucidæ. And but for the venerable Eleazar, and the mother of the Maccabees,—but for the heroism of Mattathias and of his children, it would have then bewailed an expiring nationality, a vanishing religion, and a forgotten God.

The Romans under Pompey came, and she lost her independence. Now whilst a foreign king, together with a Roman governor, ruled over Judea, the times marked by Heaven were accomplished. The Messiah was born unknown in the fields in which David, His ancestor, tended his flocks, and died on the hill where Melchisedec had offered his peace oblations.

R. HERBERT SMITH, 01.



The COLLEGE GYMNASIUM



Looking East



Looking West

A MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT.

IN Mexico, as in most of the Spanish-speaking countries, bull-fights are the national sport, and I might remark at the outset that though the sport may have cruel features for those who have never witnessed it, or for such as witness it for the first time, it is not so regarded by those who are accustomed to it.

Just before the fight, the band plays a stirring air, and as soon as the music is over, the judge of sports orders the bugler seated beside him, to give the signal for the "toreros," or bull-fighters, to come out from their quarters. Immediately they enter, marching two by two, the "matadores," or captains, at the head, then the "banderilleros," or the men who thrust the "banderillas" into the bull's neck; next come the "pica-dores," or the men on horse-back, and, lastly, what we might call the scavengers, that is, the men who clear the ring when a bull or horse has been killed.

The double file stops before the judge and salutes him and also the people, who, on hearing the bugle sound to begin, have raised a cheering shout. After they have saluted all the participants, they take off a cloak, which they are wearing, and throw it to one of their friends among the spectators, that he may keep it during the fight; this is considered a great honor by him who receives the cloak.

Now the order is given to open the door of a small cell where the bull is kept for some minutes before the fight. This cell is barely large enough for the animal to move in, and quite dark, so that when he comes forth he is stupefied and dazed at the unusual sight of so many people;—for not only do they capture the wildest of these animals for this sport, but they do not allow them the sight of a man in their captivity, until they meet their adversary in the arena.

For a moment the bull stands still in the middle of the ring, but on seeing the man on horseback, charges with all his might. The rider carries a sort of long lance, called "pica," which he uses to protect himself and the horse, but generally with poor success. It is not unusual to see the rider rudely dismounted and the horse gored to death. This killing of horses is undoubtedly the most cruel feature of a bull-fight; and it sometimes happens that as many as a dozen of them are thus dispatched in one fight. It is needless to say that it is not the best stock which is used for the purpose, but only poor, half-fed animals, which, if they could show any preference, would doubtless choose even so hard an ending rather than continue a yet harder life.

The men on foot have a large cloak, with which they protect

themselves by deceiving the bull, for the animal, attracted and enraged by the flaunting cloak of bright color, charges for the man. The latter simply steps aside, leaving the cloak to blindfold the animal till he can turn and prepare for another charge. In this manner the bull is teased and frenzied for a short time; then the judge calls for the "banderillas," which are sticks about two feet long with sharp hooks at one end.

The "banderillero" takes one of these in each hand, and, coming to within ten feet of the bull, keeps a close watch on the animal's eyes, so that he can tell when to prepare for the assault, since the bull shuts his eyes when he charges. Just as the bull lowers his head to toss his adversary, the man adroitly steps aside and drives the sharp point into the animal's neck; and before the beast can rally for another charge, a second bull-fighter engages his attention with flaunting cloak, while his colleague prepares another "banderilla."

When three pairs of "banderillas" have been driven in, the judge commands the "matador" or captain to kill the bull. The "matador" makes a short address to the spectators, and then steps out into the arena to accomplish his task, which is usually the most difficult and dangerous part of the game.

With a sword, about two and one-half feet long, in his right hand, and in his left a red coat stretched upon a stick, he draws the animal's attention and watches

his movements until he gets a chance for a fatal thrust of his sword through the bull's neck. But seldom does it happen that the animal falls at the first thrust; for the same difficult feat may have to be repeated two, three and four times; and then the "matador" must pull out his blade, which is usually forced down to to the very hilt and left after each thrust in the animal's neck. When the animal falls, he is dispatched at once by the "matador" who, with a small dagger or with his sword, cuts a vital vein between the horns.

As soon as the bull has been killed, the workmen come in with their teams and take away the carcass, or carcasses, for, as before mentioned, several horses usually fall in the fray; and as many as four and five bulls are successively brought out and dispatched in the same way.

If the "matador" has killed the bull quickly and well the spectators will express their satisfaction by throwing him presents. But if the fight is a poor one, as will happen when the bull refuses to show fight, the spectators in their disappointment may become so unruly that even a strong police force will hardly succeed in maintaining order. For this reason there is usually a heavy penalty imposed by the government upon all concerned for every bull-fight that proves a failure; and as a consequence, such a thing is of rare occurrence.

JOSEPH A. SCHNAIDER, '04.

ORIGIN OF THE JUNIOR BRASS BAND.

ALL great things have small beginnings. The mighty storm-cloud is formed from tiny ocean drops; the giant oak springs from the petty acorn. So it was with the S. H. C. Junior Brass Band!

A few words about its organization may not prove uninteresting.

It was in 1886, during the Christmas holidays, when boys feel happy and musically inclined, that René Grunewald received a number of *kazoos* from home, and distributed them among his musical friends. Father Porta, S. J., with an eye to their enjoyment, organized a Kazoo Band. A few harmonicas swelled the soulful chorus, and enthusiasm rose to its highest pitch. After several harmonious rehearsals, the Junior (Kazoo) Band made their first public appearance, and obtained a half-day's recreation as a reward for their virgin effort.

This glorious beginning stirred up the ambition of the youthful artists, and, after a most enthusiastic mass meeting, it was decided that a genuine Junior Brass Band should be put on foot. Collections were taken up, and soon enough money was secured to purchase instruments. Of course the "big boys" thought this a huge joke, and were unusually generous in

forwarding contributions. Some gave cancelled stamps, others saxophone parts, and others again buttons, tin whistles and jews' harps. Even Professor Staub sent in a munificent donation!

But "he laughs best who laughs last." The jibes of the Senior Division proved the greatest help towards the success of the Junior Band. Every active member pledged himself to spend all his recreation in tooting, and they made such rapid progress that they were able to play, very creditably indeed, the overture to William Tell, at the Commencement Exercises.

To hand down to posterity the memory of this phenomenal success, I have exhumed from among the oldest documents of our organization the names of its pioneer members. Leader and Baritone, Rev. A. C. Porta, S. J.; Cornets, Jno. P. Mulherin, G. Camors, Joseph Onorato; Altos, P. Camors, Alex. Grouchy, C. O'Connor; Tenors, Jno. D'Aquin, M. Souchon; Bass, Alex. Ledoux; Bass Drum, Frank Brenner; Snare Drum, S. Moreno; Cymbals, W. Mulherin; Triangle, C. Kupfrian.

Quite a respectable array of musical talent! The present Junior Band artists are proud of their founders.

EDWARD B. DREAPER, '02.

OLD SPRING HILL BOYS.

GEORGE HENRY THEARD, the recipient of the first gold medal ever donated by Spring Hill for superior merit in examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, was born in the Crescent City on the 17th of May, 1857. He graduated with the highest honors of his class in August, 1873. In recognition of his brilliant talents and thorough knowledge he was offered at the close of his college career, a professorship in his Alma Mater, but declined in order to take up the study of law. Three years later he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Judge Théard began to read law in the office of his father, Judge Paul E. Théard. Later he graduated from the University of Louisiana, now the Tulane University, on the 3d of May, 1878, a few days before he reached the age of majority. In the meantime he was also receiving valuable practical training as a clerk of court. He acted in that capacity from 1874 to 1883, in which year he entered upon the active practice of law as a member of the firm of P. E. Théard & Sons. His success at the bar was rapid, and he is regarded to-day not only as an accomplished scholar, but as a lawyer of great ability and of the soundest judgment. In 1892 he was appointed to succeed Hon. Albert Voorhies as Judge of Division E of the Civil District

Court of New Orleans. Judge Théard took part in the popular movements of 1874 and 1877, which put an end to carpet-bagism, and inaugurated a Democratic administration in Louisiana under Governor Francis T. Nicholls. During the last two political campaigns, as a supporter of Governor Nicholls and Governor Foster, he became prominent throughout the whole state as a public speaker, gaining a most enviable reputation as an orator. His services, particularly in the last struggle, were constant, brilliant, and most effective. He has never filled any public office. In 1888, however, he was chosen one of the presidential electors who cast the vote of Louisiana for Grover Cleveland. Judge Théard is socially one of the most popular gentlemen in New Orleans. For years he has been prominent in the mystic organizations, which contributed so much to the success of the carnival festivities. He is first Vice-President of the Jesuit Alumni Association of the city. He has travelled extensively in Europe, visiting all the great centres of the old world, and acquired a polish and knowledge to be obtained only by touring abroad.

CHARLES JOSEPH THEARD, the brother of the Judge, is likewise a native of New Orleans, where he was born on the 28th of February, 1860. While quite young he en-



Hon. George H. Theard

Judge Civil District Court
Parish of Orleans
Louisiana



Mr. Chas. J. Theard



tered the College of the Immaculate Conception, following the classical course until he completed Rhetoric. He then came to Spring Hill, where he reviewed Rhetoric and studied Philosophy. In July, 1876, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and returned two years later for that of Master of Arts. On this occasion, though only eighteen years of age, Mr. Théard delivered an eloquent address on Admiral Raphael Semmes. After studying law, first under his father, the Hon. Paul E. Théard, and afterwards at Tulane University, where he was the valedictorian of his class, he was admitted to the Bar in May, 1881. From that time, he has followed his profession with honor and distinction, enjoying the reputation of being one of the most learned, upright and conscientious members of the legal profession in New Orleans. Up to August, 1892, he had two partners, his father, who died at that time, and his brother, the Hon. Geo. H. Théard, who became Judge of the Civil District Court about the same time. Now Mr. Théard is alone in his law practice, to which he devotes his time and labor exclusively. He stands high among the social and professional circles of his native city. He took a prominent part in the Anti-Lottery agitation of a few years ago. We had intended to print an oration delivered by Mr. Théard in June, 1897, at the Annual Commencement of the Jesuits College, in New Orleans, but time and

space will not permit its publication. It is a glowing and eloquent tribute to the learning and virtue of his former masters and their Order.

From the Donaldsonville Daily Times we clip the following about two Spring Hillians who have passed away within the last twelvemonth:

HON. R. N. SIMS, Louisiana State Senator, died at his home in Donaldsonville on the 27th of May. He was born in Ascension parish a little more than 58 years ago. His early education was attained at Spring Hill College and was finished in the famous Chapel Hill University, North Carolina. Adopting the law as a vocation, he rose to the front rank, a conscientious discharge of duty being the guiding star of his every action. When the fateful call for troops to defend the Confederate cause was made in 1861, he was among the first to offer his services, leaving Thibodaux with the Graviot Guards a few days after Fort Sumpter fell. Coming out of the war as adjutant general, Mr. Sims resumed the study of law and was admitted to practice in 1866. Forging to the front with a speed which few attain, he soon became the advisor of a large clientele, and he retained their confidence to the end. Senator Sims was a leading figure in the political and domestic life of Ascension parish. He had often been importuned to take office at the hands of the Democratic party, but had steadfastly refused until

1896, when the peculiar conditions then prevailing seemed to demand his candidacy and he became a candidate for the State Senatorship of this district. His triumphant election followed as a matter of course, and his service in the higher branch of the General Assembly was a distinguished one. Here as elsewhere, there was no cloud upon his fair fame, and he served his people with the same disinterested earnestness which characterized his private relations. He was known in this section as the "Democratic War Horse."

Towards the middle of May, MR. JOSEPH CELESTIN BRAUD, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Donaldsonville, La., passed away after several weeks of painful illness. He was a native of Ascension parish, hav-

ing been born in the same locality where he died and resided there all his life with the exception of a few short intervals. His age was 60 years, 4 months and 14 days. His education was mainly procured at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, at which institution he spent some years. For a number of years he successfully conducted the plantation of his father, Simon Braud, and subsequently leased and cultivated the Forest Home plantation, in Iberville parish. He was a shrewd speculator and investor, but withal kind-hearted and generous to his family and friends, and many are the acts of generosity and kindness he performed for the latter in times of need. Mr. Braud's son, Forest, graduated last June at Spring Hill with the highest honors of his class.

AWAY FROM DIXIE.

A sunny bird in a gilded cage
 Sings sweetly in my cosey room :
 Without the scene is as dank and dark
 And still as if within the tomb.

I live away from the Sunny South,
 And find a dirge in birdie's songs ;
 He hops about in that gilded cage ; —
 To fly back home, like me, he longs !

HENRY A. ESNARD, '00.

“UNFURL THAT BANNER!”

Some days ago I met a veteran ;
Blue was his uniform, his years, I ween,
To three score nigh. We chatted long of war,
Of battles, deeds heroic, escapades,—
Some partly true, exaggerated others.
Now, when I'd asked him what most wondrous things
He'd seen at Santiago, he replied :
“I saw the Flag of the Starry Cross and Bars
In battle borne ; I spied it there unfurled.
The Poet sang its Requiem :—but yet
We did unfurl it. There I saw it wave,
As when I wore the grey at Fredericksburg.”

The man is old and crazed, thought I, he raves.

We furled that banner long ago---the time
We lost the Cause. But then my friend went on
Most confidently : “'Midst the battle's smoke,
I spied the Union Flag—the Stars and Stripes,
And as I charged the hill 'mid shot and shell,
It seemed to me that five of the crimson stripes
Did blend and form a bar ; and on the field
Of scintillating stars, eleven glinted
Into the Southern Cross. Were not Virginia
And Georgia, Maryland, the Carolinas
There represented by their bravest sons ?
Were not the Stars of Texas, Arkansas,
Louisiana, Alabama, Florida,
Of Mississippi and Tennessee,
As bright in Cuba as at Gettysburg ?
Did not Joe Wheeler fight beneath two flags ?
Who was the hero of the Merrimac ? ”
And he was right. The Banner is unfurled.
It brightly gleams amid the Stars and Stripes,—
The Banner of the States. So let them wave,
The two in one, while liberty is ours !

LOUISIANA, '87.

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MOBILE, ALA., JANUARY 1, 1900.

The REVIEW wishes its readers
a Happy, thrice Happy New Year!
May 1900 be fraught with choic-
est blessings for one and all!

* * * * *

Encouraged by the flattering
recognition given us by the press
and by our numerous friends on
the occasion of our former issue,
we make bold to appear once more
among the aspirants for honor in
the literary world, and we trust
we shall meet with as favorable a
reception as we did last Easter.
We have spared ourselves no pains
to bring out a magazine worthy of
persual, replete with articles of
general interest on literary, his-
toric and scientific topics. Upon
our success or failure in this re-
gard our kind readers must pro-
nounce; we on our part, are as-
sured beforehand of their good

will and generous indulgence to-
wards our youthful efforts.

* * * * *

We take pleasure in calling at-
tention to our Alumni column,
opened for the first time in this
number. As will be noticed, it is
a rather meagre account of the do-
ings of past Spring Hillians, but
at any rate, it is a start, and will, we
hope, assume larger proportions
with the march of coming years.

* * * * *

Some of the "Old Boys" are a
little backward—perhaps bashful
—in making known their suc-
cesses and achievements. Step
to the fore, gentlemen! The RE-
VIEW invites your correspon-
dence. Let your light shine be-
fore the world and especially be-
fore your younger College friends,
who are now treading in your
footsteps, and who are ambitious
to shed as much glory on their
Alma Mater as you have done.

* * * * *

It is gratifying to state that
those of the Alumni to whom
we have written for information
about themselves and others were
generally prompt in forwarding
the required data. Their willing-
ness to help on the good cause
cannot be too highly commended.
Special thanks are due and are
hereby extended to Mr. E. H.
Reynes, Jr., '99, who rendered us
valuable assistance in ascertaining
the addresses and whereabouts of
past students.

* * * * *

The next number of the REVIEW
will appear about May 1, 1900.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE FACULTY. The Faculty of Spring Hill College for the

present term is as follows: Rev. W. J. Tyrrell, S.J., President; Rev. P. O'Leary, S.J., Vice-President; Rev. P. J. Murphy, S.J., Secretary; Rev. T. W. Butler, S.J., Chaplain; Rev. A. J. Hugh, S.J., Treasurer; Rev. M. Wolfe, S.J., Librarian; Rev. M. Jannin, S.J., Lecturer on Christian Doctrine and Professor of Mental Philosophy in the Classical course; Rev. A. Wagner, S.J., Professor of Sciences; Rev. T. D. Madden, S.J., Professor of Mental Philosophy in the Commercial course; Rev. M. Kenny, S.J., Rhetoric; Rev. L. Paris, S.J., Poetry; Mr. C. D. Barland, S.J., First Grammar; Mr. E. A. Fields, S. J., Second Grammar; Mr. T. Bortell, S.J., Third Grammar; Mr. M. Cronin, S.J., First Commercial; Mr. P. Redmond, S.J., Second Commercial; Mr. A. C. McLaughlin, S.J., Third Commercial; Mr. A. B. Fox, S.J., Preparatory, Stenography and Type-Writing; Mr. E. A. Cummings, S.J., Geometry and Trigonometry; Mr. K. A. Nowlan, S.J., Algebra and Geometry.

FACULTY CHANGES. Rev. M. Moynihan, S.J., who was President of Spring Hill for the past three years, has been appointed Rector of the Novitiate at Macon Ga.

Father J. O'Reilly S.J., the late Vice-President, is teaching one of

higher classes at the Jesuit College, New Orleans.

Father E. C. de la Moriniere, S.J., fills the office of Vice-President at Galveston.

Father W. Wilkinson, S.J., is for the present year at Florissant, near St. Louis, Mo.

Father J. H. Meyer, S.J., is Professor of Higher Mathematics at the Scholasticate of Grand Coteau, La.

Mr. J. H. Stritch, S.J., is teaching Second Grammar Class at the Jesuit College in New Orleans.

Mr. C. Ruhlmann, S.J., is completing his course of studies for the priesthood at Woodstock, Md.

Mr. P. Cronin, S.J., occupies the Chair of Mathematics at the Jesuit College, New Orleans.

THE OPENING. The prospects for the session of 1899-1900 were most encouraging, and the number of scholars bid fair to eclipse that of many preceding years. Unfortunately, however, there was a set-back. Owing to the rigid quarantine regulations in force, most of the students were unable to reach the College for September 6th, and on the opening night only thirty slept in the house. More dropped in day after day from various points, and some made tremendous efforts to break through the quarantine barrier. But, most of them had to—and many were glad to—wait!

AWAITING It must not be sup-
COMRADES' posed that during
RETURN. these weeks of wait-
 ing, the fifty or more arrivals were
 lazy or idle. On the contrary,
 they were hustling all along the
 line. Besides being earnestly en-
 gaged in their scholarly pursuits,—
 with a Spring Hill student, as is
 well known, the first item on the
 programme is always study—they
 by no means neglected their hy-
 gienic and athletic exercises, and
 by constant out-door amusement,
 kept in the best of health and
 spirits.

"On Sunday, the 24th of Septem-
 ber,"—we quote from the Mobile Reg-
 ister—"there was an informal enter-
 tainment given by the Histrionic and
 Musical Troupe of the college. It was
 a pleasant, homely séance gotten up in
 anticipation of the return of the absent
 students. The speakers, singers and
 instrumental performers acquitted
 themselves with great credit, and were
 enthusiastically applauded by their ap-
 preciative audience. The evening
 passed by pleasantly and every one en-
 joyed himself heartily. The orchestra
 was under the efficient direction of Pro-
 fessor A. J. Staub, ably assisted by
 Professor A. Suffich, both of whom exe-
 cuted beautiful solos and encores on
 the piano and flute respectively. The
 programme was as follows :

Schottische Oh ! that Quarantine
 Orchestra.

Declamation The Conquered Banner
 C. A. Lelong.

Vocal Quartette.....Spreading a Rumor
 S. Apperious, J. Ryan, T. J. Touart,
 D. J. O'Brien.

Impersonation—Coney Island Town der
 Bay—E. B. Dreaper.

Piano Solo.....Get Your Certificate
 Professor A. J. Staub.

Flute Solo—Looking Out for the Health
 Man—Professor A. Suffich.

Dialogue..... A Diagnosis
 P. A. Lelong, S. Apperious.

Violin Solo—Tarry Not.... S. Apperious

Recitation..... Casey at the Bat
 T. J. Touart.

Song—Summer Morn Glee Club
 Finale Waltz—Down With the Yellow
 Flag—Orchestra.

WELCOME TO Our recently ap-
OUR NEW pointed Father
FATHER President, the
PRESIDENT. Reverend William
 J. Tyrrell, S. J., kept away for
 some time by the quarantine, at
 length arrived October 3rd, after
 a fortnight's sojourn in Macon,
 Ga. He had previously been sta-
 tioned at Tampa, Fla., where he
 erected a magnificent granite and
 marble church, said to be one of
 the most imposing ecclesiastical
 edifices south of the Potomac.
 The students gave him an enter-
 tainment the day after his arrival,
 an account of which we subjoin
 from the Register :

No one assisting at the reception ten-
 dered the Rev. William J. Tyrrell, S. J.,
 could fail to note the spirit of genuine
 loyalty and good fellowship manifested
 by the students of Spring Hill College,
 both towards their superior and to-
 wards one another. It was a happy
 family gathering in which each one
 vied with his neighbor in doing honor
 to their recently appointed president.
 "Welcome" was the word in the hearts
 of all, and it was faithfully echoed in
 speech and song and music. "A hun-
 dred thousand welcomes!" As soon as
 the boys had heard that he was expected
 they had set to work to prepare an en-
 tertainment in his honor, and, though
 they had but a few days for actual
 practice, they gave a very interesting
 and appropriate exhibition. The
 speaking, acting and music were of a
 high order and elicited rounds of well-
 merited applause.

Messrs. F. Solis and G. McCarty
 greeted the new president in Latin and
 English verse respectively. Mr. D. J.

O'Brien's base solo, "The Arrow and the Song," and Mr. Sam. Apperious' character song, "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," were enjoyed by all. Perhaps one of the grandest features of the evening was Mr. P. A. Lelong's masterly rendition of that soul-stirring piece, "The Heart of the Bruce." The pantomime kept the audience, especially the junior portion of it, in a state of continual laughter. Professor A. J. Staub directed the orchestra with his usual skill, and Professor A. Suffich lent a willing hand to the musical part of the

PROGRAMME.

Polka—Hail to Our Chief.....Orchestra
Address—Welcome..... G. McCarty
Cornet Solo—Tampa, Farewell....F. Solis
Song The Arrow and the Song
J. D. O'Brien.

Latin Poem—Te Salutamus F. Solis
Shadow Pantomime—Scenes in and
Around Spring Hill.

Vocal Quartette—Did You Hear the
News?—S. Apperious, J. Ryan, T. J.
Touart, D. J. O'Brien.

Declamation.....The Heart of the Bruce
P. A. Delong.

Character Song—I'se Gwyne Back to
Dixie—S. Apperious.

Real Pantomime—Hans Sausageheim-
er's und Solomon Levy's Droubles.

Song Moonlight on the Lake
Glee Club.

Finale Waltz Long May He Rule
Orchestra.

Pantomimi Personae—S. Apperious, G.
McCarty, H. A. McPhillips, J. Schnai-
der, T. J. Touart, H. Smith, B.
Strauss.

**STUDENTS' Tuesday, November
ARRIVAL.** 7th, was a day of spe-
cial joy at Spring Hill. Again we
have recourse to the Register:

"Some forty odd students whom the quarantine restrictions had prohibited from entering Mobile, had at last arrived from the Crescent City. They were given a rousing welcome in the shape of a splendid banquet, which they immensely enjoyed. Later in the evening they were tendered an entertainment by the Senior Literary Society.

The orchestra, which is composed of

the creme de la creme of the college musicians, discoursed in its sweetest strains a well known "Cake Walk," and "Ever Joyful," a delightful waltz, and earned the loud applause with which they were greeted.

Among the Thespians, Mr. Fred. Solis, as Philippo Geronimo, in the extravaganza, entitled "That Legacy," was a complete success. So well did he interpret the Corsican inn-keeper that, if he were not personally known by the boys they would have surmised that he hailed from the land of the Bonapartes.

Mr. Samuel Apperious, as Jerry Ominous, excellently depicted one of the rising sons of Uncle Sam, who crosses the Atlantic in search of a fortune, and meets with a multitude of adventures, in the land of his fathers. He and Mr. Solis kept the audience in a constant fit of laughter from the time the curtain rose until the end of the scene.

Mr. Henry Sarpy, as Bamboogoatee, and Mr. P. A. Lelong as Captain Leoni, did full justice to their respective parts. Their pompous carriage and dignified movements were well suited to the characters which they represented.

Mr. D. J. O'Brien and his well-trained police were the merry-makers of the evening, especially for the juniors.

Mr. J. H. Ryan, one of the orators, declaimed admirably the famous race-horse poem, "How Salvator Won."

The part of the programme that was awaited with intense excitement was the comedy of Yellow Jack, written for the occasion. It is very humorous and full of solid wit. It hinges on the discovery of a lymph for destroying the yellow fever germ. The state physicians of Alabama, Louisiana and Texas meet at Spring Hill College, in their search for the same, and how they are outwitted by the college barber is amusingly explained in the denouement. Mr. Wallace Préjean, as the college barber, could not have made a greater success. Although he paced the boards in the

lowstock of comedy, it can be readily inferred from his success that he would do honor to the gorgeous buskin of tragedy. As connoisseur of microbes for Louisiana, Mr. P. A. Lelong was excellent. The charming French accent and dainty manners of a Parisian doctor were admirably mimicked. Mr. Herbert Smith and Mr. C. A. Lelong fittingly represented the health physicians of their respective states. Messrs. Darragh and Schnaider did the honors of the College. The members of the Senior Literary Society may congratulate themselves upon their brilliant success.

FORMER PRESIDENTS. Among the visitors to the College during the past few months were Fathers Lonergan and Downey, both ex-Presidents of Spring Hill. The former stopped here on his way from Augusta to Galveston where he is acting as chaplain of the Providence Hospital. He was serenaded by the brass bands and responded in a neat little "half-day" speech. Some one of his tricky young friends snapped a kodak at him, but for some unknown reason, the photo has never materialized. Various attempts have been made to explain the cause of the failure. Perhaps Mr. John Burke, of Atlanta, Ga., could solve the difficulty.

Father Downey, now stationed at the Jesuit College in New Orleans, was also honored with a musical reception by the bands. He spoke interestingly and touchingly to the boys, and wound up with that most welcome, most impressive, most soul-stirring of perorations—a holiday.

Other living ex-presidents are:

Father Beaudequin, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Mobile, Ala., who is a frequent guest at the College; Father Curioz, an octogenarian, still erect and firm of step, who hears confessions and performs other spiritual ministrations in New Orleans; Father Montillot, the builder of the present college, now residing at Grand Coteau, La., and Father Moynihan, the late incumbent.

IMPROVEMENTS. When the boys returned this year, they noted great changes about the College,—improvements everywhere.

The class rooms were entirely remodeled and refurnished. The old partitions were torn down and a corridor was extended along the north side of the house. The new rooms were built with a southern exposure, which is advantageous both for warmth in winter and for a breeze in summer. The walls and ceilings are of hard-finish lime, smooth and polished. Handsome new desks and slate blackboards have been provided, and beautiful pictures add to the general attractiveness. "They almost make you feel like studying," some not over-industrious youth observed as he inspected them for the first time.

The new Music Rooms and the Drawing Room on the second floor are also useful and desirable improvements.

The Refectory has been supplied with strong and comfortable

chairs, and has otherwise been fitted up and embellished.

At present a massive and solid culvert is being erected to span the ravine in the exact place where the old bridge stood. This will afford a convenient straight road to and from the College grounds.

The Faculty Library, with its artistic stairs and railing, will, when finished, present a beautiful appearance.

Other alterations and improvements are in contemplation, some of a very important character. At this rate, our College Home will soon be second to no educational institution in the land in the line of material comforts and conveniences. Even now, what other college can boast of a lake, gymnasium and campus such as we possess?

NEW JUNIOR CAMPUS. Speaking of improvements, the Juniors are patiently waiting for a playground large enough to move around in comfortably. As things are now, it is impossible for them to have more than one game of foot ball, two of base ball and two of hand ball, besides one brass band practice, going on at the same time; and, of course, at that rate, the poor fellows cannot be expected to develop into respectable athletes. They want elbow room—more of it.

RHETORIC EXHIBITION. So far, two of the classes have appeared "in public on the stage," and each gave very creditable performances. From the Register we

glean the following account of the Rhetoric and Superior Commercial specimen which took place October 31st:

Eloquence was the theme and well was it expounded in theory and practice. Mr. D. J. O'Brien read a paper on eloquence, its effects on the world's history, and its uses in modern times. His voice was clear and resonant, his intonation good, his style terse and pithy and he managed to inject a living interest into both subject and delivery. The essays of Messrs. Crampton and Braun, though about such ancient people as Cicero and St. John Chrysostom, were quite up-to-date in their treatment, and as interesting and instructive. These gentlemen read well and stopped before the interest began to lag.

Mr. T. J. Touart undertook to prove the eloquence of Shakespeare as evidenced in the play of "Julius Caesar." He examined critically and from an oratorical point of view Marc Antony's oration over Caesar's body, and proved that Shakespeare must have been thoroughly acquainted with the natural law of eloquence. In illustration of these remarks, he introduced as he went along, Messrs. H. Esnard, C. A. Lelong and J. Ryan, who delivered selections from the great oration. They spoke with natural feeling, neither shouting nor ranting, and when Mr. Ryan repeated Marc Antony's words, "And now you weep," he spoke the literal truth. In truth, he had brought tears to the eyes of his audience.

The loud applause, again and again repeated, that was awarded the quartette as they left the stage, was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. J. Van Antwerp, who illustrated his paper on speech-building by an amusing parody on the oration that had just been declaimed. He led his hearers gracefully from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the ringing laughter that greeted his sallies proved that the juveniles at

least left without a murmur the heights to which the previous speakers had raised them. Mr. Van Antwerp was congratulated on all sides.

The very amusing scene which was then enacted reflected credit on Mr. T. J. Touart of the Rhetoric Class, who adapted and arranged it. It was well staged, Messrs. Lelong, Touart, Darragh and McCarty acting their parts admirably. Mr. Braun's inflections and intonations were particularly appropriate.

The exhibition was brought to a happy conclusion by the class song and march, ably led by Messrs. Ryan and O'Brien.

When the band, under the skillful management of Professor Staub, had cleverly rendered the "Polka Rhetorica," a piece specially arranged for the occasion, Rev. Father Tyrrell, the President, gracefully complimented the Rhetoric Class on their interesting exhibition, and especially on the naturalness with which they read and spoke and acted.

PROGRAMME.

Overture..... "Plantation Two-Step"
Orchestra.

CONCERNING ORATORY.

"Eloquentia non modo eos ornat, penes quos est,
sed etiam universam rempublicam."
—Cicero.

That Eloquence is a Great Power.....
..... J. D. O'Brien.

As Proved by the Examples of
M. Tullius Cicero,..... G. C. Crampton.
St. John Chrysostom,..... C. Braun.
W. Shakespeare's, "Julius Caesar",
..... T. J. Touart.

And Illustrated by Citations from the
Same { H. Esnard,
..... C. A. Lelong,
..... J. Ryan.

With Some Variations Thereof
..... J. Van Antwerp.
Where to are Appended a Scene (Adapted by T. J. Touart) Yeapt.

"CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP."

Judge Letemoff J. Darragh
Lawyer Getemoff C. A. Lelong
Tripes, Shepherd and Amateur Butcher
..... T. J. Touart.
Punkin, a Farmer G. S. McCarty
Clerk of Court. J. Martin

Constable..... C. Braun
And a Word About Ourselves
Rhetoric,..... J. Ryan.
Commercial,..... J. D. O'Brien.
Polka Rhetorica,..... College Brass Band.
"Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus."
—Horace.

POETRY On December 6th, **EXHIBITION.** the Poetry and First Commercial Classes held forth, and were received with continual bursts of enthusiastic applause. Their exhibition is thus described in the Register:

"The gentlemen were unusually happy in the choice of their subject, as it was one that could not fail to arrest the attention of the entire audience and fully satisfy their anticipation of an enjoyable séance. It spoke of Jerusalem and of its fall.

Such was the tenor of the essays read by Messrs. H. Smith, A. Johnston, E. Dreaper and P. Bordenave, in a manner that both did ample justice to the pens which produced them, and earned for the young men the generous applause of an appreciative audience.

But the crowning glory of the entertainment was the short tragedy written by J. McGrath, one of the leaders of the Poetry Class. The principal role was enacted by the talented author of the play, who attained the highest praises of all who witnessed his rendering of the death of Zacharias. Zacharias, pious, holy, venerable old man, goes about the city preaching the doctrine of Christ, and advising peace with the Romans. John of Ghiscala, a Jewish leader, fears the popularity of Zacharias, drags the martyr before the Sanhedrim, presided over by Ananias, the high priest, accuses him of high treason, adduces a thousand flimsy arguments to prove his guilt; but Zacharias, in a simple, yet elevated manner, refutes his libels to such satisfaction that his judges are unanimously convinced of his innocence. The verdict, "Not guilty," enrages John of Ghiscala, who,

drawing his dagger, slays Zacharias as he is leaving the Sanhedrim.

In the second scene, Ghiscala and another factious leader, Simon Bar Gioras, are in prison; Josephus, the Historian, and Flavius Clemens, a Roman officer, appear on the scene. This last part is a little masterpiece, and betrays a talent for tragic composition of no small dimensions; the manner in which Mr. McGrath wrote his dialogue cannot be sufficiently praised. Thunders of applause covered the falling of the curtain.

Mr. W. Rice appeared on the boards as the cruel and crafty Ghiscala, and there can be no exaggeration in saying that he filled his role to perfection. His ringing voice, his facial expression, his masterly action riveted the attention of all present.

Mr. E. Dreaper, who had read some excellent Latin verses with clear voice, with intelligent and just emphasis, displayed in Flavius Clemens considerable dramatic power, and did full justice to his part.

Mr. H. Villars as Ananias, Mr. J. Schneider as Josephus, Mr. S. Toujan as Simon Bar Gioras, fellow-conspirator of Ghiscala, and Mr. L. Schoen, as that arch-dissimulator and trusty counsellor of John, received their due share of applause.

The Rev. President paid a well-deserved compliment to the histrionic powers and especially the naturalness of the young actors.

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Evelina".....Orchestra
Destruction of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, Descriptive Essay..H. Smith
Vaticinia et Omina.....Latin Verse
(By the members of the Poetry Class.)

E. Dreaper.

The Romans Approach..... An Essay
A. Johnston.

The Fall of Zion.....A Dramatic Sketch
Written by J. McGrath.

Scene I—In the City—The Factions at Work.

Scene II—A Prison—The Factionist Leaders in Chains.

Entr'acte—The Sack of the City..... An Essay.

P. Bordenave.

"FALL OF ZION."

Characters:

Zacharias.....	J. McGrath
John of Ghiscala.....	W. Rice
Simon Bar Gioras.....	S. Toujan
Archelaus.....	L. Schoen
Josephus.....	J. Schneider
Ananias.....	H. Villars
Flavius Clemens.....	E. Dreaper
Judges—J. Alford, O. McDonnell, A. Mutti, L. Pfister, J. Rougon, L. Sarpy, H. Smith, A. Staub.	
"Washington Reserves"—Quickstep—Junior Brass Band.	
"Abutilon Waltz".....Senior Brass Band	

SENIOR SOCIETIES. The following is a list of the officers of the Senior Division Societies:

LITERARY SOCIETY—President, S. Apperious; secretary, P. A. Lelong; censor, F. Solis.

READING ROOM ASSOCIATION—President, F. Solis; secretary and treasurer, S. Apperious.

BILLIARD ROOM ASSOCIATION—President, P. A. Lelong; secretary and treasurer, H. Esnard; censors, O. McDonnell, J. Daragh and O. Touts.

THE GYMNASIUM—President, W. Prejean; secretary and treasurer, J. D. O'Brien; censors, J. Alford, W. Rice and L. Schoen.

SENIOR BRASS BAND—Director, Prof. A. J. Staub; vice-president, S. Apperious; secretary, F. Solis; censor, H. Sarpy.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—Prefect, L. Danos; 1st assistant, W. Prejean; 2nd assistant, C. Braun; secretary and treasurer, H. Sarpy; sacristan, J. D. O'Brien.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART—Promoters, J. L. Danos, T. J. Touart, J. D. O'Brien and W. Rice.

JUNIOR SOCIETIES The Junior Division officers are as follows:

LITERARY SOCIETY—President, E. B. Dreaper; secretary, P. L. Sarpy; censor, J. A. Boudousquié.

READING ROOM ASSOCIATION—President, E. B. Dreaper; secretary, D. J. Villamil; treasurer, J. M. Walsh; librarians, L. Blouin and L. Darragh.

JUNIOR BRASS BAND—Director, Prof. A. Suffich; vice-president, E. B. Dreaper; secretary and treasurer, A. J. Staub; censor, M. D. Touart.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS—Prefect, E. B. Dreaper; 1st assistant, J. A. Boudousquié; 2nd assistant, M. D. Touart; sacristans, E. Villamil and H. R. Murray,

ALTAR BOYS' SOCIETY—Prefect, E. B. Dreaper; secretary, M. D. Touart; treasurer, J. A. Boudousquié; censor, H. R. Murray.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART—Promoters, J. M. Walsh, E. B. Dreaper, P. L. Sarpy, J. A. Boudousquié and M. D. Touart.

DEBATE. The members of the Senior Literary Society took part in an exciting debate on Sunday, the 4th of December. By special invitation the Faculty attended the meeting. The question discussed was: "Is the Retention of the Philippines By the United States Government Desirable?" Affirmative—Messrs. J. M. Burguières, F. Solis and C. A. Lelong. Negative—Messrs. P. A. Lelong, H. L. Sarpy and T. J. Touart. Mr.

S. Apperious occupied the chair. The gentlemen spoke eloquently and logically, and sifted the issue pretty thoroughly. Messrs. Burguières and P. A. Lelong deserve especial credit for the vigorous manner in which they upheld their respective sides. The awarding of the palm of superiority fell to the lot of the members of the Faculty. The Pros were decided to be the victors, only by one vote, so evenly matched were the contestants.

FEAST OF ST. CATHARINE. The members of the Philosophy Class, after passing their examination in Minor Logic, duly observed their Patron's Feast. They began by receiving Holy Communion in her honor. Then the whole day was given over to amusement and relaxation. In the afternoon they took dinner at Klosky's, to which they did ample justice. At its conclusion some of the class orators waxed eloquent and made neat little speeches. Vivat, florescat '00!

DEATH OF MR. J. BURGUIERES. It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of one of Spring Hill's truest and staunchest friends, Mr. J. Burguières, of Franklin, La., who passed to a better land on the 1st of October last. Two of his sons, Denis and Joseph, graduated here in 1892, while three others are in present attendance.

FIRST MASS. Rev. F. Barry, S.J., was ordained to the sacred priesthood by Bishop Allen in

Mobile, on December the 2nd. He said his First Mass in the College Church, on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, in the presence of all the students, being assisted by Rev. W. Power, S.J., the Superior of the Southern Jesuits. Two of the Philosophers were accorded the privilege of acting as Acolytes. At the end of the Mass, the students went up to the Sanctuary railing and received the newly ordained Priest's blessing. A holiday was granted for the occasion and the bands played in honor of Father Barry. He has since left for Tampa, where he is to be engaged in missionary work.

MR. N. FITZGERALD. Only a few days ago, on December 14th, Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, an old and respected citizen of Mobile, went to his eternal reward. He was over sixty years of age and a well-known merchant in the city. In him the community has lost an honorable and upright gentleman and a sterling and conscientious Catholic. Mr. Fitzgerald was ever a staunch friend of the College. His son, Edward T., who succeeds him in business, was educated at Spring Hill, and graduated with distinction in 1892.

PROFESSOR STAUB. The many friends of Professor Staub will rejoice to learn that he has entirely recovered from a complicated stomach trouble which brought him very near death's door and confined him to his bed for about six weeks. During this

time the Professor's genial presence was greatly missed about the College, and he himself declared he was home-sick for the old place. He has once more resumed his music lessons, and we all hope he has secured a new and very long lease of life.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION The students honored their heavenly Mother by receiving Holy Communion in a body on the Feast of her Immaculate Conception. After supper, they gathered round her statue, which had previously been beautifully illuminated, and sang hymns of love and praise to her. The Angels must have looked upon the touching scene and smiled with delight at this devout homage paid to their glorious Queen.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. The Astronomical board is making extensive preparations for the purpose of viewing the total Eclipse of the Sun which is due May the 28th. Spring Hill and Mobile are both within the belt of advantageous observation and will be made the rendezvous of scientific men from many parts of the Union. Spring Hill extends a hearty welcome to the representatives of its sister institutions who are coming to study this solar phenomenon. We trust the weather conditions will be more satisfactory than they were last November 15th, when the meteoric shower was expected. Ow- ing to the cloudiness of the at-

mosphere, this splendid luminary display was altogether invisible.

NOVENA TO ST. JOHN BERCHMAUS. Availing themselves of the special privilege granted to Colleges, the students made a novena to St. John Berchmans from the 10th to the 19th of November. His picture was exposed in the Church for public veneration, and on the latter date, every one went to Holy Communion. No doubt the angelic St. John obtained many a favor for his trusty clients.

FATHER GAUTRELET. Through an oversight in the sketch of Rev. F. S. Gautrelet, S. J., the fact that he served a term as president of Spring Hill from 1862 to 1865 was omitted. This was a very trying period on account of the war.

VISITORS. Among our frequent and ever welcome visitors are Rt. Rev. P. A. Allen, D.D., Bishop of Mobile; Very Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan, D.D., Vicar General of the diocese; Very Rev. W. Power, S.J., Superior of the Southern Mission, who, shortly after his arrival from Rome, brought us a picture of the Pope, presented by the Holy Father himself with his blessing to Spring Hill College; Major P. C. Hannan, of Mobile, who has some warm friends both among the Faculty and the students.

In the early part of December, we had the pleasure of a flying visit from the original "Dooley" of national fame. An editor himself, Mr. Dunn wished the editors of the REVIEW all possible success. He spoke admiringly of everything he saw about the College, the lake above all.

ON THE FLY.

Say, Carl, can you play second base?

I should smile—can play it like McPhee!

I mean, though, second base in the band.

Aw!—call again, will you?

Student (*after wading through a fascinating passage of "De Bello Gallico"*)—Did Cæsar find time to write all this hard Latin while he was fighting all those tribes with strange names?

Professor—Why certainly; you must remember that the great Dictator was a man of no ordinary ability.

Student (*aside*)—He must have been a queer *dux*.

Marion—There's something else sure in this life besides death and taxation.

Joe—What's that?

Marion—Five o'clock study—we never miss it.

Berney, here's a problem you can't solve:—A man sold a Billy-goat to a butcher for 50 cents; the next day this same man bought a leg of *mutton* cut from this same Billy-goat by this same butcher, and paid 80 cents for it. What was the butcher's gain per cent?

Berney—Well—er—(*with a broad smile*)—pretty good!

What was the matter with you, Jack, during study after supper? You looked as if you had an attack of the "divine afflatus," you were writhing so. Were you sick?

Oh, no, I was just getting into a glow.

A glow for what? You're not writing poetry are you?

No; writing jokes for the REVIEW.

One of our embryonic poets, hearing the tiny sparrows abused, straddled his Pegasus in their defence, with the following result:

They fly as free as the air above,
They chirp the song of liberty;
By earth and sky their home enclosed,
Their swing a branch, their perch a tree.

Another aspiring friend of the Muses while taking a stroll in the woods and drinking in the beauty of the scenery, saw a stately pine fall under the stroke of Tom Noble's destructive axe. In fancy he heard the humbled tree give out its death-cry in the following imprecation:

Thou ruthless vandal, armed with gleaming blade,
A curse upon thy woolly pate!
May thy own falling be not long delayed—
Be thou too stricken down by Fate!

ATHLETICS.

SENIOR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. Shortly after the arrival of the boys, when things had gotten into good running order, a mass meeting of the Seniors was called, at which measures were adopted to reorganize our Athletic Association and College Nine. Great interest and enthusiasm prevailed, which gave promise of a successful season on track and campus. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, F. Solis; Secretary, H. L. Sarpy; Treasurer, J. H. Ryan. W. Prejean was

chosen Manager, and S. Apperious Captain of the College Nine. S. Cowley is official Umpire, and J. Casserly and S. Lanata are the Scorers.

FIELD DAY. The First of November was Field Day, and both divisions were occupied all day in athletic sports. The Register gives the following account of it:

As will be seen by the results, the honors in the Senior Division fell to Messrs. W. Prejean, Apperious and Esnard. W. Prejean, who is the pitcher of the College nine, returned to

Spring Hill, wearing a handsome gold watch, presented to him by his fellow-citizens of Donaldsonville, La., for having in a series of baseball games led the city team to victory unmarred by a single defeat.

The winners deserved their laurels, though fortune was fickle as usual. On the mile walk, Arthur Johnson missed second place by stumbling within a few feet from the rope, and P. A. Lelong, who failed in the high jump, beat the winning record immediately after the contest by two inches. G. McCarty made a noble struggle for the high jump, and would no doubt have won had he been a few inches longer.

Special praise is due to the umpires and referees, owing to whose efficiency and judgment everything went off without a hitch.

Records Senior Division—

Fifty Yards Dash—First, H. Esnard, 6 seconds; second, W. Prejean.

One Hundred Yards Dash—First, S. Apperious, 10 seconds; second, W. Prejean.

One Hundred Yards Dash—Second Division—First, H. McPhillips, 11 seconds; second, G. McCarty.

One Mile Walk—First, W. Prejean; second, J. Schneider.

Throwing Base Ball—First, S. Apperious, 112 yards; second, H. Esnard.

Running Broad Jump—First, S. Apperious, 19.6 inches; second, W. Prejean.

High Jump—First, W. Prejean, 65 inches; second, G. McCarty.

Obstacle Race—First, P. A. Lelong; second, W. Prejean.

Sack Race—First, H. Sarpy; second, W. Prejean.

Three-Legged Race—First, H. Esnard and W. Prejean; second, S. Apperious and H. Sarpy.

High Kick—First, P. A. Lelong, 115 inches; second, W. Prejean.

Pole Vaulting—First, W. Prejean, 99 inches; second, H. Sarpy.

Hop, Step and Jump—First, H. Esnard; second, W. Prejean.

Umpire—F. Solis.

In the Junior Division, if noise and merriment are a test of enjoyment, the games were a complete success—in fact, almost a howling success. George Prejean proved himself a worthy brother of the hero of the Senior Division, E. Dreaper being a dangerous competitor.

Records Junior Division—

George Prejean cleared 16 feet 8 inches in the broad jump, with A. Staub a close second.

High Jump—First, E. Dreaper, 59 inches; second, A. Staub, J. Boudousquié.

Putting Twelve-Pound Shot—First, D. Villamil, who made the splendid throw of 36 feet; second, A. Staub.

Half Mile Race—First, J. Walsh; second, G. Prejean, giving 50 yards handicap.

140 Yards—First, R. Quinlivan; second, P. Davis.

200 Yards—First, B. Strauss; second, J. Scott.

Sack Race—First, E. Dreaper; second, G. Prejean.

Obstacle Race—First, J. Walsh; second, E. Powers.

Throwing Baseball—First, E. Dreaper; second, M. Touart.

Throwing Baseball—Second Division—First, H. Murray; second, J. Walsh.

Throwing Baseball—Third Division—First, W. Villamil; second, J. Pino.

Jumping on Rings—First, R. Quinlivan; second, J. Walsh.

A new feature in the day's sports, which added immensely to the amusement, was the cake walk. The kettle-drum beat and cornet played "A Hot Time," and a hot time it was when the pairs fronted the audience. Universal applause awarded the cake to Masters T. McCarty and C. Costello, the other contestants being M. Touart and J. Boudousquié, M. Shea and L. Ryan, R. Quinlivan and W. Villamil.

A general tug of war followed in which the opposing sides were captured by Dreaper and Walsh. There

was a deadlock for many minutes, but finally the staying powers of Captain Walsh and his men won the coveted prize. The participants and spectators have all expressed themselves pleased with the Field Day of '99.

BASE THE COLLEGE NINE. Since **BALL.** its organization at the beginning of the session, the College Nine has played three games, two victories and one defeat. The Register for November 7th contains the following:

Sunday afternoon, the Spring Hill College nine met and defeated a strong combination of Exile and Loyal players of Mobile. This was their second triumph since their organization this season, they having almost shut out the Victors on October 15, when the score stood 8 to 1. It was a one-sided contest from start to finish.

Sunday's game, however, did not promise to be such a walk-over. The College men had to face a much more formidable foe, and in the beginning of the game it looked very much as if the visitors would carry off the honors of the day. The latter took first inning and scored one run, but the College not having got their eye on Rusch's curves went out in one-two-three order. In the second inning, matters were somewhat reversed, the visitors making but one tally, while their opponents, settling down to business, reached the home bag three times.

From this inning on to the end, the College nine were confident of victory. By judicious batting and cautious base running, they kept steadily in the lead. Prejean, their incomparable twirler, was at his best and upheld his fame by striking out thirteen of the opposing batters. Apperious looked after the receiving end of the battery in his usual quick and skilful style. All the players, in fine, braced up for the game and distinguished themselves in various departments, Danos and Newman show-

ing up specially well in the field, while Braun, Woods and Sarpy did some effective stick work for the College.

The visitors also went into the game with a snap and gave a good account of themselves from first to last inning. They took their defeat like true sportsmen as they are, blaming neither luck nor umpire, but attributing their downfall to the superior skill of the aggregation led by Sam and the "Kid."

The features of the game on the side of the Mobiles were W. Kenny's sensational catches and stops at third, and Lauzon's batting and catching behind the rubber. J. Rasher handled the indicator to the satisfaction of all.

The following is the score by innings:

Visitors.....	110010011—5
College.....	03400110x—9

The story of disaster is thus told in the Daily Herald of Nov. 19th:

The game of the season came off Thursday on the Spring Hill College campus. The creme de la creme of Mobile base ball talent formed a combination to wrest the championship from the thus far victorious college. They looked formidable as they stepped to the bat, but not to "Kid" Prejean, the College pitcher, who "fanned out" Calametti and Crowe, the first two batsmen, and held Schmidt to first, by promptly retiring Duff. Then the College boys yelled, and hope ran high. But, the College batsmen had no better luck at the plate, nor could the visitors improve their position till the fifth inning, when Crowe managed to cross the "rubber." Then the College came in, and Danos, the crack centre fielder, rammed the ball for a three bagger, and scored on a hit. Again the one-two-three order, until the eighth inning, when Sam Apperious, the College captain, caught the sphere at the end of a catalpa bat, and drove it on a bee line over the fence with the speed of a cannon ball. Martin remarked that when he caught up with it, 'twas near the old ball diamond, and still making

pretty good speed. By that time Sam was at home, and was resting himself on the players' bench. The next inning being the first half of the ninth the Mobiles got ready for a final strenuous effort. Two men are out, and three on base. Intense excitement prevails, and the "kids" shout and wave their caps. Kelly makes a lovely drive to left and Crowe and Schmidt cross the plate. The little fellows are frantic when another run is scored, thus piling on the agony and making it 2 to 5. The College boys are unable to score, and the visitors win the day.

Although defeated, the College team feels unconquered, and is confident of victory in the next game.

SENIOR LEAGUE—The two League teams, under the captaincy of S. Apperious and W. Prejean, respectively, are putting up a close contest for the gold pins to be presented to the victors at the end of the series. At present writing, they are neck-and-neck in the race, each having won two games. One of these, played December 12th, was an exciting 1 to 1 tie, until the eleventh inning, when "Sam's Sluggers" broke the numerical monotony by making two runs, thereby winning the game by the score of 3 to 1. The boys are playing first-class ball, and an exciting finish is expected. Carl Braun, who seldom prophesies unless he *knows*, declares that "Prejean's Pets," will have to congratulate the other side on the beauty of their pins; on the other hand, the "Kid," who also *knows*, says that the decorations will glitter on his own men's coat lapels. Time will tell!

AMONG THE JUNIORS—To be in

the Junior Division and not be at least a passable ball-tosser, is to be on the last rung of the human ladder. You will be accounted a non-entity, pure and simple; so you'd better learn how before you appear among them. Lessons in the diamond art can be had free of charge—provided you furnish the articles to be used in practice—from H. Clarke, F. Guili, W. Lambert and other amateur-professionals.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE—The League is on a good footing. Capt. D. Villamil and Manager G. Prejean, of the Reds, and Captain E. Dreaper and Manager V. Rougon, of the Blacks, are doing all they can to capture the championship and, with it, the much-coveted gold pins. They have so far played eleven games, the Reds being in the lead by one game. Some of the youngsters are playing gilt-edged ball, and, although the error column is still overcrowded, steady practice will improve the situation, and make finished artists of them. The two official scorers, L. Ryan and M. Shea, are accurate and prompt in the performance of their duty.

The Juniors do not often appear in games with outsiders. They played once against a nondescript team from the Senior Division, and beat them badly. They have some good material for a First Nine. The Captains and Managers, together with Gus Staub, L. Sarpy, Frank Guili, Max Touart, Louis Pfister and Albert Otis,

would form a strong base ball team.

Get together, boys! practise up and you will surely make it interesting for any juvenile aggregation that is ambitious enough to challenge your superiority.

WALK TO THE WATER-WORKS. It is a time-honored custom among the Juniors to pay an annual visit to the Bienville Water Works, about seven miles from the College. This year a band of twenty chosen pedestrians started out one cool morning, went to the place, admired the clear lake, inspected the pumps and machinery, and returned in about three hours and a half. They were tired out when

they reached home, and for some days following; but it was a great consolation for them to see the "big boys" try the same feat a short time after, and come home late for dinner. And yet they will guy the "kids!" Those who are in the secret say that the gentleman who was leading them that day forgot himself, and, instead of striking a bee-line for his College home, veered over toward his Summer-ville one.

Hand ball remains a popular game among the boys. Foot ball is played to a great extent among the Juniors.

FRED SOLIS, '00.

JOS. M. WALSH, '03.

ALUMNI.

The Alumni department is a new feature introduced into the REVIEW. Its purpose is to keep past and present students posted on the movements of the former, each one of whom is earnestly requested to inform us of their own and their fellow-collegians' avocations or occupations. In this way, the REVIEW will become the organ, not only of the undergraduate, but of the alumnus as well.

'51. For many years the late Hon. Edward E. Bermudez, '51, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, was the oldest living graduate of Spring Hill College. Since his decease in 1892, we do

not know positively who enjoys this distinction. A sketch of the Judge will appear in another number of the REVIEW.

'55. We have been informed by Hon. George Henry Théard that, according to report, Mr. Charles Maurian, '55, now a resident of Paris, is the oldest living graduate. Some one of the alumni might be able to clear up this matter.

'56. Hon. R. D. McEnery, '56, U. S. Senator from Louisiana, so prominent in the Philippine agitation, kindly sent us copies of some of his speeches, for which we

heartily thank him. A sketch of his career will appear in our next.

'69. Rev. John Brislan, S. J., '69, has been appointed President of the College of the Immaculate Conception in New Orleans. For the past twelve years he had occupied the position of Rector of the Scholasticate, at Macon, Ga.

'75. Dr. Henry Hirshfield, '75, has been Coroner of Mobile County for the past eleven years. We had intended to publish an account of his career, but circumstances necessitated our holding it over for our next issue.

Dr. Paul E. Archinard, '75, occupies the position of Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System and Clinical Microscopy in the New Orleans Polyclinic, and is also Vice-President of the Faculty.

'84. Dr. Angelo Festorazzi, '84, a successful physician in Mobile, recently returned from an enjoyable tour of Europe. He has resumed his practice.

Hon. John St. Paul, '84, Judge of Division C, Civil District Court of the Parish of Orleans, La., graciously complied with our request to contribute to the REVIEW and forwarded a paper entitled: "Be Practical." Owing to the nature of the advice it contains, it will be more appropriate for our next issue, when the young graduates are about to enter upon the great battle of life.

'85, '89, '92. Mr. John P. Kohn '85, is a member of the City Council of Montgomery, Ala., and, with his brother, William H. Kohn, '92, is an influential member of the Josiah Morris Banking Company. The former was lately married. Mr. Francis D. Kohn, '89, succeeded his father in the management of an extensive Insurance business in the same city.

'86. Mr. Martin D. McGrath, '86, of Brookhaven, Miss., was presented with a magnificent silver cup by the Mississippi Chess Association for the state championship.

'92. Messrs. Denis and Joseph Burguières, both '92, are conducting profitable sugar interests in St. Mary's Parish, La.

'93. Rev. Thomas P. Cassidy, '93, is Parish Priest in Warrington, Fla. He is active and zealous and doing great work among his flock. He occasionally drops in to see his old friends.

'94. Mr. Clarence Herbert, '94, is practising law with his father in Plaquemine, La.

Mr. Matthias Mahorner, '94, and Mr. John Glennon, '85, are in law partnership in Mobile. They both studied at Harvard.

'95. Mr. Joseph V. Kearns, Jr., '95, while keeping books for a large firm in Mobile, has undertaken the study of medicine at the State Medical College.

Dr. Paul Boudousquié, Jr., '95,

has written an interesting drama entitled "The Poet," which has met with favorable comment from the critics.

'96. Mr. Graham M. Stafford, '96, who carried off the honors of his class, was studying medicine at Georgetown University when the Spanish-American War broke out. He then enlisted as a lieutenant in Hood's Immunes, and subsequently went to Cuba with his command. Upon his return he resumed his medical studies at Tulane University in New Orleans.

Mr. William O. Cowley, '96, has been admitted to the bar in Mobile.

'97. Mr. Albert L. Grace, '97, of Plaquemine, La., is studying law at Georgetown University.

Mr. James H. Glennon, '97, is

doing a thriving Insurance business with his father in Mobile.

98. Mr. Edward B. Colgin, '98, and Mr. Joseph T. Rice, '98, are taking a law course, Mr. Robert S. Garnett, '98, a medical course, and Mr. Edmund J. Shannon, '98, a literary course in Georgetown University.

'99. Mr. Clarence Kearns, S.J., who was a member of the class of '99, took his vows in the Society of Jesus last September.

The '99 graduates are all doing well. Messrs. Forest C. Braud and René F. Séré, are engaged in mercantile pursuits; Messrs. Albert E. Fossier, Herbert H. Lyons and Emile H. Reynes are studying law. Mr. Lyons lately made a trip to Europe, an account of which would surely prove interesting to the readers of the REVIEW.

SPRING HILL.

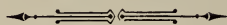
Stately hall and gilded dome,
Pleasant grove where songsters roam,
Roses' haunt, fair lilies' home!
In its leafy woodland dell,
Neath its shade on lake and fell,
Gracious Muses love to dwell.

How its praises rare to sing,
Idle 'twere our words to bring;—
Lift thy voice, O purling SPRING!
Let the HILL thy music ring!

— L. D. S. —

Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.



SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on a rising ground, five miles distant from Mobile and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constantly refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never-failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to a beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a university, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the Institution are members of the Society of Jesus which, from its origin, has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a paternal solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement, and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing that strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based upon religion and morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but also to instil into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

The public worship of the Institution is that of the Catholic Religion; pupils, however, of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of instruction is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants, but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the names of PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL and CLASSICAL.

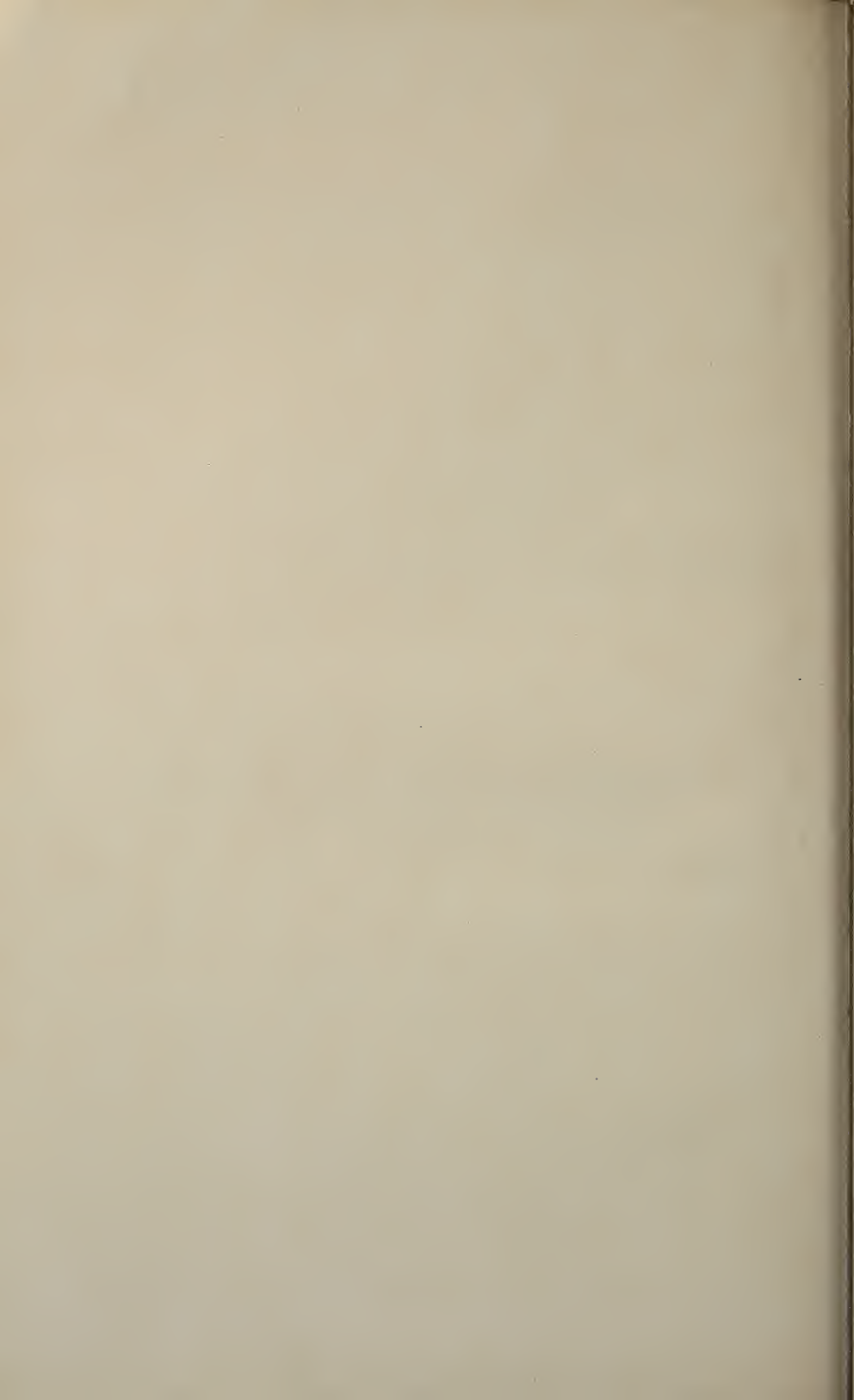
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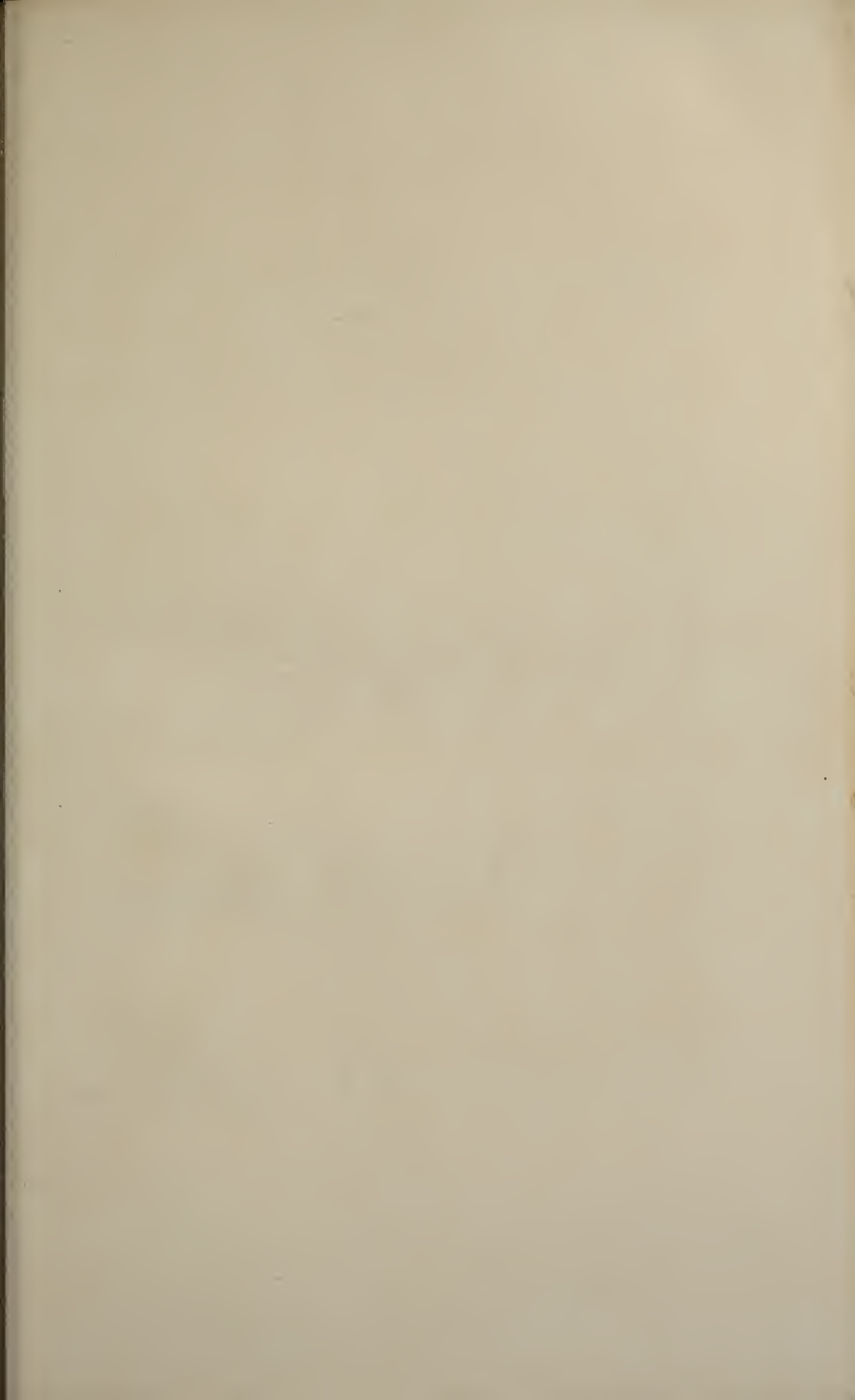
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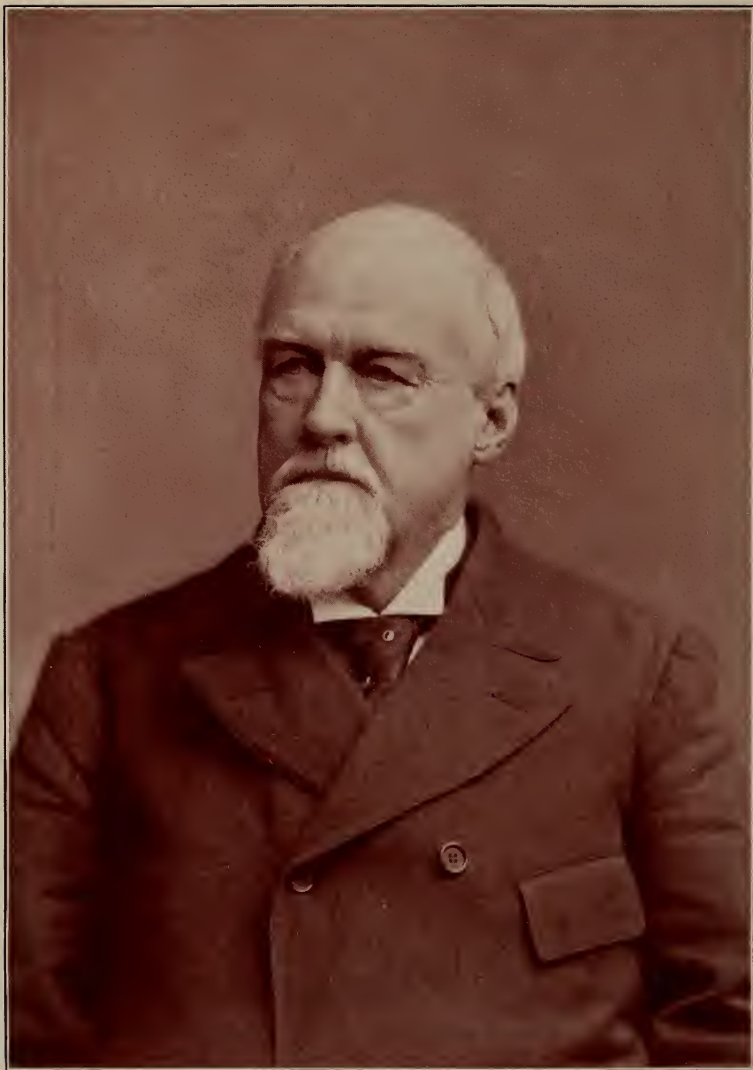
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SPRING HILL COLLEGE.







HON. SAMUEL D. McENERY,
U. S. SENATOR FROM LOUISIANA.

•—A. M. D. G.—•

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MOBILE, ALA.

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Spring Hill Review.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 1.



KING OF WARBLERS.



AS glad and as gay
As the cataract's spray,
When it leaps in the light of the sun ;
As soft and as low
As the rivulet's flow,
When the din of the daylight is done ;

As fresh as the morn
When the sound of the horn
Hurries hunter and hoof in its ring ;
Or hind in her flight
Tripping ever so light
To her home by the side of the spring ;

Thy infinite song
Bears my spirit along
In its music so varied and free.
But, oh ! in the night,
By the moon's mellow light,
'Tis the lute of an angel to me.

The whippoor-will's cry,
And the dove's lonely sigh,
And the thrush's melodious trill,
Might blend one and all,—
But, the mocking-bird's call,—
Yes ! I'd ask for the mocking-bird still.

Thou bird of my heart,
Who can tell whence thou art
All enrap't in thy whole-soul'd endeavor ?
The oak is thy throne,
And a seraph's thy tone !
Thou art lord of the woodland forever !

JOSEPH RYAN, '02.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

INTRODUCTION.

“PROFESSION!” says Charles to himself. He has just passed his final examination. He is pretty sure of a diploma, with the signature of five professors, to his credit. He has finished a curriculum of studies such as none but men of sound intellect would be permitted to attempt.

“Profession!” he repeats. “Hang profession!” he cries, as he dives headlong into the nearest sport—base-ball, if he happen to be in the open field, or, if he be in the study hall, the nearest novel or interesting magazine.

“Charles, have you decided upon your profession yet?” This time there is no escape. It is the voice of another, and the tone of it wakes Charles, as from a happy dream, to the real state of affairs.

“Sorry to tell you, Charles,” continued his father, with a voice that chills his son to the very marrow, “I have just failed in business. Thank God, I have been able to give you a good education, my son, and you are able to strike out for yourself.”

“Profession!” says Charles a third time. The word comes now from the depth of his soul. “Give me three days to think of it.”

His father embraces him and goes away relieved in spirit that his boy has at last realized that “life is real, life is earnest.”

In three days of consideration, the young man had thoughts more

serious than might have been expected. Charles has studied Poetry, Rhetoric and Philosophy. He is full of pleasant theories, and has been so for the last three years. But now, to be suddenly driven into actual, practical life—how sad! He realizes it. He recalls the days,—things of the past,—when he could write a hurried composition, in prose or verse, and hand it to his professor as a result of huge labor. That same professor had one day called him aside and said to him, “Do you play chess, Charles?”

“Yes, sir!”

Then holding the composition in his hand, “Do you think, Charles,” he asked, “that when you are out in the wide world, every one, like me, will take a pawn for a castle so easily, or a castle for a king?”

Charles did not relish the gentle remark of his professor. He had tried to smile over the innuendo. But in the present crisis, the professor seemed to him to have had a superhuman insight into his future.

The first thing that struck Charles was the importance of getting his right place in the world. The love of poetry, and still more his course of philosophy had imperceptibly a great influence over his mind.

“I must do something noble,” he thought. This was his poetry. “A man may cheat the world for

a time; but the world will find him out." Here was his philosophy. "Besides, when the great day of reckoning comes, I should far rather be on the side of the sheep." This was his persuasive rhetoric.

Shakespeare had said, "Man's life is a stage." But Charles preferred for the present to picture life as a great, exciting game, an important game, on which might depend his earthly happiness, and with which might be blended, too, some eternal interests.

Life as a chess-game struck him forcibly. "There is no use being a king," he said, "if you are going to be taken." He thought of Napoleon's game—lost by a pawn—and of his meditation after the game. "'Twas so at Waterloo!" said Napoleon. "Only a pawn was missing."

"King or pawn—governor or subject—captain or private—whatever I be," said Charles, "let me be a true, genuine one, worthy of my calling!"

It was perhaps but a passing thought, and not a settled resolution. But he felt for a moment elevated above the plane of his ordinary thoughts. What a noble aspect has even the pent-up city, factories, store-houses, and syndicate buildings, when seen from the harbor in the distance! So did Charles' distant view of his future career appear to him at that moment.

He determined to make the best of his happy thought. It was a light from heaven. He would go

at once to his professor's room—the same who had so often shown an interest in his pupil's welfare—and from him obtain a still wider view of the career that lay before him.

He knocked at the professor's door.

"Come in!"

Charles enters.

"What is the matter, my boy?"

"Could you spare me a few minutes, sir?" asked Charles modestly.

The professor, always over-busy, was inclined to shirk all apparent loss of time. But he realized, in the very tone and glance of the young man, something of seriousness and agitation.

"No accident has befallen you?" asked the professor.

"Worse than accident," cried Charles, determined, more than his professor, to waste no time in talk. "If it were an accident, I might die. But—I've got to live."

"Tell me all," said Mr. Barnes, looking kind and sympathetic, but concealing the inward satisfaction he felt to see so much earnestness in his wayward pupil. "Out with it, and I shall do all I can for you."

"Only give me some advice," said Charles. "My father has failed, I am thrown out on the world. What am I to do?"

"Have you no time to consider the matter?"

"Three days. No more."

"Three days? Very good. Plans of battles, plans of buildings, conceptions of statesmen, orators and poets, have often been

formed in less than three days. You ask me for advice. It is not easy to give advice on such matters. No one can choose for you. No one can carry out your choice for you. You alone must do both. I can, however, point out to you

the paramount importance of choosing your profession honestly and conscientiously."

The substance of the professor's advice is contained in the following paper.

P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

I. IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT CHOICE.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that each man in the world were in his right place and position. You can see how the whole world, in consequence, would be in perfect harmony. The earth would be a Terrestrial Paradise, the Milkenium would be at hand.

Rulers and subjects, employers and laborers, in peace, unity and charity, would advance in vigor of soul and body. The passions of men would be devoted to study and intellectual pursuits—not to the trampling under foot of their fellow-men. Virtue, unshackled and unhindered, would hold sway above the glitter of gold or the shield of a name. Amiability and gentleness on the one hand, magnanimity and energy on the other, would be as it were personified in the state of human affairs.

But this cannot be. This shall never be the state of affairs, as long as man is subject to passion. Experience shows that, while he bears along with him a mortal body, he will never be perfect master of his inclinations and desires.

As long as even a vestige of envy, jealousy, anger, ambition, or tyranny, remains in the heart of man; as long as the wicked have

even a chance to succeed: in plain language, till doom's day, we shall find the basest, lowest, worst of men, seizing by hook or crook the offices of honor; we shall find him who can stoop to flattery and sycophancy rising above the surface, and the negative, inactive politician passing as the soul of honor and integrity.

In truth, you might go to our own Capital to-day, to our armies, to our navies, and find there proportionately as many self-seeking, honor-seeking, gold-seeking dispositions, as you might have found in Pagan Rome in the days of Cicero and Catiline.

How many a young aspirant, through the wiles of a shrewd parent or patron, has been hoisted to a position he is incapable of fulfilling! How many an old man, in his dotage, "pulled by the nose" by some bland sycophant, will attempt another Manassas at the cost of the lives of his countrymen, and only resign his commission when the harm is irreparably done?

What is the consequence? The officer fitted for command, remains forever a lieutenant. The young lawyer fit for the senate, spends his life behind the writing-

table. The man of commercial enterprise, fitted by nature for deeds of energy and vitality, takes up the plow, the hammer, or the grinding-stone, to gain his very livelihood. He whose wisdom and policy might have swayed a republic, is seen spending his life in a country school-house, where some hundred little boys gaze in awe at his authoritative mien, or repeat by rote his oracular lessons.

Such men have our sympathy. Happy for them if they have submitted with resignation to their fate! In the day of recompense, their joy will be great indeed.

But mark well. For the most part, men are not content to remain thus fallen or hidden in the deep. A glance at the world, and you will see it. Behold the manifold strife between man and man; the war of the classes; the discontented clerks; the bankrupt's agony; the deep chagrin of the ruined society man; the envy and hatred which underlie the embrace of friendship!

In business, cupidity and avarice; in professional life, mental strain and fruitless rivalry; in the army, jealousy and false patronage; in the navy, writhing under constrained submission. Every force in nature tends to show that no being will ever rest quiet until it occupies the place intended for it by Divine Providence.

History shows how even a Rothschild, in anguish over a lost cause, terminated his own existence by suicide; and an Arnold,

once filled with the ardor of patriotism, overwhelmed in disappointment, took up the traitor's sword in spite and savagery.

Yet the world has not perished. Some individuals occupy their true place and position. There are honest men; there are honest governments at all times. Witness Godfrey de Bouillon, Sir Thomas More, Donoso Cortes, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Geo. Washington, Garcia Moreno. These are but a few golden names.

Men like these have justly been called "the marrow of this world." In every age we possess them. In every clime they are near us. In all that is kind and true on earth, we feel their influence.

Happiest of all men are they, the precious few whom the Almighty thus chooses from out the multitude; blest indeed they who thus raise mankind above the trammels of evil to the noble and the true.

In choosing your profession, therefore, choose above all to be among those men who live and die for the common weal. Be not among the rabble.

But on the other hand, do not soar too high. They who have reached a position above their capacity, commonly have recourse to fraud, deceit, and cowardice, in order to sustain appearances. They, again, who have chosen too low a place, become easily discontented and dissatisfied. Out of tune with their companions, they soon desire to rise to a higher state, and, in that desire become

sowers of sedition and promoters of discord.

Your happiness depends on your choice. If you choose with due consideration and a lofty intention, however, you can never repent your choice.

In this connection, it will be well to recall these few salutary words, taken from Washington's Inaugural Address:

"There is no truth more thoroughly established, than that there

exists in the course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between an honest, magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of prosperity and felicity; and we ought to be persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on him that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained."

F. SOLIS, '00.

II. THE DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

The young man, having conceived the importance of making a proper choice, sits himself down to accomplish his all-important task. When he has closed every door and window around him, and feels that he is all alone, he buries his face in his hands, and deliberately endeavors to think. Like Hamlet, he weighs the arguments *pro* and *con* in the balance.

Money, honor, fame, virtue, are placed in one scale; work, trouble, sorrow, difficulties, in the other. The beam of the balance is made long and light by subtle distinctions, so that the stronger side may be made clear and evident. The heavy weight of deep consideration is added to either scale to help on the result. Yet the balance will not be quiet. It wavers still. Now virtue, now honor, now difficulties, now success, and now despair, wins the day.

The whole world—men and women, princes and people, priests and laymen—pass before his soul's vision. First appear a

host of clergymen led by Gibbons, the American Cardinal, and De Ravignan, the preacher of Notre Dame.

"A clergyman! Ha! I have it! What a noble, sublime life! What a grand, intellectual life, with the assured respect of other men! I shall be another Gibbons, or a De Ravignan. I shall mingle with the great statesmen, and be the idol of patriots and religious men.

"Yet, what am I choosing? To leave home and loved ones in order to preach the word of God? To keep aloof from so many sweet pleasures? And then, to take vows; to be subject to a bishop; to come at the call of every ugly, diseased, dying penitent, and perhaps catch his disease, small-pox or yellow fever! To risk your life at the call of charity. No, No!"

Another vision passes before his soul. It is the vision of a host of lawyers and attorneys, standing in learned array on the

right-hand balance. Surely this time all is decided.

"I will be another Conklin or an Erskine!" he cries. And his fist naturally strikes the table with the firmness of his decision. "Wasn't Liguori a lawyer and a saint too? Ha! to stand so learnedly before a court and jury, and after the contest to pocket \$50,000. How grand!"

He seems to be thoroughly decided to become a lawyer, when the opposite side of the question confronts him.

"Stay! The number of lawyers is well-nigh infinite. Many have already given up law, and taken to the counter. I know several who have thrown it aside in disgust. What a tedious profession, to sit at your desk all day, waiting for a case, thinking, racking your brains, searching in books and, after staying up till midnight for three weeks, until you have no eyesight left, to—perhaps—lose your case anyhow, and reputation also. No, no! No law for me. Let me see what else I can do?"

The young man conjures up to his soul an array of doctors and surgeons, the best in the medical line.

"Oh! What a grand calling! To do good to your fellow-men, to have men, even the greatest, depending on you for their very lives! The noble art of healing—the study of the human frame, how interesting! Then, as for the lucrative part, one dollar for a poor man, five to twenty-five for a rich man, is not so bad. I have a good

arm, too, for surgery. Why, a doctor, of course—I was simply born for it.

"But stop! What am I thinking about? Doctors! There are three on every square. Some of them must be starving. Besides, even the best of them, how like butchers they do cut a poor fellow to pieces! Then, like priests, you have to mingle with all kinds of people, the ugliest, the sickliest, the ulcered, and the fetid. And you run the risk of catching the diseases yourself, or of losing your patient. In either case, there's no such thing as reputation for a doctor. I'll not be a doctor. Let me think of something else."

He pictures himself in a Chicago or New York convention.

"By Jove, there's nothing like politics! You cannot be a great man without politics. Your chances to glory and greatness are infinite. You keep rising higher and higher until you finally become a governor or perhaps President.

Haven't I heard how old Abe Lincoln climbed on rails to the White House? Didn't Andrew Jackson, the plebeian after he got to be President extinguish the arguments of a whole Congress with his sound American common sense? There's a chance for everybody. It's a glorious avocation. I'm a good speaker too,—took a gold medal for elocution. Have managed a Base-ball Club already. Why couldn't I manage a senate? I have a better educa-



COLLEGE VIEWS.



tion than most of these politicians you read about.

"But stay! What's the use? Everything is mere chance in politics. Pshaw! I ought to learn an example from my own father. Didn't he run for sheriff in his own town? Didn't he make speeches too? And throw money around like pebbles, until he found himself \$10,000 out? Then came the crash—ruin!

How foolish for a man to go risking his fortune in politics! You might be the best man in the world and not be elected. You cannot trust a friend in politics. Perpetual watchfulness. Perpetual excitement. Perpetual sleeplessness. A mere slip of the tongue, in all your anxiety, and you are a lost man. It looks as if a man even after he is in office, is in most terrible trouble and perturbation of mind. In fact, he must be almost frantic with the continual visits of excited, frenzied, crazy office-seekers, secretaries, lawyers, and cranks of every kind."

"Well," says the young man to himself, "perhaps I had better turn to business." Here again as might be expected, he sees a host of advantages and disadvantages.

In business, as in politics, a bright side and a dark side. He pictures the grocer, the farmer, the upholsterer, the livery-man, the hotel-keeper. In these and in all their duties, there is action and reaction, good and bad, black and white, joy and pain, success and disaster.

At last the young man, driven almost frantic like the politician he had been contemplating, wishes that he had not thought so much but rather had come to a decision. He begins to believe that the happiest men are they who have somebody else to command and direct them.

But this does not settle his difficulties; he has to choose.

Finally he gets a clue to the solution. He must find some method by which he can choose aright, a method such that, choosing in accordance with it, he shall not repent of his choice later on.

Can such a method be found? Surely the All-wise Providence, which has given us the power to choose, has also given us some method by which we may choose properly. Else, why should we ever possess that faculty? This method we leave to another to describe.

SAMUEL H. APPERIOUS, 00.

III. HOW TO CHOOSE.

Every man, some time or other, is confronted with the problem, "What can I do? What may I do? What ought I to do?"

A few men, with something like instinct, learn what they are born for, apply themselves to it, and

succeed. These men generally have a kind father or a guardian, who watches them step by step, through every inclination, and, seeing what the child is fitted for, places in his very path all that will attract him to his proper end.

Only one disadvantage may accrue from this special care and guardianship. The child may grow up so limited and narrowed in his views of life and men, that he can only see, think, and work that which comes in the sphere of his own little trade. He will know more than others in some particular line of study; he will know less than others of those general branches of science, human and divine, to which the human race, as a body, tends.

In the United States a young man usually has a great deal of freedom in the choice of a state. By nature, the young American is "up-to-date" and is soon ahead of any inactive parent or tutor. He seems to be born to choose for himself. Is there any method to guide him?

In the first place our choice must be made according to our natural inclinations, guided by right reason. Our lives were not intended to consist in the drawing of the drudge by day and the dreaming of the drudge by night. "My yoke is sweet and my burden light," is the very expression of that Providence which would have all men content and happy in their lot.

Even in the midst of trying duties and undying labor, our lives ought to be a foretaste of that heaven where the love of God and the accomplishment of His will are the essence of true joy. Otherwise, how should we learn to look up to heaven at all? Since it is only from the visible,

tangible, transient, earthly joys, that we can by abstraction, conceive some idea of the invisible, incomprehensible, infinite joys of the world to come.

On the one hand, therefore, a man cannot but choose a state in which he will find satisfaction and contentment.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that this pleasure or satisfaction is a mere accidental, a mere accompaniment.

Hence, in choosing what is right, the satisfaction and pleasure must be carefully distinguished from the duty and profession itself, though one should accompany the other as the shadow accompanies the man.

"How can I do this? How can I distinguish?"

God has given man a method by which he can reasonably, rationally, and perfectly distinguish and choose, yea, choose in such a way that neither God nor man will be able to reproach him for his choice. The method stands in the very nature of man.

Man's duties may all be summed up in three: his duty to God, to his neighbor, and to himself.

As these three comprise his relations and duties throughout his future career, so, in this great choice of an avocation, which is the conception and embryo of his future life, these same three factors must be the movers and moulders of his will.

God, we said, his neighbor, and himself.

First, then, as regards God.

Nothing so exalts a man, in the moment of his choice, as the raising of his mind to Him who has a care over all of us. The best of men have confessed the advantage and importance of this elevation of soul. The worst of men, in extreme necessity, have had recourse to it. Even lukewarm and indifferent men, who are neither hot nor cold, will at least admit that there is nothing to lose by asking the help of God. The fool alone, according to King David, "hath said in his heart there is no God."

If goodness is the essence of the Divinity, that Being surely looks down with solicitude on those human intellects and wills which are the mirrors of His own Divine intelligence. "Thou lovest all things that are." This assurance alone on His part, ought to make us turn to Him for aid and protection.

But if we consult ourselves, our own weakness, our own absolute need of help and assistance from above, our very instinct will impel us, in times of great moment when the mind is troubled and disturbed, to turn, heart and soul, to Him whose mercy, at the cry of perishing men, calmed the waves of the sea, and whose "follow me" made the seamen of Galilee lay down their nets to become the immortal fishers of men.

Besides, nothing so clears the intellect, so relieves the mind in anguish, so elevates it above the strife and agitation of the world, as the raising of it, with

perfect confidence, to Him, in whose hands is the destiny of man.

Secondly, as regards our neighbor.

Man is a sociable animal. Man depends upon his fellow-man. Not merely for food, clothing, and habitation, but even for counsel, joy and happiness, no man stands alone, but all need the assistance of a neighbor.

Although every young man has not a parent or appointed guardian to watch over him, yet every one ought to have and must have, somewhere or other, a friend. By a friend, I do not mean merely a companion, a playmate, one who amuses us and raises our good spirits with his alacrity and humor. By friend I mean one, who, first of all, fulfils the old adage, "a friend in need, is a friend indeed."

A true friend has a devoted interest in our welfare. To a friend we can confide a secret. To a friend we can manifest our weakness. To him we can look for support. He will gently reprove us in charity. He will not betray us in our absence.

He must, however, in the present emergency, be a man of experience, a high-minded man; but above all, a man who thinks of our eternal welfare, who is delighted rather with true virtue and noble motives than with our transitory success.

Gold, silver, honor, glory, all the earth and the fullness thereof, are not to be compared with the boon of a friend. Let us not con-

sider lightly his advice and good counsel. Next to God and conscience, he should be our guide. The saying goes, "no man is a judge in his own cause." It is particularly applicable to those souls that are in fear and perturbation. Others often see a matter that concerns us most vitally better than we see it ourselves.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

Thirdly, as regards our own judgment.

It cannot be denied that a man, after considering God and his neighbor, must still use his own judgment. Let us suppose God to inspire him. Grant that his friends have counselled him. His own instinct and judgment remain to be impressed with those benefits.

A friendly lawyer may advise one policy. A friendly physician another. Common sense may suggest a third. Religious zeal a fourth. Any one of these may be good; any one may be excessive; any one may be wrong. A man must use his own judgment and discrimination. Hence it is al-

ways true that, when a man chooses, it is his free will that acts: it is himself that chooses, not his friends, not God, not any exterior force.

How shall a man use his own judgment? After consultation with others, he must consider his own talents, his own experiences, his own inclinations, his own moral courage and physical endurance, his own pains and pleasures, his own secret desires, yea, all that which, in his heart of hearts, he can say, is "mine and mine alone."

Having consulted maturely these three, God, his neighbor, and himself, nothing more can be expected of him, nothing more can be demanded of him. He may now choose without fear.

Having thus chosen, in God's name and with the good counsel of better men, let the young man, without fear of reproach from God or man, with interior peace of mind and heart, fully armed and fully equipped for the great battle before him, advance with confidence, manfully and boldly to the combat.

JULES M. BURGUIERES, '00.

COELI CORONA.

Heu fugis, exilioque tuos, O Christe, relinquis,

Hostis ubi furit et bella cruenta premunt.

—Ascendo, ut regno potiar quod morte reclusi,

Ut vos sustineam, ut præmia digna parem.

STRAY LINES.

(Father Ryan once said of himself that he "often cried in strange regret ;" and in truth the most of his songs are in a mournful measure. The following lines, however, addressed to a lady friend, are in a joyful,—rather a playful—vein. They were composed on the occasion of a visit which the Poet paid to her house, and during which he was very much annoyed by her frisky and talkative offspring. He gave vent to his disturbed state of feelings in the charming but simple words of the poem. It is entitled "Rosa," the Christian name of the lady through whose courtesy we now for the first time publish these stray lines from our beloved Poet-Priest's pen.)

A Rose, 'tis said, has thorns,
This Rose has many such ;
I know this Rose has four
That sting her very much.

Two boys and two strange girls,
That are four thorns I vow ;
They ought to be four pearls
To deck their mother's brow.

'Tis hard to read them right,
For when you think you know,
You find you're not quite right ;
I find myself just so.

The boys I understand ;
The girls, ah me ! 'tis strange—
Now angry, and now bland,
From day to day they change.

Yet often all such thorns
But sweeten more the Rose ;
In evenings and in morns,—
Just here the Poet goes.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

FATHER JOHN JAMES DUFFO, S. J.

ON the 28th of February last, about dusk of a chill wintry evening, a funeral train wended its way by torch-light to the quiet little cemetery of Spring Hill College. Beneath the swaying pines that murmur a perpetual requiem, they gently laid to rest the mortal remains of the venerated Father John James Duffo, S. J., who had died at Selma, Ala., on the day previous.

Father Duffo was well known to most of our readers, as his work in the sacred ministry during the past fifty years, notably during the yellow fever epidemics which have at times visited various portions of the South, brought him prominently before the eyes of men, and proved him to be an Apostle worthy of his high vocation.

Father Duffo was born near Lou des, in the department of the Hautes Pyrenees, France, November 18th, 1826. He was reared in an atmosphere of religion by a good and pious mother, and early manifested a desire to embrace the priestly life.

On the 23rd of November, 1841, after completing his college education, filled with the noble ambition of devoting his life to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the young Levite left a happy home to enter the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Toulouse.

About four years later, while pursuing a course of higher

studies at Vals, Father Duffo heard of the pressing demand for missionaries in America and generously bade farewell to his native land to labor in the new field. In 1847 he arrived at Spring Hill College, and on February 6th of the following year was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by the saintly Bishop Portier of Mobile. For the next half-century he devoted himself to the duty of saving and succoring souls in the Southland, New Orleans being his headquarters and longest place of residence during this period.

It was in 1853, during the yellow fever epidemic which caused such wide-spread havoc, that Father Duffo's real life work began. There were only three Jesuit fathers in New Orleans in those days; Father Jourdan, deceased, the venerable Father Curioz, who though in his eighty-fourth year is still an active member of the Order, and the zealous and indefatigable Father Duffo.

Out of a population of 50,000 souls, some 15,000 were swept away in a few weeks by the fearful scourge that ravaged the city. There were not Catholic priests enough in New Orleans to minister to the sick and dying, as nearly all of those that were in the city were down with the plague. Father Curioz and Father Jourdan were stricken, and the mission of visiting the sick devolved upon Father Duffo alone. It was then that he became the true Christian

hero; his figure could be seen everywhere—in the mansions of the rich, in the hovels of the poor, comforting the sick and destitute, whispering words of hope and consolation to the dying, and burying the dead. For six weeks he ministered alone to the sick of the city, from Felicity street to Esplanade. Night and day he

might be fed. When the clouds of sorrow that hovered for five months over the city passed away, the records of New Orleans held no brighter name than that of Father Duffo.

After this, the noble hero in the cause of charity was engaged in thirteen different epidemics, and his name is held in sacred veneration



FATHER JOHN JAMES DUFFO, S. J.

was at his post of duty, eating when he could, and sleeping when the opportunity offered on a small cot at the entrance of the Jesuits' Hall, where he could always be within the sound of the voice of woe. His charity knew no limits of creed or race, but he went about soliciting aid for all in want and depriving himself that others

tion by the people of Natchitoches, Shreveport, Vicksburg, Natchez, and especially New Orleans, and wherever he exercised his sacred calling. As an apostle of the plague-stricken, his fame reached the furthest bounds of the land. No later than 1888, when he had passed his sixtieth year, he volunteered to take care of the fever

victims of Jacksonville, Fla. This was the last epidemic which he braved for his suffering fellow-men.

Keenly alive to all the crying needs of humanity, Father Duffo, at various periods of his eventful career, labored in another apostleship somewhat different from the former. For many years he attended condemned criminals in their last hours of imprisonment and also on the scaffold. His wonderful experiences in that line have been published in a pamphlet entitled, "Miracles of Divine Mercy."

In November, 1891, Father Duffo, while stationed in the Crescent City, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Jesuit Order. The occasion was one of unusual solemnity and interest, Father Duffo's long residence in New Orleans having endeared him to hundreds of families. On that day the aged servant in the Master's vineyard paused to review his work, and bid his friends come and chant with him the "Te Deum" of thanksgiving.

On that day he received telegrams of congratulations from two eminent members of the Catholic hierarchy. One was from Cardinal Gibbons, who spent his early years in New Orleans. Father Duffo had been the spiritual adviser of this youth, who was des-

tined to exert such an influence for good in the Catholic church in America, and receive such honors as had come to but one American prelate before him. It was Father Duffo who advised Cardinal Gibbons to study for the ministry, and affectionate ties bound the great churchman of later years and the old priest in Baronne street. The other was from Right Rev. Bishop Durier, of Natchitoches.

Two years ago in November, 1897, Father Duffo celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, a day that comes to few priests, especially Jesuits, by reason of the long years of study and preparation that they must make before receiving the crowning blessing of their efforts.

Shortly after the jubilee, Father Duffo was sent to Selma, Ala., to assist in parish work. He had not been there long when the final summons came. The zealous and self-sacrificing priest, whose motto had always been, "God and my fellow men," cheerfully welcomed death as a veritable release from mortal ills and the beginning of the truer and higher life.

The name of Father Duffo is deserving of a place side by side with that of the Apostle of Molokai, among the real and heroic benefactors of mankind, the world's philanthropists in deed and not in word.

EDWARD B. DREAPER, '02.

THE PASSING OF BAYARD.

THERE is a certain solemn interest surrounding the death-hour of a world-famed hero, which attaches to no other event of his remarkable career. Though we may be carried away with enthusiastic admiration as we behold him bravely fighting life's perilous battles, yet we are not contented unless we are able to follow and watch him in his final great struggle. Only then do we feel capable of pronouncing upon his claim to a rank among glory's immortal names.

For in that awful moment, should our admired one be of true metal, his nobility and worth will shine forth with redoubled splendor; while should he be great but in name, his real smallness and weakness and cowardice will not fail to manifest themselves to the world. Victorious in many a vigorous assault, he is shamefully conquered in the last stubborn, all-important charge.

A hero in life, a hero in death,—such was Pierre du Terrail de Bayard, one of the grandest, the most stainless ornaments of France's peerless chivalry. A loyal subject, a faithful friend, a generous enemy, an ever staunch, unwavering Christian, he was the very paragon of knightly virtue and military honor. In truth, so many and such transcendent qualities of mind and heart and body were centered in him that, unless we possessed the unanimous testimony of contemporary historians, we should be inclined to look upon

him as one of those creations of poetic fancy so often met with in the legendary lore of Europe.

Beginning life as a page in the household of the governor of Dauphiny, in which province he was born in 1476, the young knight first came into prominence during the reign of Charles VII. This prince he accompanied on his expedition against and conquest of the kingdom of Naples, in which Bayard signalized himself, especially at the battle of Fournoue. Later, under Louis XII., he rendered invaluable services to his country at the capture of Milan. In one engagement which took place near Naples in 1501, like another Horatius Cocles, alone he stoutly held a narrow bridge against the combined efforts of two hundred knights.

When the gallant Francis I. ascended the French throne, he at once recognized the sterling worth of the noble Dauphiny warrior and did not fail to profit by his military skill and bravery. In an encounter at Marignan about 1514, during the campaign against Charles V. of Spain, Bayard performed prodigies of valor that elicited the whole-souled admiration of friend and foe alike. So much impressed was his sovereign by his lion-like courage, that, according to an ancient custom in chivalry, he had himself knighted by his dauntless subject in open field. Bayard modestly conferred the golden spurs on the king of France.

Some time after this occurrence, the dauntless knight was defending the town of Mezieres against great odds with but scanty hopes of holding out successfully. He was advised by Francis to set fire to and evacuate the place which was in no condition to sustain a siege. He strenuously opposed this course of action, making answer in these sublime words, full worthy of a hero: "No position can be called weak which has true-hearted men to defend it."

Charles V. and his armies found no more obstinate opponent than Bayard. His sword was always unsheathed, always gleaming in his country's cause. Throughout the land he was admired for his patriotic valor; and, during a visit to Paris he was publicly and solemnly greeted as the Liberator of France. Charged to put down an insurrection at Genes, he appeared with a body of soldiery before the city gates; but as soon as the inhabitants discovered who was demanding their surrender, they laid down their arms without resistance and submitted to the royal authority. Upon his return he took possession of Lodi for his sovereign.

Soon, however, the fortunes of the thus far victorious French army will shift and change, and our heroic Bayard will meet with reverses. But as he was ever courageous in the glad hour of triumph, he will not prove a poltroon in the bitter moment of defeat. His valor will gleam with a brighter lustre through the dun shadows of calamity.

Admiral Bonnivet, about 1523, by ill-concerted plans had caused the repulse of the troops near Milan. Having been seriously wounded in the retreat, he made over the chief command to Bayard, who, as he accepted the arduous charge, remarked, "It is rather late—but it matters not; my soul belongs to God, my life to my country. I will save the army, or pour out my heart's blood in the attempt."

He had to cross the river Sesia in the face of a far superior force of Spaniards. Always the last in retreat, he gallops fearlessly along from rank to rank to cheer his men with his burning words. Encouraged by his noble speech and still nobler example, they perform marvellous deeds of daring and for a time seem to be carrying the day.

In the midst of the fighting, Bayard suddenly halts, his hands fall helpless to his side, he gasps with intense pain. He has been struck by a stone hurled from an arquebuse. Tearing through his right side, the death-bearing missile has fractured his spinal column. "Jesus! my God, my last hour is nigh!" exclaims the disabled hero, looking heavenward.

Straightway his followers gather about him and aid him to dismount and unbuckle his armor. They lean him against a tree and discover with intensest grief that the wound is fatal. With his dying breath he still animates his men to the fierce combat.

"Soldiers of France," he says, "Weep not; bow not those heads

inured to hardships and to battle's dreadful strife. Mourn not when you see a warrior meet a warrior's death. At peace with God, in the service of my king and country, I die contented. My gallant knights, Bayard was never known to turn his back upon a foe; move me, then, and once more let me face those whom I should be fighting. Ah! they come!—to horse, my braves! up with my standard! charge! let them know that even while dying Pierre du Terrail fears them not."

He then watches the hard-contested battle; but feeling that his moments are numbered, he hastens to prepare himself for the tribunal of final reckoning. Unable to secure an emblem of man's Redemption, he kisses the crossed hilt of his sword to show his reverential trust in the Saviour. No shriving priest of God is nigh, so the dying Christian confesses to God in the hearing of his faithful squire. Then interrupting his ardent prayers, he turns to him and gives him a last message to his sovereign:

"Tell my king I die as I have lived, pure in soul, stainless in honor, loyal to the last!"

The enemy, now become masters of the battlefield, approach the expiring Bayard and shed tears of sorrow and admiration over him. The Constable of Bourbon, formerly a companion in arms, now a black-hearted traitor, stepping near, exclaims: "How I pity thee, Monsieur de Bayard;

thee the gallant defender of France cruelly cut off in the midst of thy triumphs!" "Pity not me," answers the fallen hero, "who am giving up my life in the cause of loyalty. Rather pity thyself, Monsieur de Bourbon, who art basely fighting against thy king, thy country and thy oath!"

A few minutes later, with his heart uplifted to heaven and his hands devoutly clasped in prayer, the valiant warrior closed his eyes in the never-ending sleep of death. He had reached his forty-seventh year. His body was tenderly cared for by his enemies, who embalmed it, and in the midst of great solemnity, had it transported to Grenoble.

Thus perished Bayard, the model knight and man of faith, one of the few noted personages of his day whom we can praise in unstinted and unqualified terms. Of unimpeachable honesty, frank, modest, generous and pious, he also possessed all the heroic qualities which distinguish a finished soldier. With him religion was no empty name nor changeable fashion; it was a sacred principle, a fixed code of life, a binding link with the Creator. Persuaded that bravery, when unguided by the light of faith, was but a blind animal fury, he was ever firmly attached to the church and addicted to its practices. Well indeed did he merit the grand title conferred upon him by his contemporaries: "The Knight without fear and without reproach."

C. ANDRE LELONG, '01.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

“YES, SAH, Mars’ Bob, dat ’ere house em sho’ ha’nt-ed !—

“You kin shake yo’ haid, Mars’ Bob, but it’s a fak. You know Uncle Seffle who play dat ’ere fiddle fo’ de white folks to dance by ?—Well de odder night w’en he wus passin’ de ole ‘Hall’ place, he begin to feel kind uh ticklish. On all a sudden what do he heah but de rattlin’ of a chain, an’ de slammin’ of a do’; and den he seed suffin’ white at de window !

“No ’mount uh money could git dis heah cullud pusson near dat ’ere house; kase I figger dis er way: if dem ’ere ghostis don’t bodder me, I aint gwine to bodder dem.”

I could not help but laugh at this ghostly effusion of George Washington Ackerson — better known as Uncle George. The house to which he referred was an old, dilapidated frame building that stood opposite our place. It was once the servants’ quarters of the grand old country mansion that had been claimed, long ago, by the destructive hand of fire. In this house was enacted a tragedy, the details of which were related to me by my father, many years before.

“When I came to this neighborhood from New England,” said he, “and set up as a physician, that house was owned and occupied by a Mr. Hall. He was an old bachelor, and was reputed very rich though miserly.

“Often, when passing, I would

see him walking among the shady paths of his garden, or seated pensively on a rustic bench. At times he was accompanied by a young girl with the most bewitching face I have ever seen. Upon inquiry, I found that she was an Ethelind Freeman, who had been hired by old Hall to attend him in his feebleness.

“Shortly afterwards, Cecil Newcombe, a nephew and dependent of the rich bachelor, came home,—a graduate of a famous law school. A finer looking young man could not well be found. Tall, well built and singularly handsome, there beamed from his dark, lustrous eye a brightness that betokened the richness of his mental gifts. He was the heir apparent to all his uncle’s possessions, and in fine, saw before him the fairest prospects. Not long after his arrival, I heard that Ethelind Freeman had lost her position.

“Well, one day I was summoned on a sick-call, away out in the country. On my return, I was overtaken by a terrific storm. With the blinding lightning, the deafening thunder, the howling wind, the pelting rain, the inky darkness, and the extreme lateness of the hour, right glad was I when finally I heard my horse’s hoofs clattering on the paved street that led past the Hall property to my own snug house. Just as I got opposite the ‘Mansion,’ a vivid flash of lightning rent the black vault above, flooding, with

its dazzling splendor, the surrounding country. At the moment my eyes were directed towards the Hall house. That one flash revealed to me a man descending a ladder which rested against the sill of an upper window. At the same instant a tile fell from the roof and struck the man on the head, causing him to stagger to the ground. 'Some poor servant securing a blind,' I mused, as I turned my horse's head into our lane.

"The next day the neighborhood was horrified at hearing that Mr. Hall was found dead in bed with his skull crushed! Not a clue to the murderer! Old Hall had retired about nine o'clock. The door of his room was found locked on the inside, the window blinds were closed, but the sash was up. The perpetrator of the dreadful crime had entered, then, from the outside. Yes, for lying on the lawn, a short distance off, was found a ladder.

"'Who could the murderer be?' passed from mouth to mouth.

"Finally, suspicion fell strong upon Cecil Newcombe, and in default of bail, he was committed to prison.

"It dawned upon me, at first intelligence of the bloody deed, that the man whom I had perceived by that lightning flash on the ladder, was not the securer of window blinds, but old Hall's murderer. Besides, I had seen enough, in that short time, to be positive that it was not Cecil Newcombe on whom the tile fell. So con-

vinced was I of the young man's innocence, that I offered myself as a witness in his trial.

"When put upon the stand, under oath, I told the court exactly what I had seen that eventful night. How could a man, I asked, who was felled to the ground by a tile dropping on his head, appear the next day uninjured and with not even a hair ruffled?

"Nevertheless, evidence was sadly against poor Cecil. It was proved that he and the old gentleman had had quarrels of late; that among other things Cecil had declared to his uncle his love for Ethelind, and his intention of marrying her; that in angry manner, the cross-grained old bachelor had disapproved of his nephew's intention, avowing with an oath that, did he take such a step, he would disinherit him.

"This only served to draw from Cecil a protest that not for all the money in the world would he give up Ethelind.

"'Leave the room!' thundered his irate kinsman. This was just at the time he had dismissed Ethelind from his service.

"All the witnesses had been examined, to the no small discomfiture, be it said, of unfortunate Cecil. The trial proper was at an end, and the jury were leaving the court-room to prepare their verdict when, turning towards the excited crowd that thronged the room, my eyes chanced to fall upon a man of dark, crafty features. His head was bared, and, lurking beneath his neatly combed hair, I

noticed a piece of plaster that seemed to cover a wound in his head.

"As he met my gaze, his eye fell, and as I continued gazing he became disturbed, shuffled back and in quiet haste made for the door. In a flash my resolution was taken.

" 'Stop that man' I cried, 'he's the murderer!'

"The self-convicted villain bolted out of the door but was speedily caught and led back into the court-room.

"Being intimidated, the wretch confessed that he had slain old Hall.

" 'I entered his room by a ladder,' he said, 'with the intention of robbing him. But I stumbled over a chair, while searching for his purse, and woke him. Mr. Hall sat up in bed and asked who was

there, and in answer I hit him over the head with a club.'

Needless to add, Cecil Newcombe was now set free; and shortly afterwards he carried out his purpose in regard to Ethelind Freeman.

"Since the departed uncle had not as yet made the threatened change in his will, Cecil became sole heir to his vast fortune, and soon moved from the neighborhood to the West.

"The 'Mansion' was never afterwards occupied, and, gradually falling into ruin, it got the name among the negroes of being 'ha'nted.' In after years it was struck by lightning, and later burnt to the ground; but its ghostly connections were transferred, by the superstitious colored folk, to the decaying servants' quarters."

P. S. COWLEY, '03.

THROUGH ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(A few extracts from letters written while on a Cycling Tour last summer.)

WE have now spent several weeks in England,—long enough to become infatuated with this "tight little island."

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S PALACE AT WOODSTOCK.

Yesterday we journeyed to Woodstock to see the Palace of the Duke of Marlborough. It is a beautiful place, with extensive grounds, and of interest to all

travellers, as it was presented by England to the first, the great Duke of Marlborough. Americans have a peculiar interest in Blenheim Palace, for an American lady, Consuelo Vanderbilt, is now its mistress. By her tact, ability and financial resources, she has restored the family seat of the Marlborough's to its former high position in the social and political world of Great Britain.

THE LAW ENFORCED.

Everything we have seen tends to impress us with the strict attention paid to the law in this country, even in remote little villages. As an illustration, let me tell you what occurred since I last wrote you. "A good joke?" you will say. I myself think it too good to keep; hence my generosity in sharing it with you.

HELD UP.

On the road to Woodstock (by bicycle) we were held up by three men. In old England, on one of the Queen's public highways, we were ordered to halt and dismount. But when we had obeyed there was no demand for money, no demand for watches or other trinkets. These "highwaymen" desired to rob us not of trash, but of our good names.

OUR CYCLING INTERRUPTED.

But to explain to you the reason of this queer proceeding:—

The country in and around Woodstock is slightly hilly, and wheeling up the hills would be quite without compensation were it not for the delightful coast down. We had slowly and laboriously made our way to the top of the highest and steepest hill, and were fully expecting a great coast of about a half mile, when to our dismay we found that a portion of the road was being re-macadamized.

ONE OF TWO ALTERNATIVES.

We must ride on the sidewalk

or give up the coast, so naturally we gayly choose the former. It was our intention to remain on the walk only long enough to pass the part of the road that was being improved, but the incline was steep and our speed became so great that soon it was impossible to turn into the main road.

ORDERED TO "HALT!"

As we were flying along, three men appeared on the crest of the hill just ahead of us. No attention was paid to them at first,—in fact, not until we neared each other, when we observed that they wore blue uniforms and brass buttons.

Then at the risk of our necks, we hurriedly took to the road, having long ago passed that portion of the highway which was unfit for use. The men in blue also took to the road and marched steadily towards us. The ringing of bells was of no avail; onward, still onward, they came. We were now but a few paces apart, when the order to halt and dismount was given. We knew we were "in for it;" riding on sidewalks is punishable in the United States,—so, how much greater must be the offence in staid, conservative England!

IN A DILEMMA.

"What is your name?" demanded an officer. At this we put our heads together and held a short caucus. The question in our minds was whether to tell our names and addresses or to con-

ceal our identity. The maxim that "honesty is the best policy" having been instilled into us by years of teaching, we decided to answer all questions truthfully.

"WHERE IS ALABAMA?"

The constable again demanded of me: "Your name?" I gave it. "Where do you live?" "Mobile, Alabama." "Mobile, Alabama?" repeated the constables in chorus. They looked at each other, they looked at us. "Alabama! in what part of England is Alabama? Where is Alabama?" Rumsey of our crowd remarked dryly that Alabama must not have been discovered when the officers studied Geography. This bit of repartee was enjoyed by us if not by the blue-coats.

Rumsey was then questioned, and when he mentioned New York as his home, the perplexity of the constables vanished. In a word, we were Americans.

* * * *

WARWICK CASTLE.

We visited Warwick Castle in the afternoon, and spent two very enjoyable hours admiring the masterpieces on exhibition and studying the architecture of the old fortress. The river Avon runs along one side of the outer walls and forms a natural moat.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

I was attracted to the river bank by an old mill which in former days ground the grain of the Earl and his tenants. This building and the run is still used, but not for grinding grain. To-

day the wheel, driven by the water of the Avon, generates electricity for the illumination of the Castle. Yesterday, a feudal mill—to-day an electric light plant! The past and the present, the mediæval and the modern,—are they not oddly linked?

RIDING ON A TRAM-CAR.

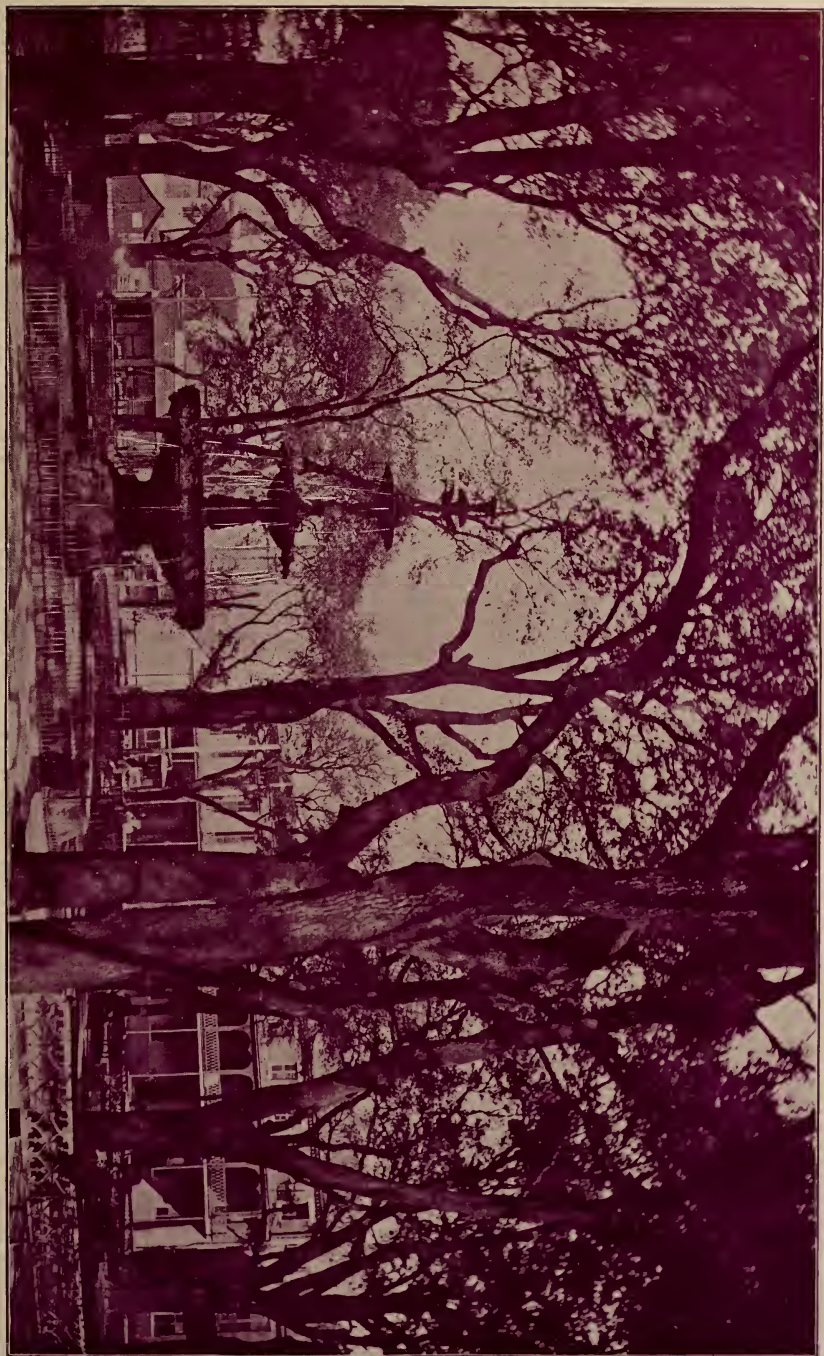
We came out of the Castle at five o'clock, had tea, then decided to go to Leamington, a famous health resort. It is connected with Warwick by a horse-car line, or to be English, "you know," by tram-cars. After a few moments' waiting, we were gladdened by the sight of a car. Every seat was taken, but no one was standing. Somewhere we had heard that "there is always room for one more," so we swung aboard as the car passed.

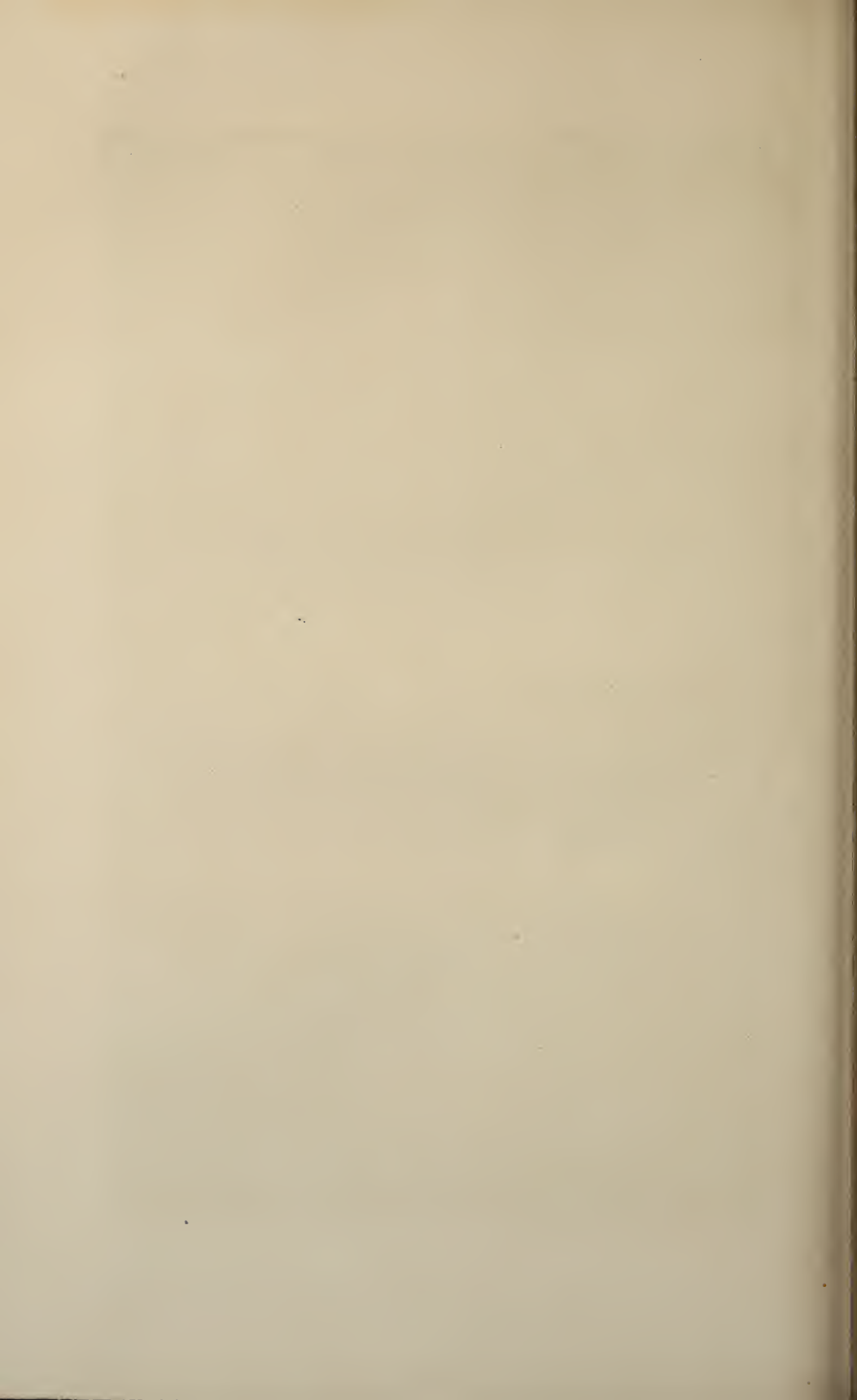
NO MORE ROOM.

The conductor evidently disapproved of this performance, as he immediately signalled the driver to stop, then politely told us that they were carrying the full complement of passengers. We did not quite comprehend what was expected of us and cheerfully expressed our willingness to stand up or to hang on to "any old thing." But again came a polite response, and we learned that a conductor was fined if he carried more than the seating capacity of the car; so we had the pleasure (?) of waiting for one less crowded.

What do you suppose a base ball crank would say if he were put off a Monroe Park car for the

BIENVILLE SQUARE.





reason above given, when on his way to a game? We thought just what that crank would say.

* * * *

LA BELLE FRANCE AND PARIS.

A few days ago we bade adieu to France and crossed the border into Switzerland. Truly, the former country deserves the title, "La Belle France," and so overpowered am I by the glory of its capital, Paris, the only Paris, with its marvellous art galleries, beautiful churches, stately boulevards, and so forth, that I must beg you not to expect any description of its innumerable attractions.

A WHEELMEN'S PARADISE.

And for the country itself,—with what regret we left the splendid system of roads which make it a veritable wheelmen's paradise! Fancy every highway throughout the entire Republic as smooth and as well cared for as our Shell Road, and so well drained that one hour after a hard shower, one can ride with no attendant discomfort.

THE CHURCH OF ST. DENIS.

By the way, did I tell you in a previous letter of that quaint scene we witnessed in the village of Pontoise, only a few miles from Paris? Or to place it more distinctly before your mind, it is just beyond one of the most noted suburbs of Paris, St. Denis,—St.

Denis, whose great church serves as a huge mausoleum for many of France's Royal Rulers. Greatest of all in interest to me was the tomb of beautiful Marie Antoinette,—but let me leave that for another letter.

GOAT MILKING TO THE TUNE OF A FIFE.

To return to Pontoise,—we passed through one Sunday afternoon; the streets were crowded and the little tables in front of the cafés surrounded by happy groups, busy discussing various liqueurs and beer. But it was neither the people nor the beverages that attracted us.

A man came down the street blithely playing a fife, just as did the Pied Piper of Hamelin in the olden days; but instead of rats or children, a small army of goats followed. The strange cavalcade halted before a house, the Piper played a peculiarly seductive little tune, the door opened. We watched breathlessly. Would another goat come forth? Instead a buxom maid appeared armed with a pitcher. The Piper laid aside his melodious reed and descended to the prosaic work of milking.

Have you ever heard of a more unique, movable dairy?—and this almost within the shadow of the Queen of civilization!

* * * *

H. HERBERT LYONS, '99.

TO A ROSEBUD AFTER A STORM.

Fallen from thy glory
 Art thou little flower;
 Faded is thy beauty—
 Oh! thou ruthless shower!

Broken lie thy petals,
 Gone thy perfume rare,
 Scattered are thy leaflets
 Through the tempest air.

Queenly was thy splendor,
 Loved by passers-by:
 Now they stand in wonder
 Hearing but a sigh.

Crushed and bruised floweret,
 Golden truth that lies
 Hidden in tiny falling,
 See how men despise!

Human lives may glory,
 Boast they too are fair;
 Yet like thine, their beauty
 Time will soon impair.

Cheeks shall lose their roses,
 Lustrous eyes depart:—
Virtue 'tis that lingers
Fair within the heart.

1901.

HISTORY.

FEW of us are indifferent to the charms of history; few of us do not acknowledge a partiality for the "messenger from the distant past."

The present may be bright and cheery, and, prying into the dimly lighted portals of the future, great happiness may appear to be in store for us; yet, we love most to

linger over by-gone ages. There is a certain indefinable beauty encircling them which neither the time being nor the time to come possesses in itself. Perhaps the former is too fresh to show vividly forth all its importance, and the latter too far beyond our grasp to claim our attention very long or steadily.

But the past is all our own. We may calmly look back upon it, view it in its varied lights and shades, and feed our minds upon its manifold splendors. Its heroes become ours, its famed men and women live again in our world, and all its glorious deeds loom up before our admiring gaze like the stars after twilight. Once more we behold its great conquerors leading armies to the field of battle, once more we witness the overthrow of wealthy monarchies, the rise and fall of powerful dynasties, the origin and growth of popular and long-standing governments.

Former wars, just and unjust, are waged over again, laws are enacted, revolutions convulse the land, right is trampled underfoot, and might, the brazen tyrant, is triumphant. All this and more passes before our eyes as if occurring in the living present. Hence our fondness for history, "the witness of ages," the chronicle of the grave,—a fondness which, springing up in our bosoms in the dawn of youth, grows and waxes stronger within us, even till the dingy dusk of life begins to gather about our horizon.

Apart, however, from the pleasure derived from this excellent study, it affords us an education which is invaluable and could scarcely be acquired even at the cost of immense pains and labor. No art, no pursuit, can impart to us the mental and moral training which a few pages of history will effect. For in this "teacher of our

lives" we have as in a nutshell the vast and varied experience of wise and successful men for centuries and centuries ago. We become possessed of their rule of life, their plan of government, the operations of their masterly minds. We may follow them as they take each successive step up the ladder of fame; we may watch them as they carry through some mighty design or surmount some great obstacle. Now we may view them in the council-chamber, then in the battle-camp; now framing useful laws, then leading armies to glorious victory or honorable defeat. In the sunshine of prosperity, or in the storms of adversity, they constantly stand out before us as grand types after which we may fashion our lives, as secure guides along the by-paths and crooked ways of this world, as noble leaders in the battle for honor and right.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of time."

But besides teaching us what to do, history also points out in unmistakable tokens what we are to avoid. It puts before us both sides of human nature, the bad as well as the good; it shows forth the light while not hiding the shadow. It maps out the high-road to infamy as well as the path to glory's heights. While contemplating the course pursued by the favored few who have reached the port of fame unscathed, we may also trace the route of those

who, failing for want of skill or energy, to steer their bark aright, have miserably run aground or split against a jutting rock. The entire panorama of human action for over five thousand years is laid out before us in marked and precise outline.

While imparting these valuable lessons of life, history also fires us with a love of country,—or at least enhances and strengthens this heaven-born virtue in our hearts. Right well did England's late laureate sing:

"Love thou thy land with love far
brought
From out the storied past."

And, in sooth, what man less cold than marble, and less hard than flint, can peruse the glories of his fatherland in the record of the "storied past," without experiencing a new and increased admiration and fondness for it? As he cons the eloquent pages that tell of its rise, progress and prosperity, and the gallant men who brought about these happy issues, how his heart will glow with a warmth never before animating it! Far dearer to him become his native mountains and valleys, hills and dales, streams and lakes and woodlands! Every rood of ground is sanctified, and the land of his birth is high enthroned in his affections with a strength that time can never eradicate!

What true-souled American, reading the golden chronicles of his country, will remain unmoved at the mention of Lexington, Bunker Hill or Yorktown? Can he behold in fancy the birth of our closely linked government by the people, with the people, and for the people, the grandest on the face of the earth, and the wonder of the ages,—can he behold it, I say, and not feel himself carried away with uncontrollable enthusiasm? Can he glance with stolid indifference at the opening words of that immortal deed, the key-stone of our liberty, the Declaration of Independence? Will he not be electrified upon hearing that magic sound, Washington? Can he stand idly, listlessly, coldly by while listening to a roll call of such inspiring names as Henry, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, Lee, Greene, Jackson, Semmes and Wheeler?

Truly, then, history is a noble study, a treasure beyond all price for human kind. We may draw from its precious depths the rarest gems of wisdom and morality; nor shall we ever exhaust this storehouse of sound, practical knowledge. Cicero's encomium, then, was none too high when he styled history "the witness of ages, the light of truth, the life of our memory, the teacher of our lives, a messenger from the distant past."

J. DOUGLAS O'BRIEN, '00.



THE COLLEGE BASEBALL CLUB.



BE PRACTICAL.

TO the young man about to enter upon the struggle with the world, no more useful advice could be given than may be summed up in the two words, "Be Practical." To him the famous words of Mr. Cleveland might be applied with peculiar force; and the more deeply he realizes their truth, the more certain is his future success.

Truly it is a condition not a theory which then confronts him. Few, very few, when their college days are over, have a career open to them in which they are reasonably assured in advance of even moderate success. And by success in life we are not to understand the attainment of any great distinction which will place ours among the few immortal names; for they are, in truth, the successful ones who, with the advantages received in education and in mental and physical capacities, make such good use of these that they either excel, or at least, fall not below, the average of their fellow-men with equal advantages; who live practical, useful and honorable lives.

Be practical, then, at the start; do not assume that it is incumbent upon you to choose some special career; remember that every honest career is an honorable one. Look around you, weigh carefully your own resources, appreciate

conscientiously your own capacities and aptitudes; watch for your opportunities, recognize and take advantage of them. Look ahead, but not too far; wind and tide change, so does the current of human events; but no man can foresee the change by more than a very brief period of time. Be practical, then, and do not attempt the impossible.

Make friends and, above all, keep them, but be practical; learn to distinguish well between your friends and your flatterers; trust the former and fear the latter. Do not *speak* of what you can do, but be practical and do not fail to *show* by your deeds of what you are capable, that your friends may have the opportunity of speaking in your behalf.

Seek no responsibilities you are not called upon to assume, but when responsibilities rest upon you, accept them manfully, seek honestly to find what is right, and do it; you have then done the best you can; but be practical, waste no time in seeking to show that you were right; nothing is to be accomplished by it. Some will always approve, some will always blame, but the great majority, who are usually indifferent, will always recognize and give credit for sincerity.

Be practical, then, in all things; do nothing without a purpose and

a good one; and if, when your life's work is done, it can be truthfully said of you that you have led an honest and a useful life, you have had the full measure of success usually allotted to men. If

God has intended you for greater things, the opportunity to accomplish them will surely come. Then, be practical; recognize and profit by the opportunity.

JOHN ST. PAUL, '84.

THE FIRE AT GRAND COTEAU.

LAST February, one of the two principal buildings constituting St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana, was burned to the ground. When, during the same month but thirty-one years before, Spring Hill was reduced to a heap of smouldering ashes, her children sought and found refuge beneath the hospitable roof of the now desolate institution. In view of this fact, the following account of the late disaster, written by an eye-witness, will prove of interest to Spring Hillians:

"It has pleased God to try once more this institution of many vicissitudes in the past. It is here that the Society of Jesus educates the young members of the New Orleans mission in the collegiate branches of the higher education.

"There are, or rather were, two main buildings. In the old, with its grand pillars and porticos, erected in 1837, resided the professors and a certain number of the students; in it also are the recitation rooms, the physical and chemical apparatus, and various offices of the establishment. In the so-called new building, standing

since 1858, were, in the third story, the rest of the students and the collegiate library of \$10,000 estimated value, bearing an insurance of \$3000; in the second story, the rooms of the rector, the minister, some old fathers, and the house library. In the first or lower story were bathrooms, an extra lecture room, the refectory and the students' library. To the rear were the kitchen and larder.

"These two buildings were connected by a long wooden shed with shingled roof. To the south are the infirmary and servants' quarters, and near by the large barn. To the west of the old building, the well-known St. Charles College, dedicated *Deo et Patriae*, is the large and beautiful parish church, and to the north the presbytery, and the so-called White House; still farther the old church, venerable and picturesque. All these are of wood.

"In the evening of the 17th, a chimney in the rear of the new building was seen to be on fire, but the roof was of slate and no danger was feared. In some or other manner the fire was stealing

its way between the roof and the ceiling. The night was intensely cold, but providentially calm and still. Had the wind been from the north, the infirmary, the stable and doubtless many houses of the village would have been lost. Had it been from the south, then noth-

dropping on his face and bed. The alarm was given, but it was plain that nothing but the clothes on the inmates of that corridor could be saved. An attempt was, indeed, made to secure some of the more valuable volumes of the collegiate library, but it was im-



ST. CHARLES COLLEGE, GRAND COTEAU, LA., FOUNDED 1837.

(The building on the right of the picture was burned.)

ing would have been left; the old college, the church and other buildings would have consummated the holocaust.

"About a quarter to 1 a. m., a scholastic was awakened by sparks filtering through the ceiling and

possible to breathe in the smoke that already filled the apartment, while the flames were already eating their way through the ceiling. From the second story everything of value was secured. The volumes of the house library were

sent sailing from the windows to the lawn beneath, whence they were gathered up and borne off. Some of them, indeed, lit upon the backs of the rescuers, greatly impressing them with their weight of learning and solidity of argument.

"It was touching to see our young rector, covered with the eucharistic veil, and preceded by two students with lighted candles, silently and solemnly bearing away to the parish church the Lord of the Sanctuary. As he pressed Him to his bosom, no doubt he was saying, 'Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done.'

"The writer was one of those living in that corridor, and he was slow to believe in the extent and swift progress of the disaster. Having dressed in civilian clothes and secured some manuscripts, the spare results of years of labor, he was thinking what he should put in the empty trunk beside him, when two students hurried him unwillingly away; five minutes later one of these was letting himself down from a window sill of that second story, a height of from 15 to 20 feet. Yet another climbed over the iron balustrade and slid down a column to the ground.

"From the lower floor everything was rescued, the students' library, benches, tables and all the paraphernalia of the refectory, even to the paintings that lined the wall. They worked on to the last, unconscious that orders had been issued that every one should abandon the building.

"All this was accomplished by the students and lay-brothers, assisted by the hired servants, and latterly by a few of the neighbors, altogether about fifty in number, in a half hour from the first alarm. To protect the old building, on which they were sprinkling water from a hose, they had also cut down and borne away the wooden shed that extended to it.

"As the writer surveyed the scene, he could not but be impressed with the serene calm of of one and all, from the rector, who found himself thus afflicted in the first year of his office, to the youngest student in philosophy. Their calm was not that of indifference, but of utter resignation to the will of God. One remarked to a gray-haired veteran: 'It must be very hard on you to be made houseless and homeless in your old age,' and the answer was: 'Houseless yes, but homeless never.'

"It was very instructive to note the effective result of the discipline and of the characteristic virtue of the Society, obedience. Not even was the alarm bell tolled to summon the neighbors until permission was given. There was no outcry, no frenzied shouting, but swiftly, cheerfully, almost silently, but most fearlessly they worked; and no company of regular soldiers could have shown more coolness and courage and thorough discipline than those young cadets of the Company of Jesus.

"*Dieu roult*, God's will be done."

F. P. GARESCHE, S. J.

[In the Catholic Propagator for March 1, 1900.

INCENDIUM COLLEGII.

SANCTI CAROLI.

Nox memoranda diu, Martis bis sexta Kalendas,
Sexagesima erat Paschali praevia festo,
Volventis saeculi dum mundus jubila ducit.
Ante diem Domini sub noctem corda paramus:
Culpas, ut mos, confessi votisque profusis,
Somno securi placido committimus artus,
Sopimurque alte quod perquam frigida nox est;
Fors et somnia sunt pleno sub lumine lunae.

At quam commodus est socius mortalibus ignis,
Tam metuendus erit sese quum fecerit hostem.
Serpserat heic dudum fortassis subdola flamma;
Clam siccas tabulas ussit tectisque propinquat.
Ecce repente sonus! pulsantur fortiter aera.
"Quid? vesani sunt?—Mane est?"—Fricat alter ocellos;
Huic braciae desunt; lampas lucere recusat.

At nunc undique vox: "Ignis tecto est! domus ardet!"
Jam flammae superant tectum, jam sidera tangunt;
Noctem convertunt in lucem. Currimus omnes,
Huc illuc, citius pigrius, juvenesque senesque.
Attoniti, trepidi, mentis sed robore fortes:
(Mirantur vulgus tantae secreta quietis!)
Hic sua fert, alius diversi strata cubilis;
Utres dirigit hic; cisternas ille retentat:
Vae! reperit cunctas glaciatas frigore noctis.

Per valvas passim qui mittunt perque fenestras
Libros ac cartas fumo cessare coguntur.
Nostri contendunt alique labore tueri
Quae possunt alacri: servatur multa supellex.
Est qui post operam scalae fervore repulsus
Ex alto sese projecit fornice salvus.

Ecce tibi turbas inter trepidosque tumultus
Dignam pictura scenam, qualis fuit olim
In casu Solymis sanctae discessio gentis.
Ut pompis mos est, sacro vestitus amictu,
Stipatus facibus, tinnitum edente ministro,
Incedit gradibus firmis vultuque sereno
Mystes sacra ferens ardenti erepta sacello.
Limine consistens intactis aedibus alte
Pyxin sustollit dum verba precantia dicit,
Quae Deus audivit, progressus depulit ignis.

Quatuor horis post, en! muri, ferra, favillae,
Praetereaue nihil! Gratiae Coelestibus autem
Sunto, quod placuit antiquis parcere tectis;
Et quamvis graviter, sed tandem vivitur apte,
Dum nobis dederit nova moenia Numen!

C. M. W.

SPRING HILL TO GRAND COTEAU.

(After the Recent Fire.)

What means this gloom we feel,
 Why are we sad?
What o'er our hearts doth steal,
 That erst were glad ?
Why now our flag half-mast,
That, but an hour past,
Boldly defied the blast
 In glory clad?

This morn a cloud of smoke
 Darkened the West,
As the bright world awoke
 From peaceful rest;
Grand Coteau, once so proud,
From out her ashy shroud,
Sent forth this dismal cloud,
 Now sore distressed.

Sister, that once our cold
 Children received,
Our portals wide unfold
 To Thee bereaved.
Our tears shall soothe thy burn,
Our hearts shall be thy urn,
As they in love's return
 For Thee have grieved.

Yet we recall the night
 Of long ago,
When from their towering height
 Our walls fell low.
Hope dries our tearful eyes,
And where thy ruin lies,
Once more we see Thee rise,
 Fair Grand Coteau!

F. I. M.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A FEW days ago I was passing by a green, on which were gathered together a group of schoolboys preparing to engage in a game of base ball. They were a happy, noisy, frisky crowd—nothing unusual for their kind,—all except one little lad of about eleven summers. Though he, too, was joyful, the presence of a pair of crutches on which he leaned for support, accounted for his not romping and hopping about like his more favored comrades.

Poor Willie Lyons had been a cripple from birth. His affliction was a sore trial to him, more especially because he was unable to join in all the athletic sports of his companions. Still these, obeying their true boys' instincts, did all in their power to lighten their stricken young friend's burden.

They allowed him to partake in as many of their games as they conveniently could, and when it became necessary to refuse him, did so in the kindest and most considerate manner possible. On this occasion, however, one of his playmates forgot himself.

They were eagerly pressing around the two captains, who were "choosing up sides." The two contending teams were soon arranged, and Willie discovered that he had not been selected. He called attention to the omission by asking in an embarrassed tone of voice:—

"Won't you let me play, please?"

"We are afraid you might be hit by the ball, and get hurt," answered one of the captains.

"Oh, no I won't! I can take care of that!" protested Willie.

"But, don't you see," put in another boy, "you can't run, and you'll be all the time in the way?"

To this Willie, wounded to the quick, answered not a word. In shame and confusion he shrank from the crowd. But a defender of the maimed boy stepped forth; he was one of the oldest among them, and one of the captains.

"How mean of you to talk that way to Willie! How would you feel if you were like him, and somebody would always be reminding you of your trouble?"

Then turning to Willie he spoke encouragingly:—

"Come, Willie, you'll play on our side. Don't worry about running; I'll do all the running for you."

The poor boy's face brightened up, and with a hearty "Thank you," to his generous companion, he smilingly rejoined his fellows.

The game proceeded merrily; and all were happier for this noble act of charity to one of God's suffering children.

As I turned to leave the happy band, the thought arose unbidden in my mind: here, surely, I have found a gentleman, one who, in very truth, "never inflicts pain" nor allows pain to be inflicted.

EMILIO E. VILLAMIL, '03.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COIN.

HERE I am,—chuckled a bright gold coin—dangling from the watch-chain of a millionaire, who, I must say, treats me with respect; and well he may, for I was the beginning of his fortune. But if I am now enjoying a quiet and comfortable existence, it was not always thus; for mine indeed has been a strange and eventful career.

It was in the Spring of 1849, during the great rush for gold to California that two adventurous young men from Tennessee found me buried under nineteen feet of sand. How shapeless, how ungainly, how dirty I then looked! Still—I remember it well—how the sight of me, even so ungainly, cheered the hearts of the young adventurers, for it was the first nugget they had found; and no sooner had the pickaxe turned me over in my sandy bed, than I was taken up with exclamations of joy and given a thorough bath in a neighboring creek, and afterwards set up in a prominent position in the camp.

I formed part of the first shipment to the Assay Office, where I heard a man say “eighty-nine per cent pure” as he turned me round to take a good view of me before my departure; for I had to be sent to the Mint the very next day.

After a wearisome journey, I found myself at the Mint in New Orleans, where I met with a warm reception. The heat here was so intense that I actually melted!

Besides, I was cruelly beaten and hard pressed in many ways, but I finally came out of the ordeal—a bright, new five-dollar gold piece.

With a lot of other coin, bright and new like myself, I was piled in a strong box and shipped to Washington, D. C. On the way the train was wrecked, and there was a great crash! The strong box in which we were closely lined up was broken and we were scattered on the ground near the track. There we lay under the heavy debris, but not for a long time. The salvage crew did not forget us; my companions were all rescued, but I chanced to roll in a fissure in the ground and so I was left behind.

There I lay until a heavy rain came along and I was washed away some fifty yards down the road. I was gradually carried further down the hill-side, till at last I lodged in a conspicuous place, not more than a hundred yards from a small cottage. This, I believe, was near Atlanta, in the State of Georgia.

More than eight months had passed since the railroad wreck, when a boy while gathering some faggots, espied my beaming face, and oh! how jubilant he was! In all my long and varied career, I don’t recall one instance in which I was able to give such genuine joy.

That very night I was exchanged at the nearest grocery, and the clerk dropped me hard on the counter to see if I were good. I

grew indignant at this insult both to myself and my late possessor, but perhaps he did not mean it.

However, I spent a pleasant night; for this was the first company I had fallen into since the accident on the train—and such company it was! A few musty bills, some time-worn quarters and dimes, and several bad nickels! But each had an interesting, sometimes thrilling, story to relate, and but for the odor of smoked bacon, to which I was not accustomed, we had a jolly time in the grocer's safe.

But this did not last long; only two days later I passed into the hands of a travelling agent in exchange for a patent non-smoking oil stove. Ha! ha! I said to myself I am going to see something of the wide world now! Well, we went to San Francisco, and the air of my old home seemed to fill me with new life. Here I fell into the hands of a tourist, who had neither bicycle nor kodak—for that was long ago—but still I felt happy at the thought of going abroad,—and I was not alone, but with good company, and plenty of it, in the man's morocco purse.

One day, as he was going to buy something, he took me out,—and I felt sure the hour of parting had come; but, as luck would have it, I was not needed for the purchase, and the man absent-mindedly put me into his vest pocket;—and that was another streak of luck, for, just before setting sail for foreign parts, the tourist changed all his money for

English Money, myself, of course, excepted.

When on the steamer bound for Yokohama, he came across me with a look of surprise, and then, absent-mindedly as before, he put me into his purse with the pounds and shillings. Here, contrary to my expectations,—for I always thought that I looked well,—I was very coldly received, and even looked upon with contempt by the other coins; so that I was rather glad, on reaching Yokohama, to be handed over to the porter who carried the baggage to the hotel. But, I had been given by mistake, and when the indignant porter discovered the error, he abused in terms unmeasured both myself and the tourist.

But the insult ended not here. That very night the porter considered himself shrewd (just think of it!) to trade me off for one glass of ale. Then again was I abused and my country was abused, and I just felt like rolling off somewhere to weep in secret the bitter tears of exile.

As I lay there separated from all company, quarantined, you might say, as if infected with some dread disease, how I longed to return to the land beyond the seas, where all have equal rights before the law!

After one long month of weary waiting the time did come. An American captain, to whom I was shown, being asked if I were really sound, gladly came to my relief, and in three days I was sailing back to the United States

The voyage was uneventful, but full of joy for me. So ill-used had I been in a foreign land that I was no longer particular as to what became of me provided I was at home. In fact, no sooner had I landed than I began to move about so briskly that I can hardly recall now all that happened to me.

From the captain I passed to his son, and thence into an artist's studio; to-day in a bakery and to-morrow with the grocer; now in the hands of a Chinaman, and then of a jockey; one week at the races and the next at a camp-meeting—transitions as rapid as they were regardless of personal feeling and propriety.

But I had grown accustomed to all this; ill-treatment had so

hardened my feelings that even when, one day, someone took it into his head to drill a hole through me, even that I bore without a murmur. This is how it happened:—

An enterprising young man who had just entered into what he thought would prove a lucrative business,—and he was not mistaken,—had come by me as the profits of his first day's doings. Expecting to become a rich man in a short time, he was determined to keep me as a gratifying reminder, not so much of his former poverty, as of his subsequent thrift and business capacity; and that man, now a railroad magnate, was,—what do you think?—the ICEMAN!

EUGENE COSTELLO, '04.

THE JESUIT PLAN OF EDUCATION.

BY HON. CHARLES J. THEARD, '76.

[In view of the vigorous controversy lately called forth by some remarks which were made by President Eliot, of Harvard University, derogatory to the Jesuit system of education, it is interesting to hear the opinions of one who has received his intellectual training under that system. The obnoxious remarks occurred in an article which was published in the Atlantic Monthly.

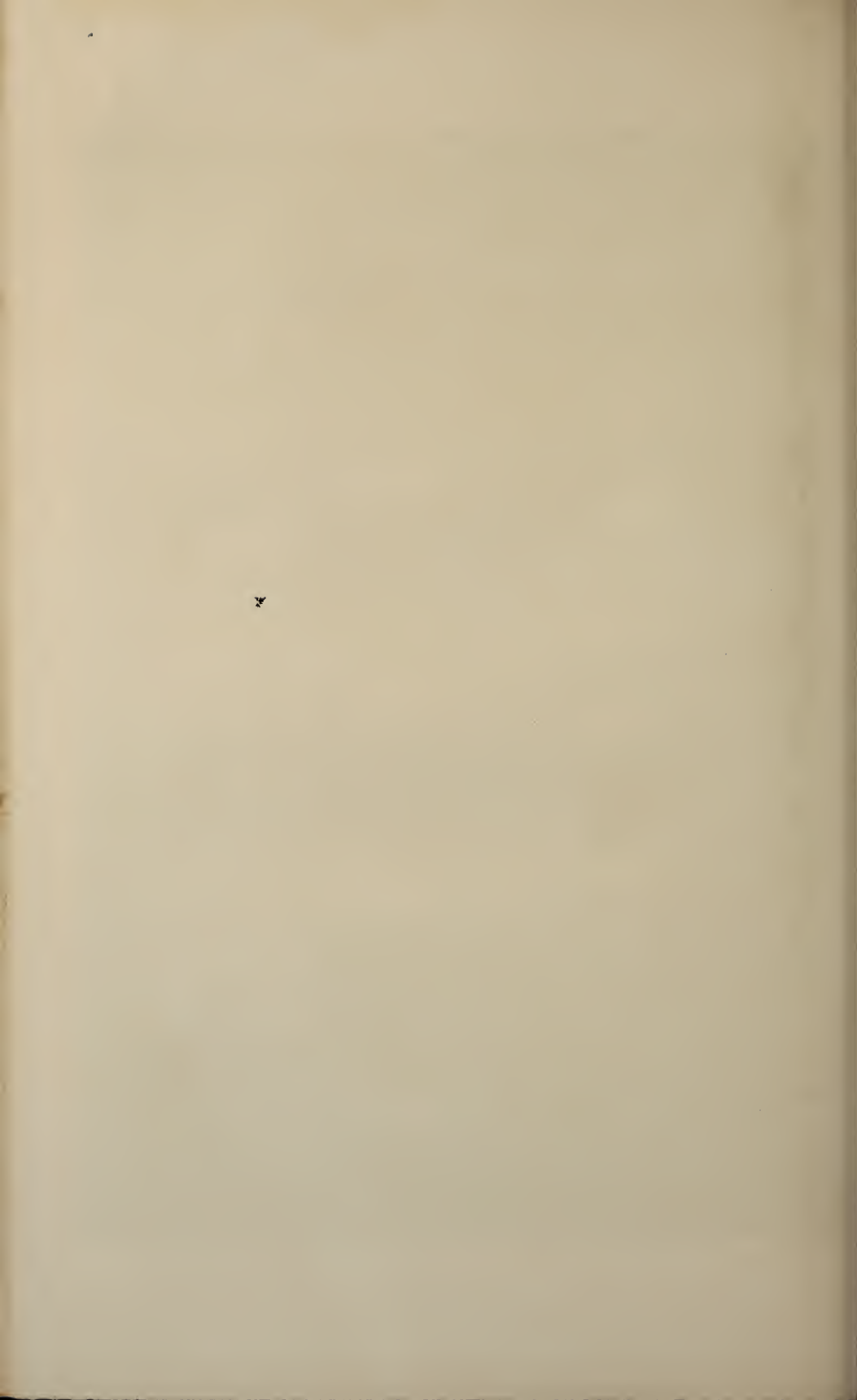
Judge Theard delivered the oration, from which the following extracts are taken, at the 49th Annual Commencement of the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans. With his kind leave, we reprint this able exposition of his former masters' methods]:

* * * * *

TWENTY-ONE years ago I left my Alma Mater. Besides my dear parents, I had no other preceptors than the Jesuits. I have known the world, and studied other systems. To-day, I not only entertain for the Jesuits the same

feelings of respect and love which were then in my heart, but, being better qualified to judge, I acknowledge my gratefulness to them, and sincerely congratulate the young graduates of this evening upon having received an education which may make of them dis-





tinguished men—leaders of men, perhaps, if such should be God's will—which will surely make of them, if they be true to themselves, honorable, useful and successful citizens.

The Society of Jesus was founded less than 400 years ago by a brilliant Spanish knight, Ignatius Loyola. It grew, at once, to a giant's strength, and established itself, not only in the old world, but also in the new countries, discovered during the preceding age. Balmes says: "We cannot travel in the most distant countries, traverse unknown seas, visit the most remote lands, or penetrate the most frightful deserts, without finding everywhere under our feet some memorials of the Jesuits." Nothing can be more true. During the last three centuries, wherever there were souls to be saved, there the Jesuits have been found, "in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice islands, in the observatories of China. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter, and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word."

But it is not of their services to the church that I desire to speak, nor even of their fame as orators or writers. I wish to confine my remarks entirely to the subject of education.

To-day there is in nearly every

city of the Union a college of the Jesuit Fathers. What I desire to show is the excellence of these educators, and that the education of the youth of this country cannot be intrusted into better hands.

THE SYSTEM AS VIEWED BY OUTSIDERS.

The system of education in the Jesuit schools has received the approbation of the greatest minds.

Lord Bacon said: "In regard to the education of youth, the simplest thing to say is to consult the schools of the Jesuits, for you cannot do better than to adopt their practice. * * * Never has anything more perfect been invented."

D'Alembert, one of the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits, observes in his work, "*Sur la Destruction des Jesuites*"; "Let us add, in order to be just, that no religious society can boast of having produced so many celebrated men in science and literature. The Jesuits have successfully embraced every branch of learning, and eloquence, history, antiquities, geometry, serious and poetical literature. * * * There is hardly any class of writers in which they do not number men of the greatest merit."

* * * *

I might multiply these citations.

And this, mind you, is the testimony of unfriendly witnesses, who are reluctantly constrained to admit that the Jesuits are the best educators in the world—the best,

because no other body of teachers can compare with them in virtue—the best, because they apply their rich minds and pure souls to the mind and soul of their pupils—because their only concern, their only aim, their only ambition, is to work for the greater glory of God (*ad majorem Dei gloriam*), and therefore to guard, adorn and beautify God's image, man.

FAMOUS JESUIT STUDENTS.

Another fact which cannot be controverted, and by which the simplest persons may judge of the excellence of the Jesuits' education, is the unparalleled success of their students.

The enumeration of all the great men who were educated by the Jesuits would be too lengthy for the limits of this address. In France alone almost every one of the men who shed so much intellectual splendor on the reign of Louis XIV. had studied in Jesuit schools.

Not only priests and popes, but immortal generals, magistrates, orators, writers, poets, were educated by the Jesuits. I will mention only a few: Popes Gregory XV., Benedict XIV., Pius VI.; St. Francis of Sales; Cardinals de Berulle, Fleury and Federico Borromeo; Bossuet, Belzunce, Flechier, Seguiet, Tasso, Torricelli, Descartes, Corneille, Buffon, Moliere, Fontenelle, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, Emperors Ferdinand and Maximilian, Wallenstein, Conde, John of Austria.

These are some of the illustrious dead.

Look among the living—look in your own midst. Few, indeed, may write their names in history; fewer still attain to the highest fame; but in every profession, in every pursuit, and in every walk of life, among those whom you see and know, who are the men who have achieved success?

In this state, in this city, tell me who are the leaders in the law, in medicine, in journalism, in business, in society, and I will show you that a majority of them are Jesuit students.

THE REIGNING PONTIFF.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is one living Jesuit pupil to whom history will accord the highest place, whose name will be immortal.

For six years, from the age of 8 to the age of 14—from rudiments to belles-lettres—he was a student in the Jesuit College of Viterbo; for the eight following years, through rhetoric, philosophy and theology he was a student of the Jesuit University at Rome; for thirty years, in his retirement at Perugia, and in his long, continuous studies, he had a Jesuit ex-professor of the Roman College ever at his side. Now, he encourages the Jesuit fathers throughout the world by letters of tenderest fondness; now, he is acknowledged by all to be one of the greatest statesmen in the world, and one of the greatest writers; now, he is the greatest living pa-

tron of science, and greatest living friend both of government and governed, of capital and of labor; the greatest living promoter of universal peace and universal brotherhood. His name is Joachim Pecci, our holy father, Pope Leo XIII, the "Lumen in Coelo," the prophetic light in the sky above the closing glory of the nineteenth century.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

Some unreflecting persons and authors, however, deny the excellence of the Jesuit system of education. Allow me to examine their objections briefly.

THE MEMORY.

It is said that the cultivation of the memory is made too prominent; is not this a compliment, rather than a just criticism?

Memory is a distinct faculty of the mind, very different from perception, judgment and reasoning. It is so necessary and so excellent a faculty that all the other abilities of the mind borrow from it their beauty and perfection. Indeed, other capacities of the soul would be almost useless without this. To what purpose would be all our labors in knowledge, if we had not memory to preserve and use what we have acquired? What signify all other intellectual improvements, if they are lost as they are obtained? The ancients said: "Tantum scimus, quantum memoria retinemus"; we know in proportion as we remember. It is memory alone that enriches the

mind, by preserving what our labor and industry daily collect. In a word, there can be neither knowledge, nor science, nor arts, without memory.

* * * *

And it is a remarkable fact that this precious faculty, which may be wonderfully increased by proper labor and exercise, is easily injured and quite spoiled by sloth.

It is also a well known fact, within the observation of all, that memory is capable of the most wonderful development, and really tenacious of impressions received, only during childhood and youth. It grows and improves in young persons from their childhood; in old age, it decays.

Boyhood, therefore, is the time when this faculty should be thoroughly cultivated. Professor Schmell says: "The school of the second period of childhood (from about 10 to 14) is before everything else a school of memory, and during it more will and must be given to and absorbed by the memory than during any other period of life."

For these reasons, do the Jesuits believe that in the earlier education of the child the exercise of memory should predominate, and that as little strain as possible should be put on the mind yet tender. Is it a defect in their system, as pretended by thoughtless persons? Is it not, on the contrary, another proof of its excellence?

THE SCIENCES.

It has been said that the Jesuits regard history and geography, mathematics and the natural sciences as unimportant.

But the best answer to this criticism is the success of their students in every profession, in every pursuit, in every business, in politics, and in social circles.

Another answer is the Jesuits themselves, whose writings prove they are eminent in every branch of learning.

In history, to mention only a few names, Petavius (Father Denis Petau) has given to the world his great work on chronology. We have also Labbe's publications on ancient and modern history, with geographical adjuncts; Father Buffier's "Practical History," which went through several editions, and was supplemented by his "Universal Geography"; and many other works of which the list would be tedious to you. The very "Ratio Studiorum" of the Jesuits, their method of teaching, requires that the course of mathematics should be seasoned always with some application to geography.

As professors or officers of the army or navy, or in the construction and direction of observatories, the Jesuits have pursued every branch of mathematics, pure and applied. Father L'Hoste's "Treatise on Naval Evolutions" was used in the French navy, and was known as the "Book of the Jesuit." Of this book, the comte

de Maistre writes, in 1820, "An English admiral assured me, less than ten years ago, that he had received his first instruction in the 'Book of the Jesuit.' If events are to be taken for results, there is not a better book in the world."

The famous Jesuit, Eximeno, at the school of Segovia, instructed young nobles in mathematics and the science of artillery.

The republic of Venice struck a gold medal in honor of the Jesuit engineer, Vincent Riccolati. The king of Denmark honored Father Vico, the astronomer, with a gold medal struck in his honor in 1846.

According to late researches, made by Messrs. Andre and Roget, astronomers of the Paris Observatory, the number of observatories in the world, towards the close of the last century, was 130. Of this number, thirty-two were founded by Jesuits, or were under their direction.

What the Jesuits have done heretofore, I doubt not that they will continue to do, now that physics and mathematics have risen to a rank of the greatest importance and highest honor.

LATIN AND GREEK.

It has also become the fashion, in some quarters, to criticise the Jesuits for making Latin and Greek so important an object of study. The same persons and authors, it must be said, wanted to banish these languages altogether from the schools; but the use of the Greek and Latin languages for educational purposes is now ad-

mitted by all, and they form part of the curriculum of every university of any note. There is no doubt that they have wonderful power to train the mind, and that they are of the greatest advantage to the student in almost all branches of science.

For true knowledge of our own language, acquaintance with Latin at least is almost indispensable, while it forms the surest and best stepping-stone to Italian, Spanish and French.

Though not the parent stock of English, Latin has struck a vigorous graft in it; so vigorous, indeed, that about two-thirds of the words in our dictionaries are of Latin origin.

This, however, is only a minor and local benefit. There is another advantage which Latin offers, not to English-speaking students alone, but to all students of language. In it more than in any other tongue, the usages of speech are simple and logical. "Latin grammar," says Dr. Karl Hildebrand, "is a course of logic presented in an almost tangible form."

The same learned German writer remarks: "If it were conceivable that a youth should forget all the facts, pictures and ideas he had learned from the classics, together with all the rules of the Greek and Latin grammar, his mind would still be superior to that of one who has not passed through the same training. To give an example, I may state that in my quality of inspector, it was my duty to visit a

very large number of French lycees and colleges, and I found that the classical pupils, without exception, acquired more English and German than the others, in less than a quarter of the time. The same fact struck me in my visits to the German, Belgian, Dutch and Swiss colleges."

The knowledge of Greek and Latin affords access to the most splendid literature; to those immortal productions, which modern genius has never excelled, nor even yet equalled; which we must study in the original, which we must "cultivate with daily and nightly devotion," if we are ambitious to become masters in our own language.

These are some of the reasons which justify the Jesuits in teaching Latin and Greek, and in devoting particular attention and time to their study.

A COMMON SENSE VIEW OF THE MATTER.

But, after all, what are the objections to Latin and Greek?

Did you ever meet a Jesuit graduate who knew Latin or Greek better than his mother tongue? I never did. Therefore, it can hardly be supposed that Latin and Greek are taught, to the exclusion or to the detriment of the language of the country.

Is a man who knows the ancient languages less capable of earning his livelihood than one who has not studied them? Is such knowledge injurious to him? Does it prevent him from becoming a good

lawyer, a good physician, a good architect, a good engineer, a good business man?

Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, does not believe that it prevents one from being a good journalist. In a lecture on newspaper-making, delivered before the students of Cornell University, in January, 1895, he said: "Now, allow me a word as to the education that a young journalist should work for. In the first place, he should learn everything that it is possible for him to know. I never saw a newspaperman who knew too much, except those who knew too many things that were not so. I am myself a partisan of the strict, old-fashioned classical education. The man who knows Latin and Greek well may be trusted to edit a newspaper."

That is the practical side, the common sense view, of the question. Even if the study of Greek and Latin were conceded to be entirely useless, still it could not hurt a student to have acquired the knowledge of those languages. If otherwise well equipped, he would know that much more than others who had not studied Greek or Latin. Surely, it could not place him at a disadvantage.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OR RELIGION.

Ladies and Gentlemen—There remains to be noticed only one more criticism of the Jesuits' system of education, and that is, that they teach Christian doctrine. This is a most serious matter. It

is not an objection to the Jesuits, it is an objection to religion.

My answer is that when religion shall be banished from your schools, national virtue will soon perish, and your republic will be lost.

If you wish to preserve your wondrous fabric of government, do not content yourselves with cultivating the mind, but cultivate, also, the heart, of your children. Give them not learning only; give them virtue. Send them not to teachers who will blunt their conscience; place them not under the care of those who will never tell them that there is a Supreme Being, to whom they must account for their acts. Send them to those who will teach them that they have an immortal destiny.

AUTHORITIES CITED.

An eminent Protestant statesman and historian, Guizot, says: "In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful it must be fundamentally religious. I do not simply mean by this that religious instruction should hold its place in popular education, and that the practice of religion should enter into it; for a nation is not religiously educated by such petty and mechanical devices. It is necessary that a national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into its parts. Religion is not a study



OUR PATRON.



or an exercise, to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour; it is a faith and a law, which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our minds and our lives."

In his admirable manner Victor Hugo expresses the same sentiment. "Far from wishing to prescribe religious teaching," says the great poet. "I consider it to be more necessary at the present day than it has ever been."

"That which lightens suffering sanctifies toil. That which makes a man good, wise, courageous, is a perpetual vision of a better world shining through the darkness."

Napoleon compared society without religion to a ship without a compass.

Disraeli said: "I am not disposed to believe that there is any existing government that can long prevail founded on the neglect to supply or regulate religious instruction."

Gladstone emphatically declares: "Every system which places religious education in the background is pernicious."

Ladies and gentlemen, these are high authorities, these are solemn words. Harken to them, you who hear me, and you to whom these words may be repeated.

* * * * *

THE WAY TO JESUS' HEART.

One evening fair, I knelt in prayer,
 Whilst o'er the altar rose the holy rood;
 And high above aglow with love,
 The Sacred Heart a-pleading stood.

The cross, upon the setting sun,
 Shot forth a parting golden dart.
 Compelled to raise, my dazzled gaze,
 Mine eyes I bent upon the Heart.

But lo! between my vision keen
 And Heart, the cross still, still appears;
 And hark! how sweet the accents
 Which steal upon my wondering ears!

"My child, wouldst know, the secret glow
 Within this Heart? wouldst learn its might?
 First take my yoke, mine aid invoke,
 And climb with me steep Calvary's height."

J. IRVING.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

IT was sunset, and I found myself in a thickly mantled forest—lost! Scattered patches of crimson sky and golden cloud-wreaths above, and an endless labyrinth of trunk and branch and vine and leaf around—this was all that met my eager gaze whithersoever I turned. The silence, too, was appalling. Save for the occasional chirping of a weary bird seeking his nightly bed, or the unearthly hooting of a waking owl, no sound broke upon the still and mournful air.

Many hours had I spent roaming through the pathless woods, with naught to guide my erring steps save my heart's fond yearning for home and fellow-men. For once my courage revived as I came upon a crystal streamlet, which gushed forth from a woodland spring. This kindly thread, mused I, will lead to freedom's light. But, alas! my hopes were but short-lived; my spirit sank again. The silvery rill sportively trickled along until it reached the edge of a morass, when it, too, was lost among the slimy weeds.

I have often heard that when people go astray they move about in a circle. I now discovered the truth of the saying; for, as the sun was setting, I found myself standing in the same place where I had taken my noon's repast. I knew it was useless, nay, dangerous, to stir during the inky hours of night, so I looked about for a

suitable spot in which to wait for the coming dawn.

After some searching I chose a large oak tree, under whose friendly limbs I would establish myself for the night. My supper over, I lay down on my rustic bed, made of twigs and leaves, which I had taken care to gather before darkness set in. It was almost ten when I fell asleep, but I was restless and awoke several times.

About midnight (as I thought) I opened my eyes with a start, and sat bolt upright on my leafy couch. Was I dreaming? Or had I really heard something move? I knew that I was not asleep, so I listened again for the noise that caused the disturbance. A moment elapsed. Another sound. I could distinguish the murmur of voices. Footsteps approached; and between the bushes, about twenty feet from me, I could descry two brawny men, holding their masks in their hands.

"Say, John," said one of them, "Don't you think we succeeded beyond our expectations to-night?"

"I should say we did," answered John, "and considering that there were only two of us in it, we got along splendidly. Why, we gathered in six gold watches, about a dozen excellent chains, three gold rings, two hundred dollars and a diamond scarf pin. That's the best haul we have made this year."

"Well, that's not the question," put in the other. "We came here

to hide those things, so let's hurry about it. So that is the tree you were talking about?" He pointed out the tree under which I lay. I began to feel that they would discover me; and my presentiment was soon realized, for John responded:

"That's the one, Jim; let's take a look at it and see if it is suitable for our purpose."

With these words they moved towards me. I trembled until I felt the leaves trembling under me. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps; faster and faster beat my heart. I knew that they were robbers; I was certain of being discovered. What could I expect from them?

On they came. The little courage that was left in my heart died away. I was directly between them and the tree, so the foremost stumbled over me.

"Hello!" said he, "what's this?" and he flashed the light of a dark lantern in my face.

"Well, aren't you a queer chap, staying out in these woods at night? Don't you know that you are fully ten miles from any house? What are you doing here anyway?"

"I-I am lo-lost, s-s-sir," stammered I, a-and a-a-am just sleeping here fo for the ni-night. Yo-you woke m-me up by your ta-talking; a-and"—

"You say you heard us talking?" exclaimed John, "did you hear what we said?"

"Ye-yes," I answered, still trembling, "bu-but if you l-let me a-alone, s-sir, I-I won't t-tell a s-soul w-what I h-heard."

"I don't think you will!" exclaimed Jim with a sarcastic laugh. "We mean to stop up your blubbering mouth with lead. Do you understand that? Stand up against that tree!" said he, shoving me towards the oak.

I now understood the meaning of his words. He meant to kill me. I was so overcome with fright that I sank helpless at the foot of the tree, but was soon raised up by John, who lashed me to a sapling. "O, please don't kill me!" I cried.

"Shut up!" shouted John, then turning to Jim, he said: "When I count three you shoot that blamed fool through the head. Tell me when you are ready. Say your prayers, you idiot!" he continued, addressing me.

"Ready!" spoke Jim.

"All right! Take good aim. One—two—three!"

I fell heavily to the ground—not so!—the dreaded shot was never fired. Instead, I heard my brother's voice calling me. With a start I awoke to find myself securely housed in my own room, and not "Lost in the Woods." The robbers and the forest were only phantoms of a restless night. My trip to Dreamland had not been a pleasant one, and I was overjoyed to return to the realm of actual life.

MAXIMIN D. TOUART, '03.

UNCLE ISAAC'S MISSION.

THE through freight was speeding along between Raleigh and Baltimore on a hot summer day, and a thick cloud of dust followed the swiftly moving train. Two brakemen sat on the top of a box-car and smoked their short black pipes.

"There's a bum inside this car er I'm mighty mistaken," remarked one.

"Yes, I heard something movin' in there," assented the other, "'spose we take a look at the switch; we got ter wait twenty minutes for the fast mail."

"Let's have some fun out er the hobo—he might have a drink on him; most all o' these sort o' gentlemen tote a quart about 'em, in case a honest brakeman invites them to walk the rest o' the way."

Thus they chatted until the train reached the switch. They climbed down, one on either side, that the tramp might not escape through the other door.

"Here he is, Jim!" called out Brakeman No. 1, "look up in the corner."

"Please sah, kin yo' all gen'lemen let a po' lil' boy en a ole niggah ride fur as Washington?" came a plaintive voice from a corner of the box-car.

"What's the matter, Uncle—case o' hard luck," asked the train man, "why don't you ride in a Pullman? What you gone ter do in Washington—dine with the Pres—what's the kid doin' in

here? Where did you pick him up?"

"I'se ole Uncle Isaac, boss, an' I'se a po' ole niggah. I caint hardly walk wid de misery in mah laig; please sah, don't put us off. Dat lil' boy is Mis' Lily's son—he is—an' I'se totin' him to Washin' ton to find his uncle; his uncle is a rich man an' is gwine to take keer ob dis chile 'tell he grow up;—aint he Marse George?" said Uncle Isaac.

Little George answered, "Yes, indeed," and further stated that he wanted to get to Washington soon, as he was very tired and hungry,

"Come on up in the caboose and tell us something more about yourself, old man," said the brakeman, "and most likely the boss will take you to Washington."

The old negro laboriously crawled out and the little boy was helped to the ground; then they made their way up to the caboose. They found the conductor there, and the two brakemen gave a short account of their discovery. The "old man" was very kind-hearted, and after giving the two vagrants a cup of coffee and some substantial food, he asked Uncle Isaac to relate his story. The old negro scratched his woolly head and began.

"Hits dis way, boss: Old Marse' George—dats dis chile's pa'—owned a big plantation down in Virginny, an' befo' de war he was mah massa. He didn't had no

other chilrun but dis boy, an' he wa'n't borned twell one year fo' Ole Massa died. W'en de war broke out I went wid him an' he was shot in de bres' in de battle o' Shiloh. Arter dat we went home an' foun' de ole place bu'nt to de groun', and Mis' Lily at Ole Major Watkin's house, two miles off.

"Well, Marse George gets a job writin' fer a book, an' dey kep' me ter wait on dem. Seven year ago Ole Massa tuk an' died, an' I been keepin' Mis' Lily an' de lil' boy eber sence by sellin' pralines, w'ich Mis' Lily made. Mis' Lily sho' made good pralines, honey—puk-korn pralines, cocoanut—" and Uncle Isaac went on to describe "Miss Lily's" confections.

"At dat time," the old man continued, "we was livin' in New Orleans, en atter while, w'en Mis' Lily had 'bout twenty dollars, we moved back up to Richmon' en thar Mis' Lily died. She did'nt lef' us but two dollars en' a quarter, en' de city bo'd o' healf tuk charge ob de remains, en' I tuk en' hid lil' Marse George so dey wouldn't put him in de po' house.

"Yestidd'y ebenin' me an' him, we clum into dat box-cyar, whar' de two gen'lmen foun' us. Boss, we 'uns want ter go ter Wash'n'-ton and fine dis po' lil' chile's uncle, and he'll take keer ob him,"

"Well, Uncle, what are *you* going to do when you find his uncle," inquired the conductor.

"Oh, Boss," answered he, "Unc' Isaac kin fin' a job somewhar;

don't worry 'bout dis niggah, sah, —hits de chile!"

"Well we will take you to Washington, but I doubt if you find George's uncle in that crowd-ed city," said the trainman.

"T'ank yo' sah, very much 'bleeged, sah, indeed sah!" Uncle Isaac was profuse in his thanks.

By that time the passenger train had come up and the freight proceeded on her way with Uncle Isaac and little George in the caboose.

They got to Washington at night, so the conductor allowed the two strange companions to sleep in a box-car.

The next morning Uncle Isaac tenderly waked up his little charge and made his way out of the freight yard. On seeing a policeman he walked up to him and confronted him with this question:

"Kin yo' tell me whar' Marse George's brother live at?"

"Who is Marse George, and what's his brother's name?" demanded the big policeman.

"It's Mr. Wharton—Uncle Bill Wharton, sir," put in George.

"Let me see;—there's a William Wharton lives at 9995 Pennsylvania Avenue. Do you know where that is?" said the officer.

"No, sah, I caint say as I do," answered Uncle Isaac.

"Well," directed the policeman, "just go on up to the corner, then turn up and walk twelve squares. When you have walked the twelve squares ask somebody where Mr. William Wharton lives; don't ask for 'Marster George's brother!'"

"T'ank yo' sah," and Uncle Isaac courteously bowed himself off.

When he had walked the required number of blocks, he asked for Mr. Wharton and was shown a large building and told to go up to the fourth story and turn to the right. Doing as he had been bidden, he found himself in front of a heavy door with a sign on it. This sign he laboriously spelled out "T.—J-O-N-E-S," and concluded it was Wharton's name.

He knocked on the door and was told in a gruff voice to "come in." Uncle Isaac cautiously opened the portal and poked his woolly head inside.

"Is yo' Marse Wharton?" he inquired of the clerk, who impatiently turned his head.

"No, I'm not Wharton;—can't you read?—his name is on the door across the hall."

"'Scuse me, sah; I went and read de wrong sign;" and Uncle Isaac made a profound bow and backed out into the hall again. He knocked at the next door, and this time he got the right one.

"Yes, old man, I'm Mr. Wharton; what can I do for you?" asked that individual.

Mr. Wharton was a middle-aged man, of the average height, with a heavy moustache. He seemed to be very busy and, therefore, spoke rather coldly to the old negro.

"Well, sah," began Uncle Isaac, "is yo' de brother ob Marse George Wharton, w'ich lived on de 'Belle' plantation, close to Richmon'?"

"Why no, Uncle, I have no

brother, but there are many more Whartons in this city. Perhaps I could help you to find your master's brother. Whose pretty child is that?" asked Mr. Wharton.

Uncle Isaac began over again and related his pathetic story to the lawyer. When he had finished Mr. Wharton told him to sit down and wait a little while; then he would do what he could for him.

After he had finished his work, Mr. Wharton told the old negro that he would take care of them for a few days and, in the meanwhile, try to find little George's uncle. So they proceeded to board a car, which took them out to the residence portion of the city. There they got out and walked up to an imposing mansion which, Mr. Wharton told Uncle Isaac, was where they would stay.

"James," said Mr. Wharton to the butler, "show this old man the spare room in the servants' quarters." He took little George into the house.

The next day he looked up in the directory for William Wharton. He found two of them; one a street car conductor, and the other, a senator. He sent his clerk to the conductor's residence and found out what he wanted,—that he was the wrong one. Then he himself called on the Senator.

Senator Wharton said he certainly had a brother in Virginia but he had not heard that he was dead; that he had not received tidings from his brother for years,



THE SENIOR BRASS BAND.



but supposed he was doing well down South.

Mr. Wharton (the lawyer) said he would keep the old negro and little boy at his house until the Senator had inquired about his brother's death and had learned the details more thoroughly; also that, if the Senator desired, he would send little George around with Uncle Isaac to see him.

So that evening the old negro and the little boy walked up the steps of the Senator's house and rang the bell.

"Hello, Uncle Bill!" rang out little George's silvery voice.

"Well, land ob gracious, ef dat

aint ole Marse Bill!" put in Uncle Isaac, in an ecstasy of joy.

The three stayed out in the hall for two steady hours, talking of old times; and Uncle Isaac had to repeat again and again the simple and sad story of "Mis' Lily's" life after her husband's death. Senator Wharton soon had the little boy and the old negro comfortably established in his palatial home.

And, if you should ring Senator Wharton's door-bell, now, you would undoubtedly be answered by old Uncle Isaac in full livery, smiling and bowing as of old he was wont in the Wharton homestead.

B. VAUGHT, '01.

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY,

On a Resolution to Put Virginia in a State of Defence.

THIS celebrated speech of Patrick Henry to the delegates of Virginia may be summed up in the two contradictory propositions: You must submit to slavery, or fight for freedom.

But it was not by any means clear to many of the delegates that submission to the authority of the British Parliament was equivalent to laying down their liberty, or that the existing circumstances necessitated an appeal to arms. Both these assertions must, therefore, be proved; and as a violent party spirit would naturally prevail at a period of such universal excitement, the orator had first to

gain the good will, and attention of those who were opposed to him, and then, as the question at issue was already before the House, to support his proposition by such unanswerable arguments as would convince, and by such appeals to the hearts and the nobler emotions of his audience, as would persuade. This is Henry's plan of action, and he executes it with masterly skill.

Having conciliated the feelings and gained the attention, of his audience, he launches at once into his subject, and delivers himself of a soul-stirring appeal, in which reason and passion are so admirably blended, that even the reader

is carried away in spirit to the Virginian House of Delegates, and finds himself joining in the thunders of applause that echo through the Hall when the orator has resumed his seat, and shouting with all his lungs: "To arms, to arms!"

He gains the good will of his opponents by freely conceding that *they* are actuated by honorable motives, and by pleading in his own behalf, "that different men often see the same subject in different lights." To this they can have no objection and cannot therefore deem him "disrespectful" towards them "if he speaks out his sentiments freely;" especially, as "this is no time for ceremony." This is a frank and gentlemanly way of talking, which cannot but favorably impress an assembly of gentlemen.

When he tells them that "the question before the House is one of awful moment to the country—a question of freedom or of slavery," he cannot fail to excite their attention; and when he adds that it is only by freedom of debate that they can arrive at truth and fulfil their duty to God and country, and that for his part he should hold himself disloyal to the one and guilty of treason to the other, if he withheld his sentiments at such a crisis, they begin to think that the man who speaks with such a tone of conviction and solemnity, may, after all, be in the right. They are teachable.

The favorable impression produced is strengthened by the broad, dignified statement that fol-

lows. "It is natural to man to indulge in the delusion of hope"—which, though general in itself, receives from the position of his adversaries a particular application. By means of this thesis and the hypothesis which underlies it, he shows how foolish it is to close their eyes to facts and rely on the "live-horse-and-you'll-get-grass" professions of England.

He starts another thesis in support of the above, namely,—that they must be guided by the lamp of experience; and all the muniments of Rhetoric are brought into requisition to show that their experience during the last ten years proves the insincerity of England, and her determination to subdue them by force of arms. "Therefore an appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left to us."

But there is an objection: "We are weak," unable to cope with English power.

The first part of the answer, though it doubtless served the purpose of the orator, seems to me defective and insufficient. He had said, "We must fight." They answer, "We are not strong enough," and he replies, "When shall we be stronger?" This appears to me to confirm their objection: We are not strong enough now; we will not be stronger later: therefore the only conclusion is,—give up the contest altogether.

But he does not give them time to see the weakness of his argument. He hurries them on by a series of Rhetorical questions till

he comes to the true solution of their difficulty. "Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of the means which the God of Nature has placed in our hands." He enumerates these means;—Our country, countrymen and allies. And he finally sweeps away the objection by a high-sounding enthymeme:

"The battle is not to the *strong* alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, and the brave."

Then he repeats, probably unconsciously, what Livy puts in the mouth of Hannibal on the eve of the battle of Trebia: "We have no election; there is no retreat, there is no peace; the war is inevitable, and let it come!" How admirably he supports those statements by means of the adjuncts which he

clothes and adorns with the richest metaphors.

"Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. * * * The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." And having shown them that the war is already begun, he rouses them to join hands with their brethren of the North, by strongly appealing in figurative language to their love of liberty, and abhorrence of servitude; and in closing his peroration, he puts recreants to shame and shows *himself* a man true to his convictions when he asserts: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

GEORGE S. MCCARTY, '01.

MAY CLOUDS.

Ye clouds, that to our gazing
 Appear all silver-hued!
 O, heavenly mirror blazing
 Of blest beatitude!

AVE CANDIDUM LILIUM.

Candidum salve Triadis Supremæ
 Lilium! salve rosa amoenitate
 Coelica fulgens! Genetrix beata
 Numinis Alti!

BILLY, THE SPRING HILL DEER.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill."—SCOTT.

WHAT a charming little creature he was! How pleasant the recollections of him!

He became a dweller at the college when a fawn, and his early separation from his dam proved a source of bitter sorrow. For if the repugnance shown by him to the proffered milk, and his downcast spirits, are a safe index to his interior dispositions, Billy was the most homesick little fellow that ever came to Spring Hill. So blue in fact did our friend become that a tiny bell was suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon, in hopes that its tinkling might soothe the wounds of his heart.

But no; that seat of Billy's sensibilities was impregnable to the dulcet discoursings of music; and final recourse was had to the grassy lawns and sylvan dells of his college home. To his native wilds he was led; but alas! how devoid of sprightliness that skip, and how wanting in nimbleness that bound!

Poor little Billy! Must he then pine away with grief; must he close his eyes forever upon this cold world, and depart for the happy hunting grounds of his fathers? Sad thought,—alack! poor Billy.

But ah! the devices of Dame Fortune when the turn her caprice takes is one of a succoring nature! She consults the Genius of Famine and, well-a-day! lean and pinched with hunger, appears at

the door of the college kitchen, a friendless member of the canine tribe,—a sleek-coated beagle.

His hunger appeased, the grateful dog takes a turn about the grounds prospective of making the college his abode. Having finished the inspection, his dogship, tired and drowsy from the morning surfeit, pushes into a leafy covert there to compose himself into a quiet nap. But what this apparition that rises before him? 'Tis poor Billy, sighing his little heart away. Their eyes meet, and both, having had misfortunes and having learned thereby to succor the wretched, cement, by that single glance, a life-long friendship, ever after,

"Sharing each other's sorrows, *
Sharing each other's joys."

Days, weeks have passed, and in the meantime Billy and his boon comrade have waxed,—the one tall and happy, the other fat and tricky. Apply, moreover, the term mischievous to both of them, and you have of the two a very salient feature. Mischievous, did I say? Why, that was no name for them, especially for Billy. Tricks innumerable were perpetrated by him.

Just in front of the college, between the two division yards, was a fountain at which the boys slaked their thirst. How the rascally deer would ogle them as



THE OLD CAMPUS.



they quaffed the crystal liquid. Then stealing to the fountain's brink and applying his muzzle to the edge of the cup, oh, the way in which he would mimic the drinkers!

From his little throat, that mocking-bird shakes floods of delicious music; but,—no raptures, enchanted youth! Billy has his thievish eye on your pocket-handkerchief! Look! 'Tis gone!

Among the participators in the foot-ball games which, in the good old days were much in vogue down on the "big boys" plain, could often be seen,—not strange to say considering his mischievous propensities,—our friend Billy. With his hands behind his back, as has been quaintly put, he would stand apart from the rushing, jostling, panting players, quietly watching the game. But the moment the ball got disorderly, and transgressed the bounds set for it, the frolicsome deer was on it in a trice. High in air over the bounding ball he would spring, alight as daintily as you please in front of it, quickly face about, rear erect and give the rising sphere a rap with his fore feet that sent it with quick rebound back to the field. How Billy did delight to fling himself in high glee at his little trick, over the head of some unaware foot-ballist.

On the way back from the plain, along the pine-shaded path, the capers of which the deer delivered himself were a wonder. Dancings, prancings, buckings, headlong dashes,—all these feats did

he execute by way of gratifying his vanity. For Billy, who was vain, it must be confessed, especially since the appearance of his first horns which, for purposes of admiring, he often caused to be reflected in the glassy fountain. And if at times, after such pleasing contemplations, our vain friend "tossed his beam'd frontlet to the sky," and strode down the lawn "*the antlered monarch of the waste,*" can we blame him? No, poor beast; what knows he about the malignity of priding oneself on God's gifts?

The storms of two winters have whistled harmoniously through the long-leaved towering pines that girt around and overtop the hallowed pile on the Hill. Our Billy has, in the meanwhile, fully developed, is strong and fleet of limb, and is possessed of insatiable roving propensities. Owing to this rambling disposition, the wheeling of the sun's disc down into the west has become for him the signal to bestir himself. From his heathery couch he arises, shakes the laziness from his limbs, gives his sleeping canine friend a gentle prod with his antlers, by way of awakening him, then having visited, for obvious purposes, the one the fountain the other the kitchen, away into the woods they scamper for an all night's chase.

In those days, as in great measure is the case now, there stretched from the college miles and miles through the country, even to the shores of the great Gulf, an expanse of glade and wood land with

but few fences to redeem it from its primitive unsettled aspect. Over this wild stretch then, Billy shaped his nightly career. Oh! the excitement of those chases! Through copses, across pen, through glade and glen, the little beagle yelping and clamoring at his heels, on through the moonlit country dashed the deer. An occasional fence offers no serious obstacles to their progress, for over it at a bound leaps the stag, while through scrambles the still yelping dog.

The morn, clad in russet mantle, is stalking over the horizon as the two, tired from their madcap range, slink into the yard and lose themselves in sound sleep.

One beautiful night in spring, as the moon was just smiling over the top of the pines, Billy and his companion started off on their customary chase. They were soon lost in the depths of the forest, enjoying themselves as only innocence can. The cry of the lone whippoor-will must have lost in plaintiveness at the sight of the happy pair; but misfortune will happen, and even the innocent are not exempt from it. The next day our friends got home long before the crowing of the cock announced the rosy-fingered dawn. Why this early return? Alas! poor Billy; surely he was born under an unlucky star. He is limping sadly,—a cruel bullet has pierced through his tender flank.

The little dog, sore grieved at sight of his comrade's distress,

sought in every possible way to relieve it. The wound was not easily accessible to the lingual medicament of the dog-physician; so standing erect on his hind legs and placing his forepaws against his distressed friend's flank, he would lick the injured part frantically.

Thanks to the healing powers of his companion, and to his implicit obedience to the canine's instructions, Billy is once again sound of limb. But experience has proved to him a good teacher. No more does he range the country around, confining his roving to his own spacious grounds.

Happy, happy Billy, life is now become an endless chain of delights for you! But pause; it is the calm before the storm. Was ever creature more ill-fated?

One day our pet failed to show up in time for dinner, which indeed was a very unusual thing. His absence, during the afternoon recreation hour, was noted especially by the boys of the "little yard," who were accustomed to divert themselves at that time with the good-natured deer. "Where is Billy?"—Alas! poor Billy.

Down by the shore of the far-famed lake, on the afternoon of the day in question, one of the fathers was reading his Breviary. What sound breaks upon his pious recollection? A confused noise reaches his ears, and then, resounding down the bosky hill, he hears the heavy baying of hounds.

Nearer and louder grows the din and presently out from cover, flecked with foam, and gasping from the toil, breaks poor Billy, closely pursued by three deer-hounds. A little more and the headmost foe will win the desperate game; but plump into the lake jumps the noble stag, heads lustily for the opposite shore, where, scrambling out, he stumbles to the father's side for protection. The leading hound has plunged in and strained half-way across the lake in eager pursuit, when a shout from the deer's saviour changes his tactics, and turning around he makes back as fast as his legs can paddle him.

The hounds, baffled and cheated of their quarry, slunk off into the wood, leaving Billy to express his gratitude in mute lickings of his deliverer's hand.

Anew the fount of our pet's tears is opened, and hard, ah! cruel is his lot, poor, dear little creature; for not long after his terrible adventure, forgetting the dangers that infested the forest, he started off on a mad-cap tour one morning, accompanied by his canine companion and "woe worth the chase, woe worth the day!" he never returned. The faithful

dog did return, moaning pitifully over the loss of his friend. Rendered inconsolable, he pined away with grief, and in a few weeks, poor little fellow, died broken-hearted.

But how account for the strange disappearance of Billy? Did he become alienated from the college home, where for many years he lived and was loved?—absurd. Did he, in the midst of his ramblings, get lost in the intricacies of the forest and adopt, for the nonce, his native wilds?—impossible.

Oh! if the impressions that dreams convey are based at times on a foundation of truth, confusion seize the wretch, whom in my slumbers I saw glancing along a rifle-barrel, with murderous intent on our Billy's life. What cared he for the tiny bell tinkling preventively from our pet's neck. Ah, Billy,—that sable huntsman

"e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs!"

But we must drop the veil, noble creature, which, uplifted, revealed thee to us, young, blithesome and beautiful.

Farewell, pet; thou hast taught us in thyself, the greatness of the good God in the beauties of His creation.

HERBERT O'NEILL, '05.

IN ASCENSIONEM.

Ascendit Dominus coelestia regna triumphans,
Et tamen inter oves Pastor in orbe manet.
O utinam, dum terra tenet mortalia membra,
Aetherea merear vivere corde Domo!

HORACE TO VIRGIL.

(An ode of condolence on the death of a mutual friend.)

BOOK I, ODE 24.

What bound or limit to the yearning shall be placed
For friend so dear ? Sad, mournful strains do thou inspire
Melpomene, whom Jove, thy father, graced
With liquid voice and tuneful lyre.

When on Quintilius' soul shall torpor endless weigh ?
And when shall Modesty and Justice' sister fair,
Corruptless Faith and Truth in plain array,
With him find any to compare ?

By many honest men bewailed, the hero fell.
More bitterly than thou, none, Virgil, did lament.
In vain, thro' love thou askest back from hell
Quintilius, not on such terms lent.

What tho' to sweeter tones than Orpheus of Thrace,
Thou shouldst attune that lyre once hearkened to by trees ;
Yet blood would ne'er refill that phantom face
Which Mercury (who not with ease

Is moved to ope Fate's portals to the prayers of men,)
Should once to his black flock have driven with grim wand.
'Tis hard ! but Patience softly soothes our pain,
When there's no remedy beyond.

S. H. C.

A FALSE HEROINE.

[T was July, 1793. The morning
sun shone brightly on the gold-
en domes and lofty spires of the
capital of France.

A beautiful girl, covered with a
mantling cloak, stood before the
door of an inn. Tall and erect in
form, a head of brown hair fell in
rich profusion over her shoulders,
while her glowing eyes and flushed
face gave evidence of the anxiety
that reigned within her soul.

Before her troubled mind ap-
pears outlined the heartrending
condition of her beloved country
which, chiefly through the ma-
chinations of one hated man, is
still laboring in the throes of a
dire revolution. Inhuman butch-
eries, cruelties before unheard
of, thousands upon thousands per-
ishing, famine, misery, desolated
villages, burning chateaux—all
this flashes before her menta

vision, and in hopes of relieving the state of things, she makes a desperate resolve.

After considerable parleying with the janitor of the inn, she is admitted.

The foot-worn stairs they ascend, and stand before the door of a dingy room. Inside they hear bursts of impatience and curses from the confined invalid.

Plunging her hand beneath her mantle's folds, the girl wreathes her face in a smile of satisfaction, and raps softly on the door. "Come in!" rasps the voice of the inmate. Allaying, by a supreme effort, the emotion that agitates her breast, the girl enters. Her visit had been announced by letter the day previous.

Before her was seated a man at a low table, with his feet in a bath and a blanket thrown over his shoulders.

"Ah! you are the writer of the letter? What may your business be?" demanded Marat, with a scowl.

"The welfare of my country urges me to this interview," replied Charlotte Corday. "I am come from Caen, the seat of the rebellion, and—"

"What news from Caen?" queried the impatient Marat.

"Information about certain loyalists, who are scheming your ruin."

"Who are they?" eagerly petitioned the arch-revolutionist.

"Pétion,"—how his eyes gloat over the characters as he hastily jots them down.

"Louvet!"

"They shall be guillotined in a few days!" croaks the people's tool.

"Then—" a flash of steel, a quick thrust, an agonizing shriek, and the man who had drenched his country in blood, lay dead at the feet of Charlotte Corday. That heart, in which had been conceived designs that saw maturity in horror-inspiring political murders, pierced through by the assassin's blade, had ceased to beat. Her purpose accomplished, Charlotte turns about and confronts the servants who, in answer to the dying monster's scream, rush upon the scene. With that desperate determination which nerved her arm for the stroke, she defends herself, knife in hand, against the infuriated menials and retainers. She reads, in their diabolical countenances, blood for blood: so, intrenched behind a table, she desperately holds her own until the gendarmes arrive.

The officers, warned by an aged servant of Marat, hastened to the scene.

When they came to the inn, they found an enraged mob of men and women crowding in and around the entrance and thronging up the stairs. By main force they make their way to the room above, brush aside the rabid besiegers, and firmly secure the determined girl.

As Charlotte is led down stairs, and into the street, blows are aimed at her head. But these are ward off by the muskets of the

officers. While she is being conducted to the Abbaye Prison, the howling, hooting mob showers curses and insults upon her,

Not an approving look, not a sympathetic eye among that rabble. Rage possesses many; admiration, few. A hiss comes from nearly every woman, and an imprecation from nearly every man. Those who would show appreciation of her conduct, are restrained by fear.

No sign of remorse is shown by the murderess; no tears of repentance course down her cheeks: on the contrary, she raises her proud head above the deriding crowd, and with eyes unabashed, looks down upon them with independent contempt.

To the prison she is followed by the howling, jeering crowd; and, when the gates grate dismally behind her, she swoons,—so great has been the strain on her mind and body.

The rabble, with vengeful imprecations, turn from the frowning prison walls, while to her lonely cell is borne the deluded girl.

* * * * *

The vast Palais de Justice is thronged by a breathless, excited multitude. The Revolutionary Tribunal is there; Tinville is there with his indictments; Lagarde is there with his fair defendant. Tinville arises. He breaks forth into an eulogium of Marat.

"He was a monster!" brusquely interrupted Charlotte.

The prosecutor brings forward evidences of her guilt.

"These details are needless," puts in the girl. "I killed Marat. He has brutalized the French. I killed this beast to give peace to my country."

At these words, a murmur of admiration runs through the courtroom.

In spite of her confession, however, the selfaccused affects a wish to have all the judicial formalities gone through, and she charges Lagarde to defend her, deprecating at the same time a plea of insanity. A few brief remarks, expressive of admiration at his client's conduct, and the advocate gives way to the men of law. An opposer of their schemes of "liberty, fraternity, equality,"—a murderess? The doom is death.

It is the evening of the great trial. The overcast heavens reproduce in blackness the dark deeds which have that day transpired in the great metropolis, as from the gate of the Conciergerie, issues forth the fatal cart. Seated therein, clothed in the red gown of a murderess, beautiful, calm, scorning the un pitying rabble, despising death, Charlotte Corday goes to meet her doom.

Unpitied, this demented girl—liberator? Absurd. See those hats removed in reverence as she passes, hear those many shouts, akin in meaning to the sentiment advanced by Lux of Mentz in the face of the Revolutionists, that Marat's assassin was greater than Brutus.



JUNIOR BRASS BAND.



The Place de la Revolution is reached. Charlotte is bound; she trembles not: the dreadful blade is freed, and on another soul bursts the dawn of the great open day of eternity. Oh! that inhuman shout. Aye! give vent to the abundance of your hearts, actors in a hell-born drama.

But see! the executioner uplifts the severed head, and bestows a wanton blow on the tinged countenance. Iniquity has surpassed itself, and at this gross insult, a

momentary burst of popular indignation is directed against the vile menial of the law.

Charlotte Corday is no more, Marat is no more; and will the dire spirit that influenced the arch-revolutionist be now no more? Futile thought. For that mad assassin's deed,—a deed which excites an intermingling of horror and pity, failed of its purpose, and brought to the fair land of Charlotte Corday "not peace, but a sword."

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '03.

BELLE-ISLE.

[The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Gayarre's erudite History of Louisiana, for the details of this narrative.]

THE dawn of the 18th century was already far advanced. Within the log palisades of the French fort at Natchitoches a group was gathered about a shaggy-haired, wild-eyed and rough-visaged man, who filled the double role of spokesman and hero. He was relating a touching and thrilling narrative,—that of his own bitter experiences. Even to this day the story rehearsed at many a family fireside in Louisiana finds a responsive echo in the hearts of its hearers.

"Now that you have been refreshed, Monsieur Belle-Isle," eagerly spoke the commandant in the name of all, "be so kind as to tell us about your painful wanderings, your long captivity among the Indians, and your wonderful rescue."

"Your wish will be granted, my generous deliverers," began the grateful Belle-Isle, in a voice faltering from emotion, "the hearty welcome you have given me to your roof and board more than entitles you to command me in any manner you please."

"Let us listen to the stirring tale!" cried they all.

"You must know, then, my good friends, that our ill-starred ship, the gallant Rodeur, left the shores of sunny France over three years ago,—and long and weary years have they been for me! Besides the officers and crew there were on board a company of soldiers and one hundred convicts, intended for the colony of Louisiana. We were bound for the mouth of the Great River explored by De Soto; but, through some mishap,

we lost our reckoning, and after wandering about for several days, finally entered an inlet many miles to the west of our destined port.

"No sooner had we cast anchor than a contagious disease, very loathsome in its effects, broke out among the convicts. Allard, De Lisle, Legendre, Corlat and myself, all officers in the king's service, deeming it to be the height of cruelty to allow these poor wretches to remain on board ship in such an atmosphere of death, determined to go ashore and establish at least a temporary camp for the sufferers.

"So, one morning we lowered a boat and had ourselves rowed to the mainland. While we five, provided with an ample store of provisions and ammunition, went in search of a fitting locality, the sailors were engaged in transporting fresh water to the ship. Late in the evening we returned to the beach and looked for the *Rodeur*. She was no more in sight!—and the boat, too, was gone! Long and anxiously we scanned the distant horizon; but night came on, and we were still peering into the veil-like mists of the blue expanse. All in vain! We never saw or heard aught of our goodly ship and its stricken burden. You, perchance, may have had tidings of the *Rodeur*? No? Perhaps, then, it was engulfed in one of those destructive storms that take their rise in the Western Indies. May the bountiful God have had mercy on its unfortunate crew!

"But little was said about our forlorn situation. We were almost dumb with confusion. 'They have deserted us!' De Lisle ventured to remark. 'Impossible!' I exclaimed, striving to mask my real feelings under a guise of confidence; 'they will come back.'

"We spent the night—for we cannot be said to have slept,—on the leafy ground, beneath the spreading branches of a great oak. The weird screechings of nocturnal birds and the still more fearful howlings of wakeful beasts of prey broke in upon our restless thoughts to lend additional woe to our desolate condition.

"The next morning, and for many days to come, we eagerly paced the lonely strand watching for any sail that might perchance heave in sight. Our stock of provisions was soon exhausted, and our fire-arms became of no service to us. Hitherto an occasional excursion into the interior had brought us some scanty food, but now, with no ammunition left, even this means of subsistence disappeared. A few nuts, clams, roots, and insects,—these comprised our daily fare. Sometimes our wretched board was varied by a hare or wood-rat captured by my dog in his roving through the forest. What a dainty morsel, what a precious tidbit to poor victims of starvation! So much reduced were we that we determined to kill even this faithful brute; but I had not the heart to execute the deed, and when some one else made the attempt, the

noble creature scampered away through the bushes and never more returned. In our ingratitude begotten of insatiable hunger, we had driven away our sole earthly benefactor.

"After a time, we resolved to move inland along a stream and make our way to some human habitation, be it of white man or Indian. The journey was painful in the extreme. Day by day we were looking more emaciated and our strength was fast waning. What a heart-appalling spectacle, to behold death's marble shadow growing whiter and deeper on the gaunt countenances of my starving companions! One after the other they dropped off on our wearisome march, and the survivors shed a loving tear and breathed a fervent prayer over the departed comrade. Allard was the first to succumb to the pangs of famine and the hardships of the weather; then followed De Lisle and Legendre; and a few days later, I laid Corlat in his last resting-place.

"And now, what was to become of me,—alone in the pathless forest, weary, footsore, famished, wasting away by inches? In my agony of soul, I flung myself on my palsied knees and frantically begged the God who made me to smite me in his tender mercy and thus withdraw me from this ocean of overwhelming misery. I then threw myself down, determined to rise no more, but to pine away in hopeless grief. Still, after my mad outburst, I felt the love of

life and the eagerness to cling to its attractions, yet holding vigorous sway within my breast; and, forgetting for the nonce my desperate condition, I proceeded to regale myself on some wild roots and a few hearty quaffs of the crystal liquid tripping gayly along at my feet.

"One day, shortly afterwards, when I had partaken of a few nuts for my noonday meal, I lay down to rest my tired and aching limbs. I spent some hours in a state between sleep and delirium. When I finally awoke from my hideous reverie, I saw—no! I looked once more; I tremulously shaded my sunken eyes and gazed intently above the distant trees. There,—yes! I beheld a tiny wreath of bluish smoke curling heavenwards. At last!

"In an instant I was up and moving wildly in the direction of this gladsome harbinger of freedom. I was weak, and this sudden outpouring of joy almost overcame my little remnant of strength. Several times I stumbled; but nothing could keep me from my cherished purpose; buoyed up by a courage born of an undying hope and irresistible longing for safety, I still kept on my arduous way. I was but a stone's throw from my wished-for goal; I reeled, staggered, fell heavily to the ground, and became almost unconscious; the smoke rings vanished from my view. Was I about to lose my only chance of life?

"This despairing thought brought me to my senses in a flash. I

looked up. Standing over my prostrate form were two demon-like savages in full war paint, each armed with a gleaming tomahawk. I uttered what I intended to be a cry for mercy, but my parched throat gave forth only a labored gasp. I made a sign that I was hungry; they understood me, and, laying aside their weapons, helped me over to a group of Attakapas Indians gathered about a fire. They immediately put before me a stone platter containing cooked venison and herbs. Thinking nought of the uncertainty of my fate, I literally devoured the life-saving victuals.

"I then watched and waited to see what they would do with me. Would they suffer me to live? Or, could it be that I had been snatched from death by starvation only to perish by the murderous tomahawk? The chief men held a hasty conference; after a few words had been exchanged, I could perceive by their gestures and motions that they had decided not to rob me of my newly acquired lease on existence. They decreed I might live.

"Yes, live! But what a life! The very next day they assigned me as a servant to an old widowed squaw. A veritable slave was I,—a drudge,—a cringing menial to my hard task-masters! For days and weeks and months,—even for eighteen long months,—I gathered fagots and drew water, kindled the early morning fire and swept the squalid wigwam, prepared the daily meals and cared for wayward

Indian children! Such was my life, such the wretched existence I dragged along during my cruel captivity.

"At last, however, after much hoping and praying, even in the midst of my woe and despair, the day of deliverance came. My chains were snapped asunder; my bonds were broken in twain; the heart-crushing slavery saw an end.

"Among my few personal effects was a small tin box, which my barbarian despots had permitted me to retain and which contained my commission as an officer and other papers. About two months ago, this treasure was stolen from me and sold to a member of the Assinai tribe, your immediate neighbors.

"How this savage disposed of the box and its contents at the market-place; how your valiant governor, upon learning my fate, generously undertook and accomplished my rescue; with what open-hearted hospitality you welcomed the fugitive to your roof,—all this you already know but too well. But, gentlemen, my deep feelings of gratitude, my whole-souled appreciation of your bounteous charity you can never comprehend!"

"Verily, Monsieur Belle-Isle, you have narrated a wonderful tale!" exclaimed the commandant of the fort. "Once more do we bid you welcome among us, your friends and countrymen, who join with you in thanking God for your almost miraculous deliverance."

JAMES C. CASSERLY, '03.

PROFESSOR ANGELO SUFFICH.

PROFESSOR ANGELO SUFFICH was born in 1874 at Pola, in Austria. At an early age he began the study of music at Rovigno, a city twenty-five miles from Pola, under the direction of Professor Buresch, and subsequently of Professor Merriogli, a graduate of the Conservatory of Milan.

Coming to America at the age of sixteen, he first located at Houston, Texas. Three years later he came to Mobile, where he established himself permanently in the practice of his profession, at the same time perfecting himself under the distinguished Professors Staub and Schlesinger.

Here the talented young musician soon became so prominent in musical circles that, in the year 1897, he was summoned by the Faculty of Spring Hill College to teach the Flute, Cornet and Mandolin in this institution, where music in all its fascinating forms has always held a high place.

Since that time Professor Suffich

has not only identified himself with all the prominent musical organizations of the College, but he has moreover given such uniform satisfaction as an accomplished and painstaking teacher, that all who have come under his



direction during the past four years are unanimous in testifying to his sterling worth.

F. MARION INGE, '04.

GAYEST OF SONGSTERS.

Mocking-bird, sing! O sing!
Sing all the livelong day!
Make all the woodlands ring—
Nightly retune thy lay!

JUBILEE ODE.

WE take pleasure in republishing the Jubilee Ode of our sister College of the Immaculate Conception in New Orleans. Since this famed educational institution celebrated some months ago the fiftieth anniversary of its useful existence, it has made giant strides on the road to improvement. The beautifying of the grand church connected with it together with the erection of an imposing hall to be devoted to class rooms, are but the beginnings of the progressive work which will place this already well-equipped seat of learning far in the front rank among its competitors in the South.

On this thy day of jubilee, thy sons,
O Alma Mater, would for thee entone
A song of joy and love and gratitude
From hearts which thou to virtue hast en-
trained.

From parents' arms, all fresh and innocent,
They to thy bosom come, for years to cling;
Those years to them so slowly passing, are
To thee, in life continuous ever young,
But as the fleeting hours, while thy sons
Do come and go as wavelets on the beach.

A hundred years and more agone,
Louisiana first did hail Loyola's sons,
Where now there whirls th' electric tide of life;
There on a grassy mound glad children play, *
A granite shaft upbears a hero's form.

They brought with them the plant whose life-
blood could

E'en mock the azure of our summer skies, †
And one that, bruised and crushed, gave sweet-
ness forth— ‡

Types of those virtues which they sought to
plant;

Faith's heavenly hope, the sweets of Christian
life.

They came, they passed, too sad their tale to
tell;

Their names, their memory forgot, save where
Round Jesuits' Bend the flavid waters swirl.

Once more they came—by few were welcomed,
for

The faith asleep, luxurious wealth prevailed.

No rich foundation graced thy corner-stone,
A scanty corner was thy early home.

Thou hadst no fear, the Crescent City's name

Was unto thee a sign; for she, whose type
The crescent moon, foretold the rising sun,
Presaged in misty morn thy brighter noon.
This, Maisonnabe thy faith, thy trusty hope;
Thou, Cambiaso, left thy monument,
The gorgeous fane, beloved shrine, well-known
Of her, the Queen, Immaculate Conceived.

Thy growth was slow, thy task was drear and
hard

T' enforce the bonds of discipline and teach
Thy sons that science and the finer arts,
Without Religion's blessing, go for naught.

When war's alarm clanged and sister states
Their oft-tried union rent, thy prayer was still
For peace, yet not thy due to praise or ban
Those claims, conflicting in discordant strife.

There where the Southland flared her starry
flag,

Thy sons were foremost in the van, and thou
With tearful blessing, bad'st them bravely fight,
Or, nobly falling—praying die. Where loudest
Boomed war's dread artillery and wove
The leaden web of death, their glory shone.
Then Pere Hubert won deathless fame; than he
No braver, as our Beaugard proclaimed.
The fight was done, the cause was lost, the flag
In honor furled—its Cross alone remained.

The Southland mourned, all pitted with their
graves.

Thy sons, O Alma Mater, lent their voice
To cheer, their minds to plan, their hearts to
urge

The task so arduous before them set;
To raise the shattered state, the ranks
To fill of honest labor, ceaseless toil.
Their wealth was lost, their ease foregone;
remained

Their faith in God, which thou didst teach,
And those bright virtues following in its train.
Where ermined justice sits on bench supreme,
Where civic equity the law decrees,
And there where eloquence the right sustains,
And healing art to ailing nature hastes,
Where busy commerce holds an honest scale
We find them, and not last, nor least their worth.
Thy stoled sons, when fell diseases rage,
Kuow neither rest nor danger, theirs to shrive
The dying and the weeping friends console—
From pulpits sound the trump of God's own
word.

These are thy fruits, and these thy just rewards.
Hail, tender Mother, thy sons bid thee all hail!
Ours may it be in future years to grace
Thee with fresh laurels, crown thee with our
bays;

At least, ever to love thee, guardian of our
youth!

F. P. G.

* R. E. Lee Circle.

† Indigo.

‡ Sugar-Cane

HENRY IV. AND THE PEASANT.

HENRY IV. of France, on account of his physical activity and powers of endurance, bore the sobriquet of "movement incarnate." His passion for hunting is almost proverbial.

One evening at the close of Autumn, he summoned his master of the horse and bade him have ready for him the next morning the swiftest courser his stables could furnish.

"For," quoth he, "the sky is clear and the air is crisp, and to-morrow we must follow the hounds into the wild woods and give the stag a chance to show his graceful skill in running, and let Master Renard display his cunning genius in eluding his canine pursuers."

The morning dawned bright and fair and the royal courtyard rang with a joyous din; servants hurrying to and fro with saddles and whips, obsequious valets attaching the spurs of the gentlemen, and gallant knights assisting the gay ladies to mount their horses. The noise was heightened by the cries of the pack, eager to slip from the leash, and the chargers champing the bit and incessantly neighing as if they knew that sport was at hand, and they could not curb their impatient ardor.

While the excitement was at its highest, the king came upon the scene, and with proud, elastic tread, walked over to examine the mount which was awaiting him. He was a colossal, well-formed,

prancing steed of pure chestnut color, except for a white streak along his head.

"A likely looking animal," muttered King Henry; "I wonder if he is as fleet as he looks?"

"I assure you he is, Your Majesty, for he has the reputation of being the swiftest horse in this part of the country," replied the equerry.

"Very good," chuckled Henry, "But off to the chase."

With that he sprang into the saddle, and with horns winding and hounds barking, they moved on to the chase.

At the edge of the forest the dogs struck the trail of a large stag, which led them towards the interior of the forest. Henry, with his speedy horse, in the enjoyment of the chase, outstripped them all, and left them far behind. In his fast ride he thought of nothing but the pleasure of the moment and gave his steed full rein. The noble animal seemed fairly to fly over the ground; and Henry, in his delight, let him go on until he could no longer hear the bay of the dogs, and the shouts of the men.

But suddenly the king seemed to realize his situation. Reining in his steed, he found himself standing in a dense forest. He was lost; and he could not trace his way back.

Soon, however, he descried some thin smoke at a little distance

ahead, and thither he turned his horse's head. On riding up he found it to be a cottage occupied by an aged peasant and his wife. He asked the old man to kindly give him lodging for the night, at the same time informing him that he was one of the king's courtiers, who had gone astray during the chase.

The countryman gave him a hearty welcome, and while he set about making preparations for supper, his wife went outside, and like Baucis of old, hobbled about the farm-yard, until she caught, if not her one solitary goose, at least, the largest and the plumpest chicken of the brood. When all was made ready, the old couple and their guest sat down, the former little suspecting that the Majesty of France was supping under their roof.

The king was hungry and showed his thorough appreciation of the appetizing repast. When supper was over, the peasant brought in a couple of bottles of excellent old wine. His Highness drank heartily, and was in a mood for jesting; so when the old man asked him about the king and told him how much he would like to see him, never having enjoyed such a privilege, Henry told him if he should wish to see the king to come with him on the morrow to a place appointed for a meeting.

"But how am I to tell who the king is?" asked the old man.

"Well," replied Henry, "when

the king comes into the midst of the huntsmen, all will take off their hats, and bow down their heads. He alone will remain covered."

"All right," said the old man, "I shall see him."

The king had a peaceful night, and slept very well. When he arose in the morning he found his breakfast smoking on the table, for the old man was an early riser.

After they had finished breakfast, they set out on their journey, Henry tendering heartfelt thanks to his gracious hostess. His companion chatted all the while and wondered how the king must look, while the king himself was ready to explode with laughter at the joke he was playing on the unsuspecting swain.

At last they reached the place of meeting, and found the royal party already in waiting. When Henry and his rustic host arrived upon the spot, all took off their hats and bowed profoundly. Then the king turned to the old man and asked:

"Now do you know who the king is?"

"Upon my word!" replied the peasant, "It must be either you or I!"

They all had a laugh at the expense of the old man; nevertheless, the king rewarded him handsomely for his hospitality, remarking as he did so, that he had never enjoyed himself as heartily as during his short sojourn beneath his kindly roof.

CLARENCE A. COSTELLO, '02.

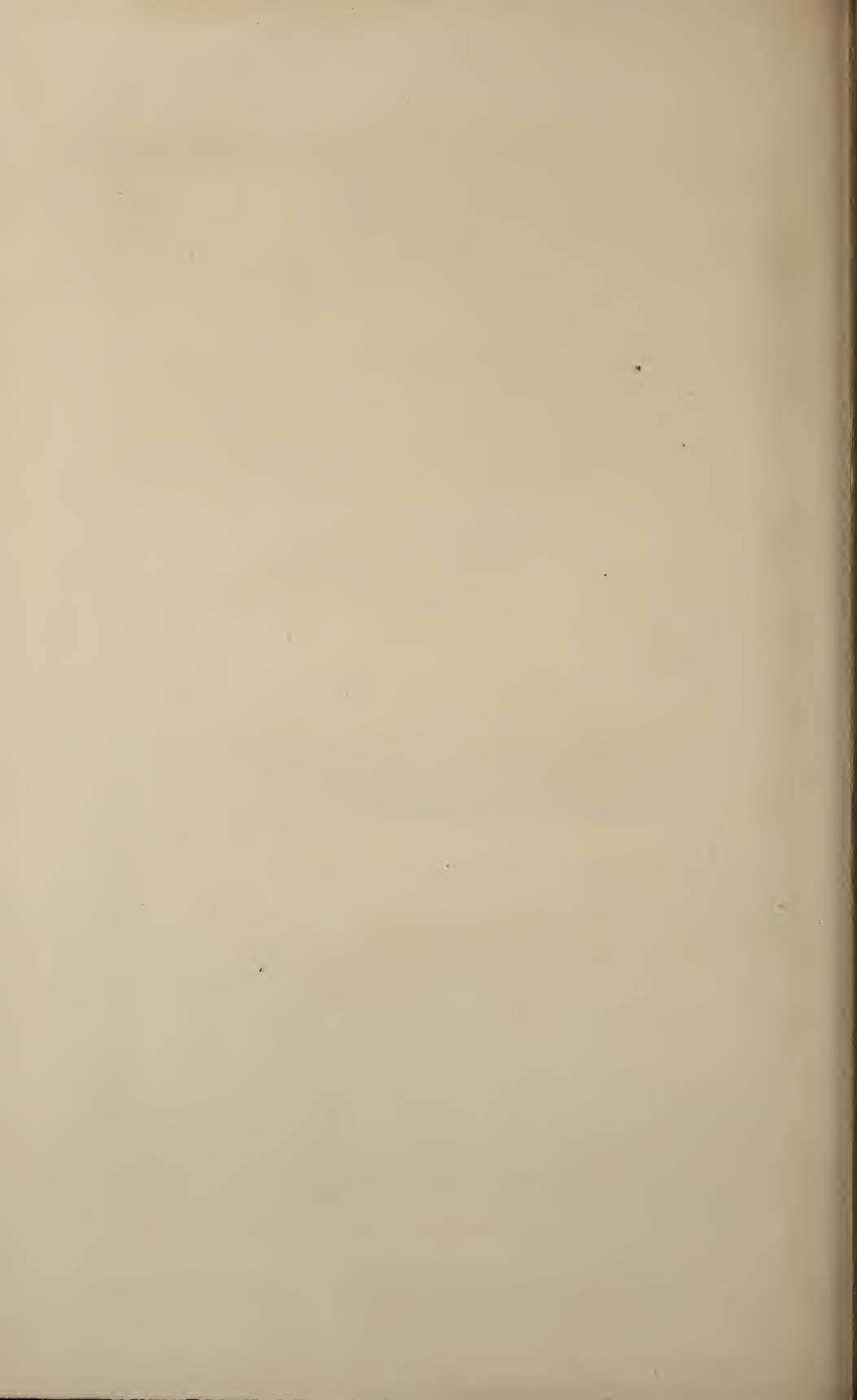
A
CLASS
ROOM



THE COLLEGE CHURCH



A
PARLOR
VIEW



RAPID FIRING GUNS.

WE often hear of rapid firing guns. What is a rapid firing gun? What conditions must it fulfil to be so designated?

I shall endeavor to answer this question as clearly and precisely as possible.

When a gun is to be fired, the breech being open, several successive steps must be observed. We first introduce the projectile into the bore, and then the load of powder; next the breech is closed, aim is taken and the gun is discharged. The gun recoils; it is replaced in firing position, the breech is again opened, and the preceding operations are repeated.

The first advance made towards quick firing was the encasing of the powder and the projectile in the same metallic cartridge. By this means, one movement accomplished what before required two.

But other and greater difficulties had to be overcome.

In the first place, the rapid firing gun will not profitably eject many projectiles in a short time, unless it can be trained for each shot in an equally short time; and this most important operation is impossible in the presence of

smoke. Therefore, smokeless powder is to be used. Now, the smokeless powder first invented was not reliable when used in cannon, in this sense that the effect was often different for two successive shots.

Again, that a rapid firing gun should be efficient, it is essential that its range be very long; in other words, that its initial velocity be very great, because then the projectile follows an almost straight line. This facilitates quick, accurate aiming.

Moreover, to give the projectile great velocity, the gun must be very long. Hence it is useless to attempt to transform one of the old guns into a quick firing machine.

Finally, the recoil of the rapid firing gun is resisted by powerful springs, which automatically replace the piece in firing position.

With all these improvements guns four, five or six inches in internal diameter, will easily fire ten or twelve shots a minute, with an initial velocity of between 2000 and 3000 feet per second.

The modern rapid firing gun is one of the most ingenious mechanisms ever fashioned by the cunning hand of man.

HENRY L. SARPY, '00.

AN OFT-DREAMT DREAM.

WHERE is the boy who has not been at some time or other either the hero of a daring deed or the victim of a foul plot—all in a dream?

One has surprised an Indian camp and killed twelve of them single-handed; another has been a great detective, and "got the drop" on a gang of train robbers and captured all of them; while some one else, in the role of an African explorer, has had many desperate encounters with, and hair-breadth escapes from, the wild animals in the jungles of the Dark Continent.

But I had a dream not long ago, in which I was *not* a hero, and so uncomfortable did I feel that night, and for some time afterwards, that I would not willingly choose to experience the like of it again—not even in a dream.

I had been reading in the evening paper of the suicide of an unfortunate man, once well-known to me. It was the old story: sudden loss of fortune, temporary derangement of mind, and, I suppose, the devil's work, too.

Well, the sad affair made a deep impression on me, and I could not dispel it. It followed me to bed, and kept me awake till a late hour.

Sometime during the night I became suddenly penniless by a great fall in grain in which I had invested extensively. I went down to Wall street and there the report was confirmed by every-

body whom I met. I became restless, my temples began to throb violently, my head was aching and my brain was in a whirl. I wandered about the city aimlessly, poring over my loss. At last I grew weary and had to go home.

There, on my desk, were piled bills and notices of every kind and description. The sight of them made my head ache more violently, and I turned and left the room after opening the first one. It was an urgent demand for a large sum. I tried to banish the thought, but wheresoever I went I was stared at by everybody, and my best friends shunned me.

This mental agony was driving me mad; I could bear it no longer. There was no peace, I thought, either of mind or body for me in the wide world;—the only rest for me, O dreadful thought, was in death! Instinctively I recoiled from it; I knew it was wrong, but something goaded me on.

Fully resolved to end my existence, and to make a thorough, quick and sure work of it, I went to the nearest drug store and bought two ounces of arsenic; then I procured three fathoms of strong rope, one gallon of kerosene oil, a box of matches and a thirty-eight calibre revolver with some bullets.

Thus prepared, and filled with the dark thoughts that precede so dire a deed, I made my way slow-

ly out of town, to where a small creek loses itself in the woods. I hired a boat, rowed about a mile up the stream, and came to what seemed a suitable place. From a large oak tree, a strong limb reached more than half way over the stream, just about ten feet higher than the water.

I stopped rowing, dropped what served for an anchor, and made the rope fast to the limb overhead; the other end I adjusted with a sure knot around my neck. Then I poured the kerosene over my clothes, swallowed the arsenic, touched my oil-soaked clothes off with the lighted match, then with the revolver aimed straight at my right temple, I pulled the trigger and kicked away the boat from under me at the same time. Bang!—and ———

No, it was not all over; this is

what happened: the effort to kick away the boat moved my hand that held the revolver, and instead of blowing out my brains, the bullet merely cut the rope just above my head, so that I fell into the water, and then the fire was extinguished; now, as I was not prepared for that plunge into the water, I swallowed so much of it, that I was soon relieved of the deadly arsenic. But, if I had not known how to swim, I would surely have drowned. And as that had not formed part of my plans, I forthwith struck out for the bank.

And I awoke to find myself beating the air, in the act of swimming. The perspiration stood in beads on my forehead. My pulse was going like a steam-engine. By Jupiter! that was the worst dream I ever had; but I am thankful that it was only a dream!

T. PEYTON NORVILLE, JR., '04.

SPRING SEASON.

THE Spring season is on, and our poets are poetizing. One of these can be trailed by the reams of scribbled paper that strew the ground behind him. His friends pick them up at times, and write commentaries there-on.

I submit a fragment that came into my possession with the commentaries annexed:

"Sweet blooming spring, you're here again!

I'll spend my happy hours
Roaming through the woodlands green,
To pluck the smiling flowers."

Whereto the commentator appended:

"You'll roam—nit!
If you do, you'll quit."

But the poet continues:

"I hear the syren songsters,
That flutter in the air.
O pretty bird, where goest thou
In all thy beauty rare?"

The commentator answered the poet's query thus:

"The birdie is meandering
Promiscuous through the blue;
And having there a *high* old time;
She's nothing else to do;
She'll soon be poetastering,
Just—like—you!"

Evidently, exhausted nature could go no further, for here the ballad ended.

JOHN H. RYAN, '01.

JOY'S MYSTERY.

(With Profound Apologies to Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, Act I, Scene 1.)

(Enter Antonio, Salarino and Solanio.)

Antonio. In faith, I'm glad! a feeling words cannot
Describe, a joyousness that knows no name,
A happiness and peace with all the world
O'erpowers me: but whence it comes, the cause,
The thing itself, quite puzzles me. Methinks
My spirit thus so light will rise above
The plotting human egotism, the thin,
Transparent film of honesty that men
Throw o'er deceit, and, spurning earthly cares,
Will soar on its felicity thro' space.

Salarino. Your soul untrammelled roves the pastures o'er,
And finds delight in walking with your kind
Thro' winding paths and stately oaks and groves,
Like Croesus visiting his counting-house,
Rich in possession of their tender love.

Solanio. Believe me, sir, were I in friends so blest,
My mind would wander forth to keep for aye
Companionship with those I love so dear;
And e'en as doth the needle seek the pole,
My heart would turn where fond attraction draws.
I could not gaze upon a silv'ry cloud
But straightway I would see my sister's face;
Recall how oft', beside my couch, with soft
And cooling touch, she soothed my fevered brow,
And smoothed the ruffled frown when Temper claimed
Predominance; and all the gentle, sweet,
Kind, thoughtful acts my heart can ne'er forget.
I'd see my brothers in the babbling brook,
Playfully dancing over rocks unseen
In sheer delight; or tumbling noisily
Thro' narrow gorge like t' other in the wild
Rash boist'rousness of youth. At Holy Mass,
Whilst thinking of the God who died for me,
My mind would oft revert to childhood days,
The heart-aches, trials, sacrifice for me
My parents bore;—a debt I ne'er can pay,
Not e'en in part. But why all this? I know
From love of kin doth spring Antonio's joy.

Antonio. You wander far. A quarrel rash of late
Hath severed me from kith and kin; and e'en
A father's wrath, a mother's tears, I've dared:

And while my spirit boiled, I made resolve,
 Like blooded courser, once the rein is slack,
 To take the bit, to go my own sweet way,
 And act my will. But staid affection came
 With cooling blood ;—and then I felt bereft.
 None judges truer freedom's charms than he
 Who liberty has forfeited ; and none
 Can better know the worth of loving hearts
 Than he who friendship's bond has torn in twain.
 Yet, launched on Life's wild sea, alone, bereft,
 And forced to struggle with an angry tide
 That baffles, overwhelms and stifles me,
 I feel my spirit buoyant all within.—
 You see 'tis not of love of kin my joy is born.

Salarino. Then some fair maid, in sooth, has won your heart,
 And holds you well within the charmed orb.

Antonio. Fie! fie! in jumping at conclusions, friend,
 Wise men should look before they leap. No, no!
 I am from woman's witcheries immune.

Salarino. Not in love either? Then mayhap you are glad
 Because you are not moody ; 'twere as well
 For you to mope and weep, and go about
 With coffin face, and say that you are sad
 Because not merry. By th' Olympic Jove,
 Nature has wrought most wondrous freaks, indeed!
 Some who with sombre mien and long-drawn face
 Walk to the measure of a funeral march,
 And smile like Death's head on a monument;
 And others, that immoderate laugh anent
 The very grave they are to occupy;
 Upon whose grinning face a sober thought
 Would alien seem; who could note'en refrain
 From boist'rous mirth, tho' Falstaff on his knees
 Bent low and begged them to be serious.

JACK McGRATH, '02.

AD BEATAM VIRGINEM.

Quae tibi, Virgo parens, grati munuscula cordis,
 Quae tanto dabimus pignora signa die?
 Non solitas satis est aris imponere laudes,
 Plura sed offerimus carmina, quisque suum.
 Te spirante novus successit fervor in omnes,
 Et firmo divus pectore crevit amor.
 Accipe nunc, Mater, votivo in carmine grates,
 Accipe votorum dona precesque pias.

THE STORY OF THE BOERS.

AT sunset of a golden May day we were all seated beneath the shady veranda that fronts our home. Uncle Joe had just returned from a prolonged trip abroad, and, in his own graphic style, was narrating his experiences in foreign parts, notably his month's sojourn among the Boers in South Africa.

The most interested listener was myself, for the subject of the English prize composition given in class that day was "The Boers." And here what an excellent opportunity for culling facts and incidents! I hearkened with rapt attention to every word of the wonderful story.

"The Dutch," said my uncle, after giving the details of his visit, "migrated from the mother country, and settled Cape Colony in 1652. From that period until the invasion of Holland in 1806 by Napoleon, they lived peacefully and happily. Then, for protection their little colony was entrusted by the mother country to their British ally, and after Napoleon's downfall, formally handed over to England.

"But the freedom-loving Boers had no wish to be governed by alien laws, and they rebelled. And oh! with what severe prosecutions and cruel executions was that rebellion suppressed. They might be overwhelmed and conquered, but not enslaved; and so those ten thousand men, women

and children left British territory and found for themselves a new home in the wilds of Africa.

"In this trackless region, which was inhabited only by fierce beasts and savage men, they settled,—settled on land purchased from the native tribes. Who can describe the hardships which they endured here? The barren, uncultivated soil, the incursions of hostile savages, and the dangers from wild beasts, added to the many privations which they had to endure, are but a partial enumeration of their sufferings.

"The industry and sturdy qualities of the Boers were soon attended by prosperity, and this was the signal for England to annex their country. Of course they took up arms in defence of their hearths and homes, but were beaten; and again, rather than be enslaved, pushed on into the unclaimed interior of Africa. But the English again molested them, and in desperation they crossed the Vaal river, determined to make there a final stand. Here, after undergoing a repetition of their former hardships, they succeeded in setting up a little republic, and called it the Transvaal State.

"The hardy Boers now prevailed upon England to recognize officially their independence, and the Vaal river was made the international boundary line. I saw with my own eyes the original treaty, which was ratified April



THE RAVINE.

(Now Spanned by a Massive Earthen Bridge.)



15th, 1852, and which guaranteed to the Transvaalians freedom, in the fullest sense of the term.

"The spirit of peace and happiness now breathed throughout the infant republic; but a cloud hovered over it. The sight of a valuable diamond from the country of her Dutch neighbors, excited the avarice of Great Britain, and forthwith she laid claim to the precious region. The little republic was coerced into ceding to the dominant power, for £90,000, the district now including the Kimberley mines which yield millions of dollars yearly.

"The sturdy people across the Vaal had to suffer anew, as I said, their former hardships, and among these, the worst by far were the wars with the natives. History can offer no parallel strifes in point of fierceness. The gallant Boers were successfully repelling, and would soon have put a final stop to these savage incursions, when a most undesirable intervention came about.

"In 1877 the English agent to the Transvaal, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in the name of his Government, and, undoubtedly, with the best of intentions, proposed to the little republic the feasibility of coming under the protection of her Majesty. The President of the State placed the proposition before the people and it was unanimously rejected.

"But in spite of all this, in spite of her solemn treaty, England, on the 12th of April, 1877, deputed Sir Theophilus Shepstone with a

proclamation which declared the Transvaal State British territory. Less than two years later, this high-handed measure received official approbation. The death-knell of the Transvaal was sounded.

"But the down-trodden Boers chose rather to die than be slaves. They took up arms. They fought. They withstood, with a courage not seen since the strife at Thermopylæ, the well-trained British hosts. Up the steep Majuba Hill they dashed, those 450 burghers and boys, and with the loss of but 1 man killed and 5 wounded, they slew, maimed or captured one-half of the 600 foes, and sent the rest whirling down the ascent.

"Then, at their earnest petition, in the convention of 1881, the Boers were reinstated in their freedom and independence, subject, however, to England's suzerainty, which then stood defined 'certain rights, as to dealing with the native tribes and foreign powers.'

"But the Boers soon learned to fear that word 'suzerainty'. They besought England, in 1884, to drop the term from the treaty, which she most graciously did. She still, however, denied them the right to treat with any external nations, states or tribes without her approval.

"That fetter removed, the Transvaal State, in order to take away even the remote appearances of old relations with Great Britain, changed its name to the South African Republic.

"A few years ago occurred the Jameson Raid, as you well know.

"And now, a countless British host is moving against the capital of the South African Republic. President Kruger has proposed to

England to settle their differences by arbitration. But no, the little republic is coveted; and the cry of the grand old President and his brave burghers is 'Liberty or Death!'"

ROBERT A. FLAUTT, '03.

HISTORIC ST. BERNARD.

I DO not write about St. Bernard Parish because it had the honor of giving me birth, though some of my friends, with a peculiar inflection of voice, kindly remarked that this would be quite a sufficient reason. No, its romantic and traditionary lore, the stimulus given within its precincts to one of our greatest American industries, the fact that here the final historic seal was put upon our country's independence, make the story of old St. Bernard of thrilling interest, not only to the citizens of New Orleans, but to every patriotic American.

Though not within the limits of New Orleans, it is so near as to be practically identified with it. You can take a car from town on any fine morning, see all St. Bernard, inhale the fresh breeze that blows from the bosom of the Mississippi, and get home in time and appetite for breakfast.

St. Bernard extends south-east of New Orleans, twelve miles along the left bank of the Mississippi, from the Barracks to English Turn and thence by Bayou

Terre-aux-Boeufs and Lake Lery to the sea.

One of its boundaries "English Turn" or "Detour des Anglais," was so designated because a force of English who reached this point in 1621, retraced their steps, after having been informed by the Marquis de Bienville that the flag of France was already there, and there to stay.

The colony was called St. Bernard in 1798, after its founder, Governor Bernardo Galvez. The city of Galveston also received its name from him, when later on he became Viceroy of Mexico. It was Galvez who founded St. Maurice, the old church of upper St. Bernard; and he also had the good taste to select here a Creole lady for his wife.

No visitor to New Orleans should fail to drive along the river and make a pilgrimage to the historic homes and scenes that dot its banks.

There is "Saxenholm," where lives a scion of the house of Washington. This ancient manor contains rare tapestries and paint-

ings and pieces of black oak exquisitely carved, and souvenirs of English kings and queens; but its chief interest to us, Americans, lies in the fact that it contains numerous relics of George and Martha Washington.

Half a mile to the south-east, you will pass a ruined brick pile where lived Alexandria Petrowitz wife of the Czarowitz of Russia,

beautiful grounds. Take off your hat, if you are a good Southerner, for here was born General G. T. Beauregard,

"The Captain of the South
Who led his men so gallantly
Up to the cannon's mouth."

This is now the residence of Judge Beauregard, one of the General's sons. Another son of the



THE BONZANO HOUSE.

(Through courtesy of New Orleans Picayune.)

who was banished by the Czar in 1722. After an eventful career, she died here in great poverty and was buried near these ruins.

After passing many fine old plantation homes of the Colonial type, you will be sure to notice one distinguished by broad galleries, and great white pillars and

General occupies a still more historic building, the Bonzano House. It was here that the Marquis de Lafayette was first received, when, having come to America in 1825 to assist in laying the foundation stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, he visited New Orleans. He was rowed down the river and

received in this house by the Governor, Mayor and officials of state.

Lafayette was invited to make his stay here because during the great battle of New Orleans which preserved the liberties that the great Frenchman had helped to win, General Jackson made this residence his headquarters.

Near this is Chalmette, the scene of the great battle of New Orleans, where four or five thousand American farmers under Jackson put ten thousand of Wellington's English veterans to flight.

Turn your eyes to the historic monument that rises over the scene of Jackson's victories. I will not describe it for I grieve to say that it is not finished yet. If the citizens of New Orleans are so forgetful of their city's fame as to neglect this work, I trust the good people of St. Bernard will themselves see to the completion of the noble shaft.

And here a word will be in place about Bayou Barataria, around which the most romantic memories of St. Bernard Parish are entwined.

It was called Barataria from a Creole word, *barateur*, or *barato*, signifying cheap, for here were sold the goods captured or smuggled by the pirates of Jean Lafitte.

Lafitte claimed to be no pirate, but a privateer in the service of some South American republic, and so persuaded, with ready wit, and clever device, the Louisiana government for many years. Banished at length, he made Galves-

ton his headquarters, where he kept a fleet of ships manned by a thousand sailors. Expelled thence by Captain Kearney, he assisted in the escape of Napoleon from Elba. Traditions vary as to his subsequent career. But be he pirate or privateer, let it be said to his honor, that he refused a large reward and high command from General Pakenham to guide the English to New Orleans; that he it was who informed the Governor of the Englishmen's approach, and that he and his men manned the artillery under Jackson on the field of Chalmette.

It is a long cry from martial glory and romance to sugar! But sugar is a good thing, and the first sugar produced in Louisiana was made in St. Bernard Parish. It was the Jesuits who, in 1761, first introduced the sugar-cane here. But all attempts to granulate it were unavailing till after many failures Don Antonio Mendez, who had a plantation in St. Bernard Parish, finally succeeded in 1791. Hundreds had assembled to witness the experiment, and when Mendez cried out: "*Ca granule, ca granule!*" all the spectators shouted: "*Vive le sucre! Vive la Louisiane!*"

St. Bernard is also a great meat depot. This useful commodity one finds fresh and plentiful in the great Slaughter House in St. Bernard, in whose immense pens hecatombs of Texas steers are daily slaughtered to appease the appetites of the citizens of New Orleans.

From the slaughterers of cattle you appropriately turn to the abode of the slaughterers of men, the United States Barracks, a strongly fortified building where the defenders of our country are fittingly housed near the battlefield of Chalmette.

One word before closing, about the Ursulines; for though their Convent is outside the limits of St. Bernard, they are inseparably connected with its history. The ladies of our parish have received their education within its walls and within them stands the altar of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, before which, in 1815, these holy women prayed for three days that Jackson and his men might win

the day. On the third day Father (afterwards Bishop) DuBourg said Mass at that altar for the same purpose; and when, at the moment of Communion, a courier rushed in and announced the victory, the good father, joined by all the sisters, intoned the Te Deum. Next day Jackson wrote, thanking the father and the nuns and acknowledging the interposition of Heaven.

Jackson's letter is treasured in an antique box in the Ursuline Convent, and with it an autograph letter of Thomas Jefferson, thanking the sisters for the great services they had rendered Louisiana and America.

ARTHUR E. MAUMUS, '00.

THE WREN.

While camping out one summer's day
Upon a hillock's crest,
Within my tent a busy wren
Strove oft to build her nest.

"O little wren, why comest thou
Unto my tent so oft?
Unto the trees betake thyself
And build thy nest aloft."

No answer made the tiny wren,
She hopped about unscared;
Then placed a straw in the sheltered
nook,
And to the woods repaired.

Now perseverance I must learn
From this my winged friend,
And when my hopes are barred and
crushed,
To work unto the end.

At eve I peered within my tent,
A mossy nest I found.
That night each sprig and tiny twig
Were scattered on the ground.

Three times the wren did build her
nest,
Three times essayed in vain;
Still fearless, chirping merrily,
To my roof she came again.

But now, alas! my tent is struck;—
The wren no more I'll see;
I trust she has some comelier site,
Some free and sheltering tree.

LOUIS PFISTER, '01.

“THE TWENTIETH DAY.”

I.

Now the days of June are coming,
Coming slowly thro' the May ;
And our heart-beats fast are drumming
To the tune our lips are humming,
“Hurry up, sweet Twentieth Day ! ”

II.

For that day we're eager waiting,
When all ills shall pass away ;
Waiting thro' each hour so grating
And each anxious minute dating,
Dating to the Twentieth Day !

III.

But, the days and hours are flying,
Flying into sweet decay !
Joy is vying with our sighing,
And our sorrows all are dying,—
Thinking of the Twentieth Day !

HENRY A. ESNARD, '00.

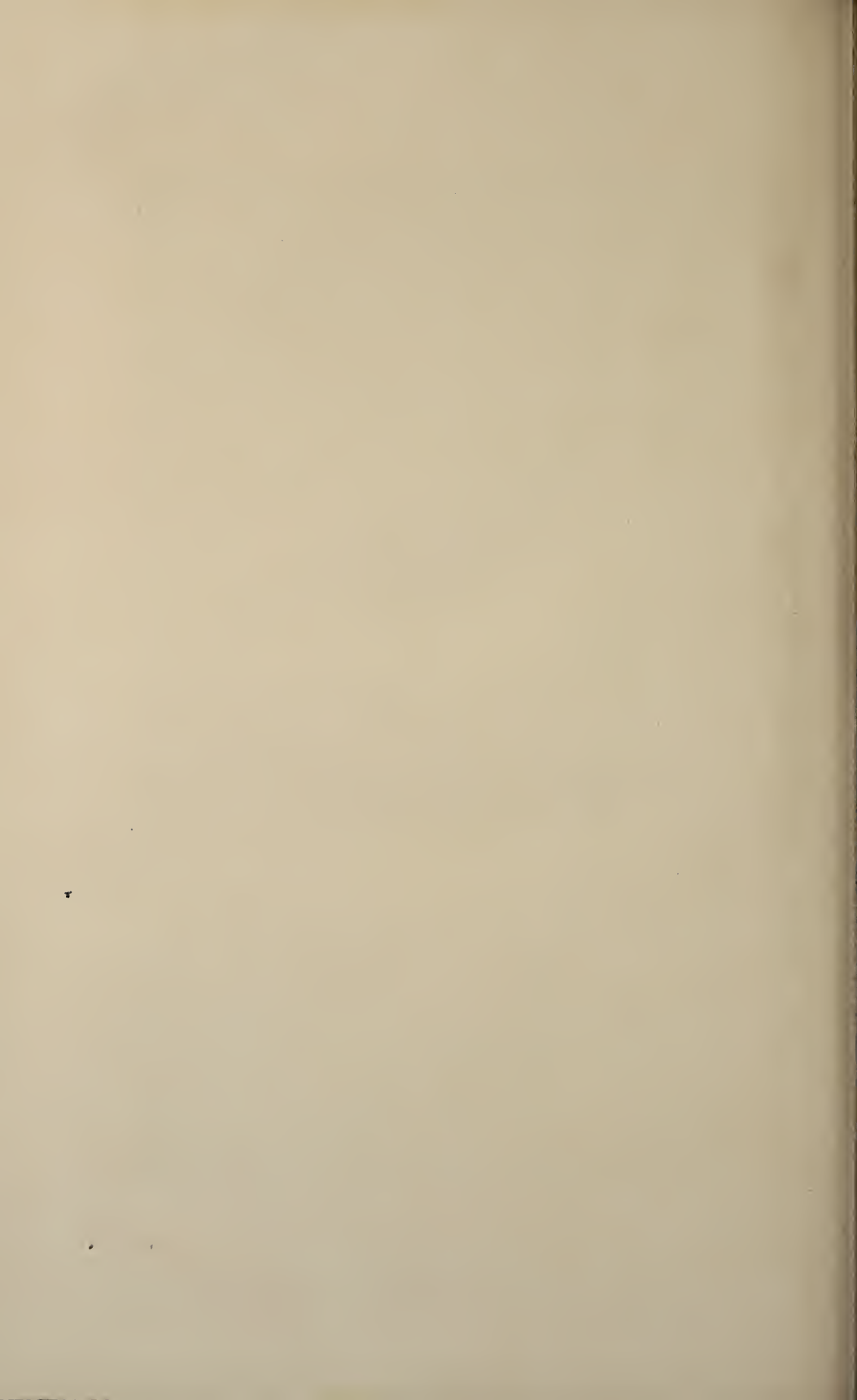
BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY.

FOUR years of heroic struggle, and the soldiers of the Confederacy were about to give up the unequal contest. Bravely had they fought against fearful odds, and nobly had they sacrificed all,—except honor.

The once grand and almost invincible army of Tennessee had now only fifteen hundred half-clad and famished veterans. To these staunch survivors of many bloody battles came the command to fortify Spanish Fort, on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. The Federals had long contemplated the possession of this port as an ob-

ject of great importance, and now they determined to put their project into execution.

Major-General Gordon Granger during the latter part of July had been sent to co-operate with Admiral Farragut, and on the 5th of August the two appeared at the entrance of the Bay. Large indeed was this force, numbering fourteen steamers and four monitors carrying in all over two hundred guns. But serious obstacles stood in the way. Before these vessels could safely venture up the Bay, two forts, not to be despised, and a bed of torpedoes



had to be passed. These dangers, great as they were, did not deter the Federals.

Steadily up the ship channel moved their immense fleet. The critical moment had now come.

The Brooklyn was in the lead and so destructive a broadside fire did she maintain, that in a short time the batteries of Fort Morgan were almost silenced. There was yet one more difficulty to be surmounted—the bed of torpedoes. As the Federal fleet was steaming past the fort, a frightful explosion was suddenly heard, and in a few seconds the *Tecumseh*, an iron-clad, was at the bottom of the Bay with her commander and nearly all her crew.

From behind the fort dashes out the *Tennessee*, a Confederate iron-clad, direct for the Federal flagship, but to no avail. Farragut had foreseen this and had his star-board side protected by his monitors. The *Tennessee* after exchanging a few harmless shots returns to her former place.

The contest was now carried on by the three remaining boats, the *Selma*, *Morgan* and *Gaines*. Short was the battle, but decisive were its results. The *Gaines* was forced to retire in a sinking condition, leaving her two companions to continue the fight. Nobly did these two wooden vessels uphold their cause, and for a time spread consternation among the enemy.

Farragut ordered the *Metacomet* and two other gun-boats, which had remained lashed to some of his ships, to be cast off.

The course of the Confederate vessels up to this had been south-west, but seeing three vessels of light draft headed direct for them, the *Selma* pointed north-west running up the Bay at full speed, and for a time was pursued by the *Metacomet*. Soon after, the *Morgan* directed her course south-east seeking shallow water. The *Metacomet* closely pursued her but a heavy rain squall broke forth and for a while the vessels were hid from one another. The rain lasted for over a quarter of an hour and when the veil of darkness was drawn, the *Metacomet* was seen pursuing the *Selma*. The *Morgan* sped on to her relief but was too late; the *Selma* hoisted the white flag without any further fighting.

From a naval court of inquiry, called to investigate the conduct of the battle, it appears that there was no combination between the *Morgan* and the *Selma* after the *Metacomet* was cast loose. According to Admiral Buchanan both vessels encountered the *Metacomet*, but during the thickest of the fight, the *Morgan* withdrew leaving the *Selma* to her own fate. It is indeed fortunate that the two did not combine, for had they done so, they would have been surely destroyed.

After the surrender of the *Selma*, Admiral Harrison of the *Morgan* conducted his movements with remarkable skill; having called his officers together, and made known to them that he intended to reach Mobile, the majority were against this adventurous trip,

since to accomplish it he would be obliged to run through the enemy's line.

The moon was up in all its glory, the waves had ceased their roaring, and left the vast stretch without a ripple, when the Morgan set out. From afar her black smoke could be seen ascending skyward. Yet she succeeded in passing the enemy, though not unobserved.

Three of the Federal boats immediately took up the chase, and for a long time it appeared as if they would overtake the daring adventurer. Many shots from their guns passed over her, others did her damage, yet not once did the Confederate cannon return the fire. At last the Morgan succeeded in reaching the obstructions near the city, where she defied pursuit from the enemy.

During the engagement between the Selma, Morgan and Metacomet, the Tennessee received her death blow. She had determined to give battle, and directed her first shot at the Hartford. It was a dangerous venture; for although protected by several inches of iron, she alone was to fight nearly the whole Federal fleet.

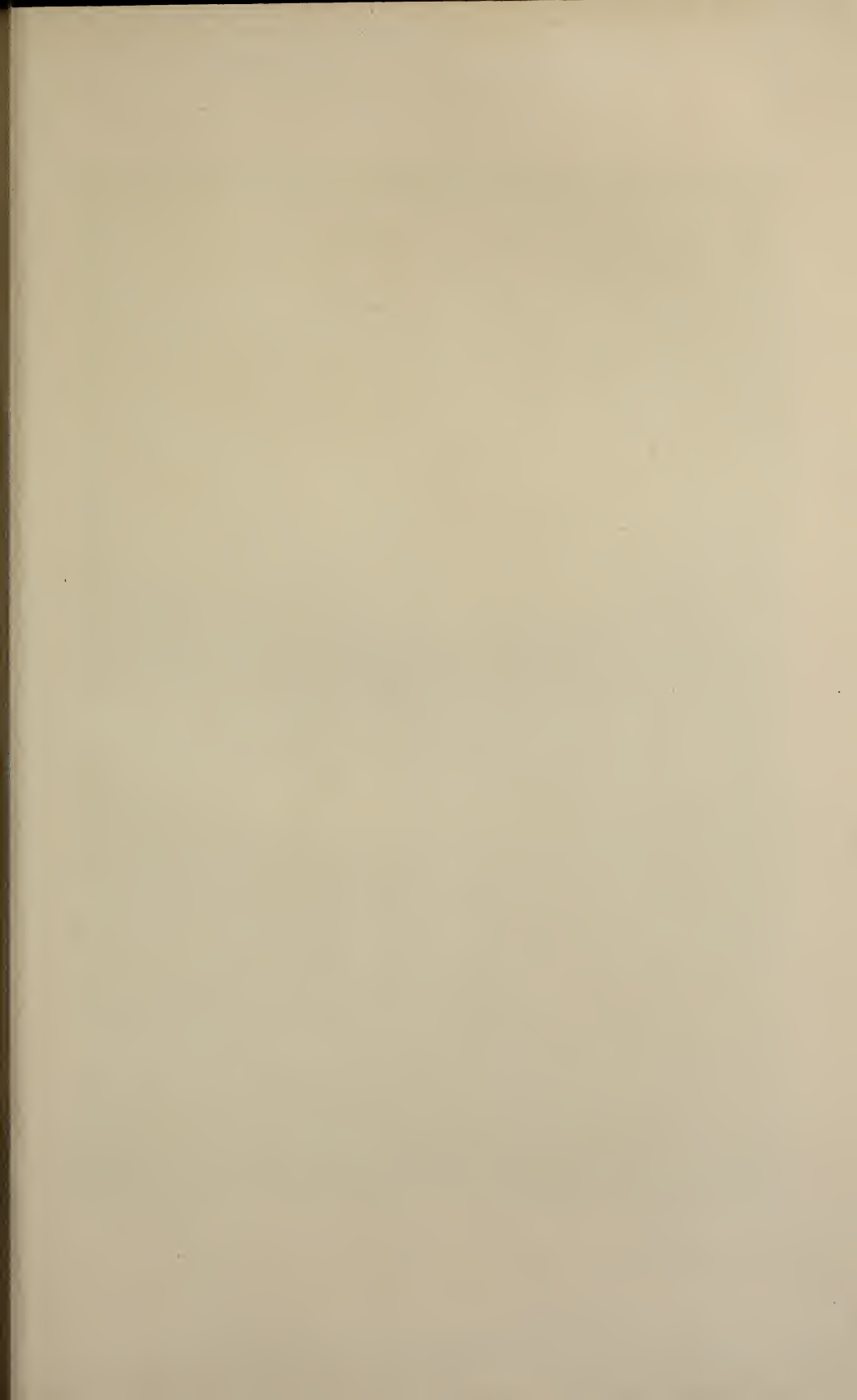
Farragut issued orders to use not merely the guns, but also the bow of the boats against the Tennessee. The doomed vessel was soon surrounded; she was attacked by three ships, the Monongahela, the Lackawanna and the Hartford. From the port side of the latter, when only ten feet

away, came a destructive broadside.

The Tennessee was still afloat, but her steering chains were carried away, and she was left unmanageable. The Federals withdrew to prepare for another onset, more injurious than the first, and were strengthened by two more of their ships. They advanced at full speed, expecting to sink their adversary. Admiral Buchanan, perceiving that all was lost, hastily hoisted a white flag.

The enemy's victory, however, was not complete. The forts were still held by the Confederates, though with little hope of resisting the combined assault of the naval and land forces. On the 8th of August Fort Gaines was attacked, and compelled to surrender. On the 9th, Fort Morgan was besieged in its turn, and after a severe bombardment by land and sea, surrendered on the 23rd. The total number of men captured was 1464, together with 104 pieces of artillery. Although this gave the North command of the fort, Mobile itself remained in the hands of the Confederates for several months more.

The Battle of Mobile Bay was considered by the Federals the most glorious of naval engagements, and exalted above the deeds of Nelson at Trafalgar and on the Nile. Grand banquets were prepared by them for their hero, and poets sang his praises. In a word, he was immortalized by his over-enthusiastic admirers. But,





SOME SPECIMENS.

whilst giving full credit to Farragut for his skill and bravery, it must be remembered that in this naval contest the Federals had eighteen vessels, carrying 212 guns, while the Confederates had only four ships and twenty-four guns to oppose them.

The Richmond Examiner made the following comment on this famous battle:

"It was a most unequal struggle in which our gallant little navy was engaged, and we lost the battle; but our ensign went down in a blaze of glory." *

HENRY A. McPHILLIPS, '00.

*We have based our narrative on Pollard's able work, "The Lost Cause." It will be remembered that the Hero of Manila shared in this engagement as a lieutenant under Admiral Farragut.

SPRING HILL PINES.

IN making an estimate of our locality in the line of salubrity, we never fail to mention the beneficial effect of the resinous pines on the surrounding atmosphere. Hear what the U. S. Government reports have to say about their size and timber-producing capacity. We take the following from "The Timber Pines of the Southern United States" issued by the Department of Agriculture, Division of Forestry, page 38.

"Upon 1 acre, selected at random in the untouched forests north of Spring Hill, Mobile County, very open and free from smaller trees or undergrowth, 16 trees were counted above 16 inches in diameter at breast high, namely, 2 trees 23 inches in diameter at breast high, estimated length of timber, 40 feet; 2 trees 20 inches in diameter at breast high, estimated length of timber, 40 feet; 12 trees 16 to 18 inches in

diameter at breast high, estimated length of timber, 35 feet, which in the aggregate would yield about 5,000 feet, board measure.

"Upon another acre plat of the same quarter section, 64 trees above 12 inches in diameter at breast high were found; of these 2 trees measured 20 inches in diameter at breast high, estimated length of timber, 40 feet; 26 trees measured 17 inches in diameter at breast high, estimated length of timber, 36 feet; 36 trees measured 13 inches in diameter at breast high, estimated length of timber, 24 feet.

"Upon a third plat exceptionally heavily timbered, 45 trees were counted, of which 5 trees were 25 inches in diameter at breast high, the clear timber averaging 50 feet in length; 12 trees 22 inches in diameter at breast high, length of timber, 50 feet; and 28 trees 16 to 18 inches in diameter, average length of timber estimated at 30 feet. Such a stand would indicate a yield of merchantable timber of at least 15,000 feet, board measure, to the acre."

SONNETS TO MARY.

I. QUEEN OF SORROWS.

'Tis Sabbath morn and Mary kneels in prayer ;
With pangs untold her bosom seems to smart,
Wan are her cheeks, her lips in sorrow part ;
How stream her eyes, upturned in grief and care !
Once more, she thinks she hears the blows that tear
His hands, His feet, and pierce her mother's heart,
Afore by Simeon told, with sorrow's dart.
Once more that heavy thud, which plants in air
The cruel cross, whence hangs—Ah ! balefulest sight !—
Her bleeding Son. Once more, that woefulest cry,
Hark ! “Father ! Father !” ere He bows to die,
Thrills through her inmost soul.—Yet in this plight
Supreme she speaks no word, she heaves no sigh ;
Transfixed she kneels in *grief's* ecstatic height.

II. QUEEN OF JOY.

But whence the rays that sudden fill the air ?
Haply the smiling dawn appears?—Nay, nay ;
More glorious far these beams than break of day.
Lo ! there He stands, her risen Son ; how fair
His face, how sweet His smile ; His brow and hair
A halo circles round of dazzling ray,
While brightening streams of glory gently play
From both His sacred hands and feet, e'en where
The nails but lately tore. But where before
The lance His heart had pierced, now bursts a light,
Fairer than thousand moons and tenfold more,
Brighter than thousand suns and ten times o'er.—
Still flow the mother's tears, but in delight,
As rapt she kneels in *joy's* ecstatic height.

J. IRVING.

HON. SAMUEL DOUGLAS McENERY.

SAMUEL DOUGLAS McENERY, one of the most prominent of Spring Hill's alumni, who has acquired a national reputation, was born at Monroe, La., May 28th, 1837.

From Spring Hill College, which he attended in the early fifties, he passed to the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, then through the University of Virginia, and finally graduated from the National Law School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. His career in each of these institutions was marked by his devotion to his books and a laudable desire for self-improvement.

It was in 1859 that the young lawyer was admitted to the New York bar, and for about one year he practised his profession at Marysville, Mo., but returned to Louisiana just before the beginning of the Civil War.

He entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant, and served in Virginia under Gen. Magruder, and in the trans-Mississippi department, until the termination of hostilities. Then he resumed the practice of law in his native state.

Mr. McEnery was admitted to the Louisiana bar in 1867, and two years later he was honored by his fellow-citizens with the office of Lieutenant-Governor. Upon the death of Governor Wiltz, he ascended the executive chair in October, 1881.

So satisfactory was his adminis-

tration that he was re-elected in 1884, and his record will always be considered among the most efficient that Louisiana or any other State has ever had.

Governor McEnery represented the State not in a narrow, self-seeking way, but as a faithful, trusted, confidential agent represents his employer; and as its chief executive he was ever the state's "attorney in fact," always earnestly devoted to the interests of his fellow-citizens. With a heart broad as humanity itself, with an intelligent and cultivated brain, with the will and ability to act, Mr. McEnery is a born leader of men, and one of the greatest lawyers and statesmen ever produced by the Creole State.

When General Nicholls was elected Governor of Louisiana in 1888, he appointed ex-Governor McEnery to the responsible position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. His career amid the onerous duties of this office, his wise counsels and judicious decisions are well known to all who have followed the history of the State during that period.

Before his twelve years' term had expired, Judge McEnery was elected to the United States Senate in May, 1896, and on the fourth of March following, he became a member of that Assembly.

During the eventful years that have passed since that time, Senator McEnery's voice has

often been heard on all the momentous questions that have occupied the attention of that honorable body. He is especially known to the world as the author of the Philippine Resolutions.

Among the personal characteristics which have endeared Senator McEnery to the people of his

native state, and have helped to raise him step by step to the high distinction which he now enjoys, we may mention his abiding love of truth, justice and progress, and a cordial and kindly spirit, which makes warm friends and staunch adherents among men of every walk of life.

P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH.

TOWARDS the end of the fourth century, there was a bishop in Constantinople whose life was so holy that the Church has named him a saint; and whose words were so eloquent that his hearers and all history have styled him Chrysostom, John of the Golden Mouth.

He used his heaven-sent gift to battle against vice and the powers that sustained it, and hence could he say with his latest breath in distant Pontus whither he was banished, "I loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore do I die in exile."

His plea for Eutropius is a masterpiece of its kind. This once powerful favorite is pursued by the indignant populace to the very steps of the altar, a refuge which Eutropius himself had abolished. And lo! Chrysostom appears, and with uplifted hand stays that surging throng.

His thrilling voice rings out and drowns their wrath in a shower of golden eloquence.

"Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!"

Yes, the vanity of human things! "But yesterday and Eutropius might have stood against the world. Now none so poor to do him reverence." And their hearts are softened and their heads are bowed. They depart in silence, and no hand in all that throng has touched Eutropius.

Would that the burning words of Chrysostom rang more often in human ears:

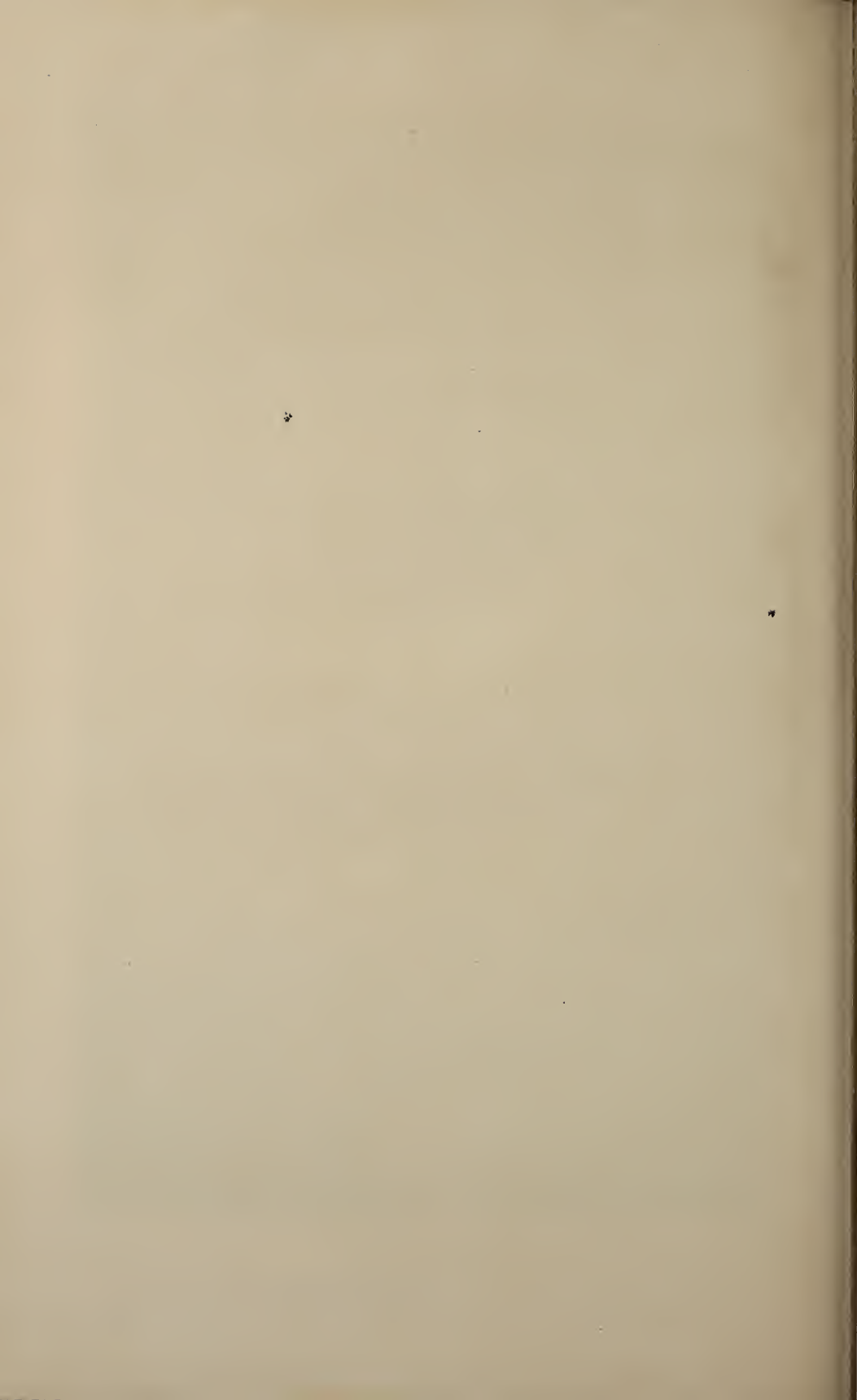
"Since folly and deception and masked hypocrisy appear to men for true, it behooves each honest man at morn and noon and vesper hymn, in hall and mart, to say this word unto his neighbor and from his neighbor hear:

"Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!"

CARL E. BRAUN, '01.



JUNIOR BASEBALL LEAGUE.



A TRAGIC EPISODE,

Or, The Meeting of the Kids.

BY "tragic," we evidently refer to the primary Greek meaning of the word, "goatish."

A visit paid by an unsophisticated kid to the Junior Study Hall not long ago has set our poets aglow, and as a result they have literally flooded us with effusions on the subject. We submit the following, not so much because they manifest unusual wit, but because they possess the soul of wit, brevity.

A kid came tramping in the hall
Where students study hard,(?)
And paid his brothers dear a call—
For they had left the yard.

He gazed about in dumb surprise,
At all the kids there gathered;
Then knowingly he winked his eyes
And "hem!"-ed and "well I rather!"-ed.

Of merriment he was the butt—
But changed is all the glee:
He "b-a-a"-ed the door (for 'twas not shut)
And butted merrily.

"Your name?" " 'Tis Willyum Horn"—
surprise—

"And if I ne'er will hide!"
He sighed six sighs of different size,
Then wove a weep,—yes, cried.

"O! dry thy tears," said Buster Pipe,
"Most kin' and gen'le goat!"
The kid a damp sob then did wipe
On Mario's new coat.

A moment thus he held the floor,
Looked sheepishly about,
Then made a dash to gain the door
And swiftly darted out.

JACK MCGRATH, '02.

The Juniors' Study! Through the door
In leaped a kid! and took the floor,
With cautious step and ear awake,
Fearful the silence deep to break.

Then as a frightened glance he took,
The rain-drops from his flanks he shook,

A moment gazed along the floor,
A moment glanced back to the door;
And listed to the merry giggle
That rose while his small tail did wiggle.

But as a dangerous foe appeared,
With one brave bound the steps he cleared

And stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths for his mama-r!
Yelled on the cheering boys,
And rung the welkin with their noise.
To many a mingled sound at once
Th' awakened hall gave loud response,
And fifty boys laughed deep and strong,

As poor little "Billy" skipped along.
His "m-m-mey" melodious he cried out,
And fifty voices joined the shout.

EDWARD B. DREAPER, '02.

One balmy summer afternoon in May,—
Now I won't swear to everything I say--

The little boys were *studiously* engaged;—
But see! The prefect is—well,—quite enraged!

The door was open, and through it, all unbid

There sauntered in an unpretending kid.

He strode around, inspected all the boys,

And woke them from their studies by his noise.

The prefect signed a pair of kids to face him,

And from their sacred domicile to chase him;

And these two kidlings—such is civilization!

Drove from their door, their nearest—yes—relation!

B. VAUGHT, '01.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,

MAY 28, 1900.

BOTH the Sun and the Moon appear to be discs of about the same size, moving through the stars of heaven. The Sun is observed to move through about two of its diameters in a day, and the Moon through twenty-six, both from west to east.

If the path of the Moon coincided everywhere with that of the Sun, it is clear that the Sun would be eclipsed at every new Moon. As it is, the Moon's path is inclined at an angle of about five degrees to that of the Sun, and intersects it at two diametrically opposite points of the heavens. These points are called the nodes. It is therefore only when the new Moon is at or near one of the nodes that an eclipse is possible.

The apparent diameters of the Sun and Moon are nearly but not exactly equal. Again both are sometimes greater, sometimes less, because the distance of both the Sun and Moon are sometimes less, sometimes greater.

If the two discs meet at or very near one of the nodes, and the Moon be at the time equal to or larger than the Sun, the eclipse will be total.

If, when the two discs meet, the Moon be smaller than the Sun, the eclipse will be annular or ringlike.

If the two discs meet at a distance, on either side of the nodes, of less than 18° the eclipse will be more or less partial.

As the Moon is comparatively very near the Earth, the eclipse which is total for some observers, is partial for others, and altogether invisible for others. The shadow cast by the Moon on the Earth is, at most, about 170 miles in diameter, and the eclipse is total only in the small area swept over by that shadow.

In the case of the eclipse of the 28th of May, 1900, the diameter of the shadow was but 50 miles, and Mobile was on the southern limit of it.

Since the Moon moves over twenty-six of its diameters in a day, while the Sun moves over two in the same time, it follows that everything takes place as if the Sun stood still, and the Moon moved over twenty-four diameters in a day, or one in one hour. The Moon consequently takes one hour to cover the Sun, and another hour to uncover it. The total eclipse thus lasts two hours from beginning to end.

The totality of the eclipse, that is, the time during which the Moon will entirely cover the Sun, is necessarily much shorter. It will never be more than 6 or 7 minutes.

The totality of our eclipse of the 28th of May has only been 38 or 39 seconds at Spring Hill.

As we happened to be very near the limit of the Moon's shadow, it was calculated that the totality would last for us but a few

seconds. A distinguished astronomer, director of a Northern Observatory, requested us to determine this duration experimentally, thereby to test the accuracy of the mathematical calculations. The oscillations of the pendulum of a second-beating clock, connected with a telegraph sounder, were counted aloud distinctly and sharply by one of the Students of the graduating class, while the others, with their eyes fixed on the eclipse, wrote down on a paper the second of the beginning and that of the end of the totality, as exactly as they could. Their results have all been sent to the astronomer, who will interpret them.

Eclipses of the sun are not in themselves rare occurrences. No year passes without two eclipses of the sun, and some years see as many as five. There are in fact more eclipses of the Sun than eclipses of the Moon.

The series of eclipses of both the Sun and Moon repeats itself after a period of 18 years $11\frac{1}{3}$ days, or, if there happen to be five leap years in the interval, $10\frac{1}{3}$ days. This period was known by the Chaldeans and called the Saros or Repetition. It usually contains about 70 eclipses, of which 29 are usually lunar and 41 solar, and of the solar 27 are central, 17 being annular and 10 total.

The words *usually* and *about*, used in this connection, will surprise some of our readers. Is it impossible, they will ask, to find a period which will exactly en-

compass the cycle of eclipses? The answer is: Yes, just as it is impossible, by any arrangement, to make such a correction of the calendar, that no other correction will ever be necessary at any future time. The quantities entering into the problems are, in both cases, incommensurable.

Although there are considerably more eclipses of the Sun than of the Moon, as the eclipses of the Sun are visible to but a small portion of the globe, whereas the eclipses of the Moon are visible at the same instant to a whole hemisphere, every man sees in his lifetime more eclipses of the Moon than of the Sun. The eclipse of the Sun is subjective, as it were; that of the Moon is objective. In the former a few places are in the shadow of the Moon, and are hidden from the Sun; in the latter the Moon itself is immersed in the darkness of the shadow of the Earth, and is hidden from the eyes of all, whatever may be their position.

A curious mind may finally ask why there are more eclipses of the Sun than of the Moon. To understand this, draw, in your imagination, straight lines (rays) grazing both the Sun and the Earth all around them. As the earth is smaller than the Sun these lines will meet, if produced, on the other side of the Earth. Whenever the Moon enters the space enclosed by these lines, there will be an eclipse. If it enters this space between the Sun and the Earth, there will be an eclipse of the Sun

for some part of the Earth. If it enters this space on the side opposite the Sun, there will be an eclipse of the Moon. Now it is evident that the space in question is greater between the Sun and the Earth, than on the other side,

since it there tapers to a point, and therefore there is more room for eclipses of the Sun than for those of the Moon.

I conclude here, fearing that I have already told my reader much that was not new to him.

J. L. DANOS, '00.

THE SENIOR BAND.

IN the last number of the REVIEW appeared an article on the Origin of the Junior Band, a picture of which, as at present constituted, will be found in this number. A few words about the Senior Band, whose picture appears elsewhere, will not be out of place.

As old as the College itself, the Senior Band, like the College, has had its vicissitudes, yet it has never, for a single session ceased to exist, but has always held its own and even more than distinguished itself, when it has been fortunate enough to possess more than the usual amount of musical talent.

It does not come within the scope of the present notice, to sketch the history of the Senior Band. Suffice it to say that, first, under the name of the Spring Hill College Band—as it was known before the Junior Band came into being—then, later on, as the Excelsior Band and finally, as the Senior Band, it has always been the most popular of our College organizations. We shall not even recall

any of its many glorious triumphs, which are more than creditable, even when stripped of the gloss given them by the enthusiasm of the hour and the facile pen of a recording secretary. We shall only trace briefly the object of the Band and the place it holds in the routine of college life.

“Our object,” to quote from the Constitutions, “is to add solemnity to religious, national and literary festivals, and to give its members an opportunity of improving themselves in the practice of instrumental music.”

Accordingly, the Band makes its appearance, in full uniform, on the patronal feast of the College, St. Joseph's Day, on the President's Day, and of course takes part in the solemn procession of Corpus Christi. It furnishes music for such days as Thanksgiving Day and Washington's Birthday, and for all College entertainments, also whenever the College is favored by the visit of a distinguished guest, who, if he be conversant with local etiquette, will return the compliment by giving

a "holiday," or perhaps only a "half-a-day;"—the former, however, is considered better form by the boys.

In the month of February last, the Band gave a special concert, when, upon the receipt of new uniforms, three new silver-burnished instruments and a new silk flag, the members came out to thank publicly the Reverend President of the College, donor of the flag, for the interest he had

so substantially manifested in their organization.

The Senior Band is justly proud of their new flag, and they shall endeavor to preserve, for long years to come, the brightness of its stars and the beauty of its bars. Long may it float over a devoted band of ambitious and even accomplished musicians, whose aim shall ever be to rival the fame which their predecessors, in their palmiest days, have achieved!

WALLACE PREJEAN, '00.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEXICAN GULF.

A CHICAGO merchant who paid us his first visit during the Carnival season was so surprised and delighted at what he saw in the Gulf City that, in an outburst of enthusiastic admiration, he exclaimed: "What a promising town you have down here. I had often heard of Mobile, but my impression of it was that of a Sleepy Hollow, and its people first cousins of Rip Van Winkle. But I come here and find a live and hustling city in the hands of wide-awake, pushy business men, who are building up a mammoth trade with the outside world. I don't wonder at your calling it the 'Queen of the Mexican Gulf.'"

Thus it is; Mobile, the educated, refined and courteous daughter of the South has not sought to blazon its good qualities and progressiveness to the world, but has

always been content to attend to its affairs in its own conservative but effective way.

Where the city now stands, the first French settlement, after Biloxi, in the Southern part of the United States, was made. Here, in 1700, Bienville, "the greatest of our colonizers," established the capital of old Louisiana. How great the revolutions that have taken place since that far distant day!

Over its battlements have floated the flags of France, Spain, England and the United States, and, for a short time, another, the Stars and Bars, that struggled to be recognized among nations, but which has now been furled for nearly two score years.

Mobile, however, remains a quaint town with a quaint history, involved in many changes of masters, since Bienville planted it and

named it for the now extinct race of the "Maubilas."

But, withal, it is a busy, American city; and apart from its stores, its wharves, mills, work-shops and railways, it yet retains the sweet languor and aspect of peace, which belongs to towns of the South the world over. Majestic oaks and magnolias shade its streets, while the balmy rose and sweet jessamine scatter fragrance among the homes of its citizens.

But the brightest jewel in the diadem of this Queen of the Gulf, is its pretty bay, looking out to the boundless sea. "Musicians," a great novelist has said, "may have the glorious bay of Naples, and enraptured poets sing of the matchless Como, but a lovelier sheet of water than Mobile bay never glistened in the sunlight of heaven."

On the Eastern Shore of this bay lie the several villages and summer resorts of Daphne, Battles, Point Clear and Montrose. These beautiful places are well patronized during the summer, because of their delightful locations—with fine sea bathing and brisk sea breezes.

All this makes Mobile, situated as it is in a sub-tropical climate of mild and even temperature, and protected by a long plateau from the sweeping northern blast, one of the healthiest spots in the United States, and an ideal winter home. Hundreds of consumptives from the North have been here restored to health, and a distinguished physician has enthusi-

astically declared: "The death rate is so low that were it not for the natural termination of life from senility, the population would be almost perpetual."

Then may not we Spring-hillians say to our Northern friend of delicate physique: "Come South, young man. You will receive here not only physical, but also plenty of intellectual nourishment."

The educational institutions of the city are numerous and varied; and Catholics are particularly well equipped. Each of its five parishes has parochial schools, for boys and girls, under the efficient management of the good Sisters, or the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. For higher education there is the McGill Institute, an excellent day college.

And should you object to residence in the city limits,—do you wish to dwell in sylvan glades that look out on Mobile and its beauteous bay—"so near, yet *not* too far,"—then take the Spring Hill car, and, if you are a girl, stop at the Visitation Academy; you will recognize it at once by its fine architecture and well kept grounds: but, if you are a boy, come out to Spring Hill, and you will find just what you are seeking.

Mobile has still written on its face the marks of an old Catholic city—even Talmage noticed it: "Mobile the city of churches! The church buildings are numerous, and some of them come very near being beautiful. Somebody



BIENVILLE (After Margry).
(From "Colonial Mobile," by Peter J. Hamilton, A.M.)



wrote of California, 'all the towns are saints, and all the people sinners.' Here in Mobile the streets are the saints, and the people—I've found them most hospitable and kind."

Now, what is the future of Mobile? It needs not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to forecast it.

There flourishes all around her well-nigh every plant and flower and crop that grows. In the virgin forests and the great cotton-fields of Alabama, she is richer than in gold. Her coal-fields are wider and deeper and of purer quality, and beneath her rich soil is concealed more iron ore than constitutes the treasure of England. These mines are being gradually developed; railroads in-

tersecting the state connect Mobile with all the great centres of the country; the channel of Mobile is deepening, and soon the largest ship that floats may anchor at her docks.

Cuba and the South American republics are at her doors. Her inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron can be shipped at incomparably less cost than those of England or Brazil. Soon the Nicaragua Canal, now on the eve of realization, will open her various products to the markets of the world.

Then may we not now say, and with greater emphasis, what Col. McClure said in 1895: "Mobile will become the chief city in our galaxy of prosperous cities on the Gulf?"

TISDALE J. TOUART, '01.

THE ENVELOPE'S SOLILOQUY.

"My fate is *sealed*!" the envelope said,
As it got a *lick* in the *back*;
"And I am very much afraid
I'll have to join the *stack*."

My *face* is *stamped*, and when I'm *sent*
To go to any *place*,
My *stamp* to th' *agent* I present
And pass in on my *face*.

"Altho' I have a good *address*,
I am not *square*, 'tis said;
My days I'll spend in great distress
In th' *office of the dead*!"

JACK McGRATH, '02.

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MOBILE, ALABAMA, JUNE, 1900.

COLLEGE NOTES.

COMING ORDINATIONS. On Wednesday, June 6th, the sacred priesthood will be conferred by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Allen of Mobile, on Mr. Thomas S. Bamber, S. J., Mr. Rene Macready, S. J., and Mr. Julius Remy, S. J. The ceremony will take place at Spring Hill in the College Church. The three candidates are well known here, and one of them, Mr. Remy, S. J., was for three years on the teaching staff of Spring Hill College.

Just about three weeks later, at Woodstock, Md., other Jesuits will be elevated to the holy priesthood for the Southern Mis-

sion. Among these are Mr. J. McCreary, S. J., Mr. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., Mr. E. Fazakerly, S. J., and Mr. P. Cronin, S. J., who will be remembered as former professors of this College. Mr. J. McCreary S. J., is, moreover, an alumnus of the Class of '86.

ANNUAL RETREAT. The Students' Annual Retreat took place on the 8th, 9th and 10th of January last. The instructions were given by Father J. F. O'Connor, S. J., an old student of Spring Hill. Father O'Connor is at present engaged in giving missions throughout the South.



EDITORIAL STAFF.

SEMI-ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT. The Junior Literary Society, whose office it is every year to usher in the second school session, gave a very creditable enactment of the "Rogue Outwitted" on Wednesday, February 7th. The Juvenile actors displayed unusual intelligence in the interpretation and finished grace in the impersonation of their various roles. The repeated rounds of applause with which they were greeted were undoubted evidence of the favorable impression they produced on their audience. In fact, so well and naturally did each of the young players acquit himself that it were difficult to discriminate in our commendation of them. The program follows:

Overture....."Lustspiel"*Keler Bela*
College Orchestra.

"THE ROGUE OUTWITTED."

A Comedy in Three Acts.

Act I. "Honesty's the motto of my sign. 'Honest Plump' is the name I go by."

Gypsy Dance...Violin and Piano...*Bohm*
S. Apperious.

Act II. "That Ghost again! Well, I've no fear of Ghosts."

Avalanche Galop.....*Dalbey*
Senior Brass Band.

Act III. "Plump is a thief! Plump is a villain! 'Honest' Plump, become an honest man."

Cast.

Garrick, an Actor	J. Walsh
Plump, a Hotel-keeper	E. Dreaper
Blind, a Magistrate	E. Powers
Wilde, an Heir	L. Blouin
Gouvernet, an Artist.....	M. Touart
Gouvernet's Assistants...	{ P. Norville
	{ L. Sarpy
Attendants	{ F. Giuli
	{ C. Costello
Newsboy	E. Costello
Bob, the Cook	W. Villamil

Policemen	{ J. Boudousquie
	{ H. Murray
Pot-pourri	American Airs
	Junior Band.
Flower Song.....	<i>Tobani</i>
	College Orchestra.

CLASS EXHIBITIONS. Since the last appearance of the REVIEW, three classes have given specimens of their work, each in its way quite interesting and instructive. In fact the session of 1899-1900 has been noted for its exceptionally fine exhibitions.

On the 9th of March, First Grammar entertained the audience with a brisk dramatic treatment of the "Conspiracy of Catiline" in three scenes. Program:

Overture.....Light Cavalry*Suppe*
Orchestra.

Scene I. Marcus Laecca's House.....The Plot Formed.

"Thou must be our Chief! Sergius Catiline will lead us on to victory!"

Scene II. The Senate Hall.....The Plot Disclosed.

"The darkness of the night has had eyes for thy infamous doings, and the walls of a private dwelling ears for the voice of thy murderous plot."

Scene III. The Same.....The Plot Crushed.

"The prisoners are doomed! Catiline is no more!! Rome is saved!!!"

Loyalists.

Cicero, Consul	R. A. Flautt
Cato	M. D. Touart
Caesar	B. E. Welsh
Silanus	P. S. Cowley
Catullus	E. E. Villamil

Conspirators.

Catiline, Chief	J. M. Walsh
Lentulus.....	J. C. Casserly
Cethegus	J. A. Boudousquie
Gabinus.....	A. H. Hymel
Titus	W. H. Villamil

Lictors.

J. A. Renoudet.	D. J. Villamil.
Waltz	Die Erste..... <i>Goetz</i>
	Junior Band.
March.....	El Capitan..... <i>Sousa</i>
	Senior Band.

Second Grammar was next on the stage in April. Besides other minor subjects, the members presented with rare histrionic skill three lively scenes from "Rip Van Winkle." Program:

Overture ... Beatrice de Tenda.....*Bellini*
Orchestra.
Latin Recitation Gray's Elegy
H. Murray.
A Word for Algebra E. Costello
GREEK DIALOGUE—LUCIAN.
Charon, Ferryman of the Styx
P. Norville
Menippus, a Cynic Philosopher.....F. Giuli
Mercury, the God of Traders.....L. Blouin
Whistling Rufus *Mills*
Orchestra.

SCENES FROM "RIP VAN WINKLE."

Scene I. "Sleepy Hollow."
Scene II. Same, Twenty Years Later.
Scene III. "The Union Hotel."

Characters.

Rip Van Winkle, a Dreamer.....E. Powers
Rip Van Winkle, Jr., His SonM. Inge
Jonathan Doolittle, Innkeeper.....
J. Schnaider
Herman Vedder, }
Derric Van Slaus, } Villa- { H. Clark
Gustaffe Clausen, } gers { W. Fossier
Brom Dutcher, } { C. Goette
Swaggrino, a Genius of the Catskills....
J. Scott

Villagers, Genii of the Catskills.

March..... La Revue*Desormes*
Junior Band.

Finale.....The Union Forever March.....
Scouton

Senior Band.

In the beginning of May, Second Commercial closed the Exhibition season with two well acted scenes from "The Discoverer of America." Program:

Waltz Fesche Geister..... *Strauss*
Orchestra.
Introductory Our Exhibition
S. Patout.

TWO SCENES FROM THE

"DISCOVERER OF AMERICA."

Written by Clarence Costello.

Scene I. The Royal Palace at Cordova.
"The Admiral's Dream".....Declamation
P. Hale.
Scene II. Convent of La Rabida.

Characters.

Ferdinand, King of Spain J. Brown
Christopher Columbus C. Costello
Duke of Medina.....
Juan Perez, Prior of La Rabida }

Friends of Columbus { P. Hale
Alonzode Quintanilla, Royal Treasurer { R. Sandoz
G. Prejean
Fernando de Talavera, a Doctor of Sal-
amanca..... W. Burke
Pedro Costa } Astron- { W. Vincent
Juan Gomez } omers { S. Otis
Guards, Pages, &c.O. Toups, C. Du-
champ, V. Rougon.

March ... "The New Century"..... *Brooke*
Junior Band.

Finale ... Impromptu Overture *Dalbey*
Senior Band.

MAY CHOIR. The old custom of singing at Mass during the month of May is faithfully kept up this year. It is inspiring to see the enthusiasm with which all the boys join in the choruses, giving a fine specimen of congregational singing. The soloists, Messrs. John Rice and Jean Boudousquie, have rich, musical and pathetic voices. The Hymn Books, secured by our kind Father President, are a choice collection of simple and devotional songs to Our Lady.

BANQUETS. Among the important events that enter into the existence of each of the college organizations, one which is never missed, and is looked forward to with eager longing is the Annual Banquet. The Philosophers had their class spread in the Delmonico Restaurant, in Mobile. The Choir, Altar Boys, Academies and Review Staff have at various times discussed menus prepared in Brother Black's Hotel. The Bands are also awaiting their ban-

queting day, and the editors will soon do the honors about the festive board in celebration of the second appearance of our College Magazine for this year.

IMPROVEMENTS. The visitor to Spring Hill is at once struck by the amount of activity displayed in all parts of the grounds. The spanning of the ravine; the roadway of vitrified brick leading from the electric car track to the College; the terraced Schillinger pavement walk to the lake; the dormitory building towards the northwest; the new kitchen, bakery and infirmary; the Junior Gymnasium and enlarged campus; the electric light system,—these are the principal works either in course of construction or to be begun within the next few months. Some will be completed for the opening of September. When the boys return to College, they will find things so revolutionized that they will say in the words of the well-known song: "The old home ain't what it used to be."

FIRST COMMUNION. On Ascension Thursday, eleven of the boys had the happiness of receiving their First Holy Communion. They were: Masters H. Burguières, A. Darragh, L. Darragh, L. Faget, S. Frederic, D. Hymel, G. Lasseigne, D. Ory, J. Pino, L. Ryan, W. Vincent. Dr. and Mrs. Faget, Mr. Hymel and two daughters, Mr. Ory, Mr. and Mrs. Lasseigne and daughter came to the College for the solemn ceremony.

BANDS. The Senior and Junior Bands are on a solid footing, and furnish delightful music on all public occasions and great festivals. They also play on Sunday afternoons for the entertainment of our numerous visitors. The Senior Band volunteered its services on May 8th at a lawn party given in town for the benefit of the Orphans' Fund. The Junior organization, though not quite so accomplished, make up in enthusiasm what they lack in proficiency, and their appearance is eagerly looked forward to by their many admirers. Each band was lately presented with a beautiful silk American flag by our Reverend President. As a mark of recognition of this favor they tendered their benefactor a joint serenade in the south porch. The Seniors make a fine showing in their new uniforms of white duck pants and gold-trimmed blue coats and caps. And to see them primp and brush and shine up for their Sunday afternoon performances!

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA. The orchestra, composed of as cunning amateurs as ever drew the bow or stroked the ivoryed key, executed choice programs on two occasions at the McGill Institute in Mobile. One was a dramatic presentation of scenes from Sheridan's "The Rivals," by Mr. Chas. F. Underhill, for the Orphans' Benefit; the other was the Oratorical Contest for the Gold Medal. Too much praise cannot be conferred upon the youthful

musicians and their leaders, the genial and devoted Professors Staub and Suffich.

CARNIVAL. The time-honored Carnival procession was not overlooked this year. The eight or ten floats representing local fads and fancies preceded by appropriate emblems formed a series of highly humorous and artistic tableaux. The "Mardi Gras Committee" and the members of the Drawing Class are to be congratulated on their able management and brilliant caricaturing and decorating.

The annual Shrove-tide entertainment consisted of a double program, which follows:

Overture—Marche Du Boeuf Gras—
Strauss.

Orchestra.

Ghost in a Pawn Shop—Sketch.

Old Percentage (a pawnbroker)—

H. Esnard

Toby Nip (a smark clerk)..... J. H. Ryan

Peter (errand boy) T. J. Touart

Ghost Anonymous

Masquerade—Weber. Orchestra

Death of Virginia. Declamation

P. A. Lelong.

End of the Tether—Farce.

Mr. Bland Smyle (Bubble Company Promoter) F. Solis

Stephenson Gearing (An Enthusiastic Inventor) C. A. Lelong

Lord Adolphus Firstwater, P. A. Lelong

Lord Augustus Firstwater. H. L. Sarpy

John Gearing (Steward to the two

Lords W. Rice

Drudge..... W. Prejean

Nibbs } Clerks to Smyle..... { D. O'Brien

Fubbs } { L. Danos

Jukes (a Detective) S. H. Apperious

Bullford (an Escaped Forger).....

Finale—Haunting Eyes..... Tobani
Orchestra.

The orchestra discoursed some exceedingly good music, and all the actors acquitted themselves nobly. But the crowning event of the entertainment, and the one that elicited the heartiest and the best merited applause of an appreciative audience, was Mr. P. A. Lelong's charming and soul-stirring declamation "The Death of Virginia." His hearers were held spell-bound, and as he gracefully retired from the stage, the hall rang with his praises.

ELOCUTION On Wednesday, May **CONTEST.** the 17th, the candidates for the Elocution Gold Medal appeared before an intellectual and fashionable audience in the McGill Institute. There were seven contestants whose names are found in the subjoined program:

* PART I.

Austrian Military March..... Czibulka
College Orchestra.

A Miser's Death..... Anon

John H. Ryan.

Fantasia, Il Trovatore,—Violin Solo,

..... Singele

Samuel Apperious.

Heart of the Bruce, Aida

P. Antoninus Lelong.

Rienzi's Address to the Romans Mitford

Walter J. Rice.

Beatrice Di Tenda, Bellini

College Orchestra.

PART II.

The Conquered Banner,..... Father Ryan

Edward B. Dreaper.

Caprice,—Flute Solo, Furstenau

Prof. A. Suffich.

In Defence of Liberty, Davis

Tisdale J. Touart.

Tabasco March..... Chadwic

College Orchestra.

Vindication, Emmett

J. Douglas O'Brien.

Death.—Bed of Benedict Arnold Lippard

Jack J. McGrath.

High Life—Two Step Pleininger

College Orchestra.

The College Orchestra played in its usual brilliant style between the different declamations. The following gentlemen consented to act as judges of the contest: Rt. Rev. P. A. Allen, D. D., Bishop of Mobile; Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan, D. D., V. G.; Rev. Jas. E. Coyle, President of the McGill Institute; Hon. Hannis Taylor, Gen. Joseph W. Burke, Col. J. J. Parker and Mr. Craighead, Editor of the Mobile Register. Hon. Mayor Bush and Col. E. L. Russell were prevented from acting as judges by unavoidable absence. All who had the pleasure of attending the entertainment were outspoken in their appreciation of the oratorical treat they enjoyed and of the talent and skill displayed by the students. The fortunate speaker's name will be publicly made known on Commencement Day.

BASE BALL. The College Nine has made a fine record for itself since the season opened, breaking even with its opponents. The Loyals have so far proved invincible. In the three games which they played with the College, they were victorious; the game of April 22d, however, was won on an erroneous decision of the umpire, who misinterpreted a rule. This mistake proved disastrous to the home team. The following is a record of the games played:

Jan. 14—Loyals 11, College 6.
 March 11—College 7, St. Vincents 5.
 April 1—Loyals 5, College 1.
 Apr. 8—College 5, St. Vincents 1.
 April 22—Loyals 3, College 1.
 May 3—College 3, Picked Nine 0.

The Senior League, composed of the Victor and Dixie Clubs, captained by Apperious and W. Prejean respectively, are playing a close series, of which there are four games left over. It is by no means certain who will be the winners of the gold pins, as may be seen from the present standing:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent
Victors	27	14	13	519
Dixies	27	13	14	481

The Junior League trophies have already been captured by the Laurels, who defeated the Myrtles fourteen times out of a total of 21 games. Captain G. Prejean and his men feel jubilant over the crushing defeat they administered their opponents. The victorious team's roster is as follows: Captain G. Prejean, Manager V. Rougon, H. Clark, A. Otis, E. Costello, S. Patout, J. Boudousquie, W. Fossier, Z. Rougon. Watch how proudly they will wear those bright emblems.

The four clubs of both divisions have been fitted out with new uniforms of blue and maroon, which lend an attractive appearance to the wearers. But the team that holds their heads highest are the College Nine with their cream white suits and purple caps. If you did not know them, you would mistake them for professionals as they strut out upon the diamond.

Basket ball was very popular among the seniors for a time. They found it an exciting sport.

How gladly the bathing season

was welcomed! What a royal time we have of it in our peerless lake!

MR. E. CAVALLI. In March last we received a visit from Mr. E. Cavalli, Editor of *L'Italo-Americano* of New Orleans, who, on his return, wrote a glowing account of his visit and of the advantages possessed by Spring Hill. He also illustrated his article with a reprint of the *College*, which appeared in the January *REVIEW*.

DEATH OF None knew **MR. JOSEPH RICE.** him but to love him. Now he has gone—left us during the bright month of May. The *REVIEW* extends its sympathy to the entire family, but more especially to the three sons of the deceased, who are all Springhillians. Mr. Joseph Rice, of New Orleans, was a true Christian gentleman and devoted father. His presence was sunshine to his host of friends, who mourn his departure. R. I. P.

TOTAL The eclipse of **SOLAR ECLIPSE.** May 28th was successfully viewed by the Scientific Class from the College cupola.

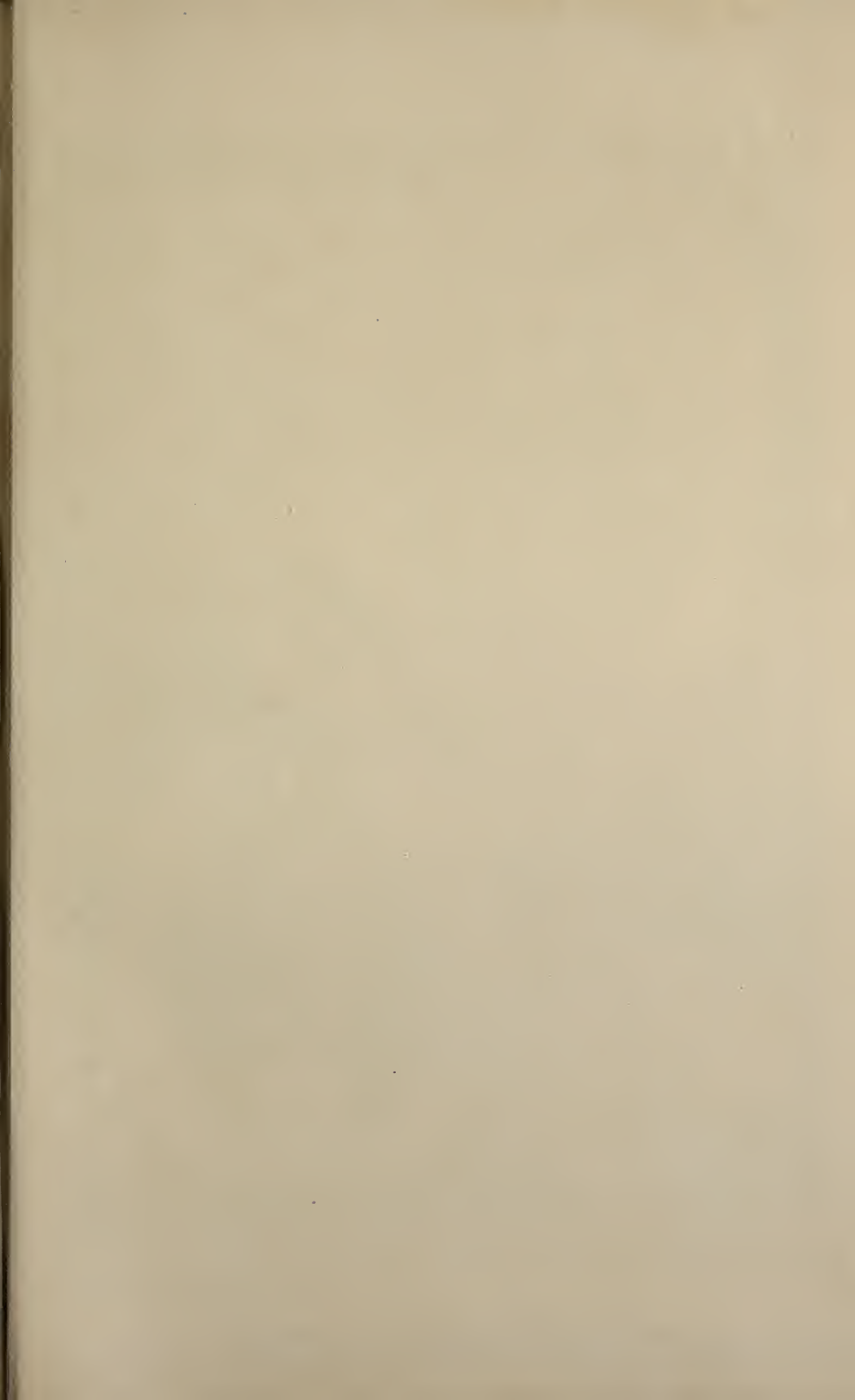
In regard to the observations made, the *Mobile Register* of May 29th, says:

The eclipse was carefully watched at Spring Hill College yesterday morning. The observation was made under the direction of Father Wagner, the professor of sciences at the college. Owing to a fog or mist similar to that which obstructed the view at other points near the city, only the eclipse proper could be seen, none of the attending phenomena being visible.

Asked as to the results, Father Wagner said yesterday evening that he was well satisfied with what had been accomplished. "Some time ago," said Father Wagner, "I received a letter from Father William Rigge, of the Creighton University at Omaha, asking me to have my class take the observation. As near as I can understand the father desired to obtain some information regarding the location of the centre of the moon, which it appears is yet in doubt, or rather is a matter of difference of opinion. He asked for none of the attending phenomena, but merely for the eclipse itself. The weather was exactly suited for the purpose. It was sufficiently clear for the eclipse to be seen easily, while the attention of the class was not called away from the main purpose by the appearance of any of the stars or lights. We timed the totality, and found it lasted between 38 and 39 seconds. The graduating class only took the observation, and their original papers, each signed by the scholar himself, will be forwarded to Father Rigge."

AN INTERESTING STORY.

It were needless for us to speak further words of commendation about "Little Orphan Annie and Her Friends" by Miss Mary A. McGill of Mobile, (O'Shea & Co., New York), after the gifted authoress of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," has declared that "from beginning to end it does not contain a dull chapter." We cannot, however, refrain from calling attention to the delightful simplicity of style, the skilful yet natural unfolding of the plot, the truthful presentation of child character, the life-like portrayal of the almost extinct old colored "Mammy," all offset by a soft tinge of local





- DR. H. P. HIRSHFIELD. -



- HON. JOHN ST. PAUL. -

coloring, which lend the book a charm peculiarly its own.

OUR Since our last is-
EXCHANGES. sue many of the
representative College Magazines

have been welcomed to our sanc-
tum. The principal were:—the
Georgetown Journal, Fordham
Monthly, Holy Cross Purple, Dial,
Shamrock, Mungret Annual, St.
Mary's Chimes, Xavier.

AMONG THE OLD BOYS.

ALUMNI JOTTINGS.

Our alumni jottings are still scanty. Many fail to send us word about themselves, and in consequence they and their achievements are overlooked. On the other hand, some few have nobly come forward to do honor to their Alma Mater. May this chosen number increase! We would call particular attention to the able contributions of Hon. George Henry Theard, '73, Hon. John St. Paul, '84, Mr. Herbert Lyons, '99, and especially to the touching letter written by Mr. S. Spencer Semmes, '55, and quoted in these notes. It has the true golden ring of loyalty about it.

'46. About three weeks ago, we received a flying visit from Dr. J. D. Alison, of Carlowville, Dallas county, Ala. He was a school-mate of Bishops Manucy and Pellicer, and of N. H. R. Dawson, ex-Commissioner of Education. Bishop Portier was President of the College at the time, Dr. Alison having left in 1846, the year before the Jesuits took charge. During this long stretch of over

half a century, he had not once returned to his Alma Mater. Needless to say, he could recognize nothing about the place except the lake.

'51. We sincerely regret our inability to publish, as we had intended, a sketch of one of the greatest of Spring Hill's alumni, Hon. Edward E. Bermudez, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, who passed to his reward in August, 1892. We were kindly furnished with the materials for such a sketch, and also with a photograph of the Judge by his grandson, Mr. Z. E. Bermudez, of New Orleans. It will form a fitting subject for the New Century number of the REVIEW.

'55. Upon the receipt of a copy of the last REVIEW, Mr. S. Spencer Semmes, '55, a son of the Admiral, wrote us as follows from Osceola, Ark., under date of January 26th, 1900:

I notice in your very creditable issue of January 1900, in the Alumni Department, a query as to who is the oldest living graduate of Spring Hill

College since the death of Judge Bermudez, and an intimation that it is Charles Maurian, now living in Paris. Charles Maurian and I were classmates for a number of years and fellow-graduates in 1855. Often do I recall to memory the faces and scenes of my college days—the happiest days of my life—at old Spring Hill. How few of the dear old Jesuits and of my companions remain. The courtly Father Gautrelet, the jovial Father Imsand, the musical Father Yenni, the learned Father Gache, Father Lespes, Father Free, Father Adams; all long since gone to join the Order above. And, of my fellow-students, I know of but few surviving. The two Morphys, Bermudez, Shaw, Stewart, LeBaron, Landry, Foley, Sims and numerous others—many of them younger men than I—have one by one, passed away.

Wishing your periodical success, and that it may become the medium of enabling the Spring Hill boys to keep in better touch with each other,

I remain respectfully,

S. S. SEMMES.

Mr. Semmes, who, at the age of sixty-two is a robust and active man, enjoys an extensive law practice in his resident town. He served in the First Louisiana Regulars during the Civil War. Some time afterwards, he was City Attorney of Mobile for one year. He is the proud father of thirteen children, all living except one. His third son, Mr. Oliver M. Semmes, S. J., now finishing his theological studies in Woodstock, Md., was a member of the Spring Hill Faculty in the early nineties.

'69. Rev. John Brislan, S. J., of the class of '69, President of the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, honored us

with his presence for about a week during the middle part of May. The Bands serenaded him and he gave the boys an interesting talk about old times and also a half-holiday.

MAJOR JOSEPH NUMA AUGUSTIN. Among his old college-mates, Father Brislan mentioned Major Joseph Numa Augustin, of New Orleans, who departed this life last March. He was a staunch Catholic, a philanthropic citizen and noted jurist, served as State Senator for two terms and stood high in social, military and political circles. The indirect cause of Major Augustin's decease is attributed to the death of his oldest son, Lieutenant J. Numa Augustin, '90, U. S. A., who was killed at the battle of San Juan Hill, July 2nd, 1898. The fond father never recovered from the cruel blow.

REV. HENRY C. SEMPLE, S. J. Rev. Henry C. Semple, S. J., was also a student at the College in the sixties. He is a native of Montgomery, Ala., and received his ecclesiastical education in the American College at Rome. Fr. Semple lately occupied for four years the post of President of the Jesuit College in New Orleans. At present he is engaged in mission work in middle and northern Alabama. He made a short sojourn among us last month.

MR. SHERWOOD HALL. About this same period, Mr. Sherwood Hall of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was at Spring Hill. This

gentleman, during his late visit, was delighted to see the improvements made in his College Home.

'73. The REVIEW congratulates Hon. George Henry Theard, '73, on his re appointment as Judge of the Civil District Court, Division E, of the Parish of Orleans, La.

'73. Hon. E. Bermudez, '73, a son of the famous Louisiana jurist, fills the chair of Justice in the Third City Court of New Orleans. After leaving Spring Hill, he went to Fordham, N. Y., and then to the Columbia Law School, where he graduated in 1876.

'75. H. P. HIRSHFIELD, M. D., '75, whose picture graces our pages, is one of the many of our alumni who have met with deserved success in professional ranks. Born in Gainesville, Ala., just forty-six years ago, he moved to Mobile with his parents in 1867. Entering Spring Hill College two years afterwards, he graduated with honors as A. B. in 1875, and received the degree A. M. three years later. He attended one session at the University of Virginia, and two at the University of Pennsylvania. The latter institution conferred upon him the degree M. D. in 1878. Dr. Hirshfield took up his residence in Mobile and soon, by his assiduity and congenial manners built up a large practice. He is a member of the Mobile County Medical Society, and is now serving his twelfth year as Coroner of the County. He occupies the re-

sponsible position of Medical Examiner for several Insurance Companies and the Fraternal Orders. The doctor has a host of friends, whom he has won and now retains by his sunny disposition and by his true-hearted generosity and loyalty.

'77. We learn with pleasure that Hon. Paul Leche, '77, ex-Mayor of Donaldsonville, has secured the judgeship of his district.

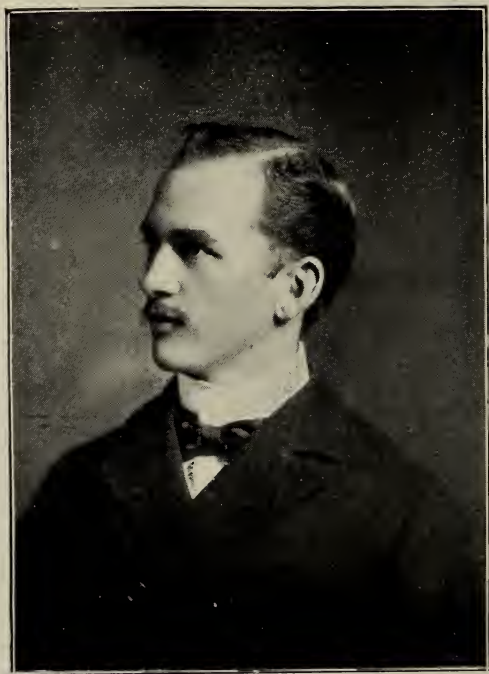
'83. Dr. William R. Harnan, '83, a prominent physician of New Orleans, has gone to his rest since our last issue. After his graduation as A. B., he studied medicine at the Louisiana University, now Tulane, and finished with distinction in 1887. He immediately attained a successful practice. Dr. Harnan was secretary of the State Board of Health under Dr. S. R. Oliphant's first administration in 1892, where he remained for four years. He was examiner of claimants for pensions under the second Cleveland administration. In both positions he established a reputation as being a man of trust. The many who remember his pleasant manners are deeply grieved that he should be taken away when the promise of his life was yet unfulfilled, although he had already established a firm position for himself.

'84. HON. JOHN ST. PAUL, '84, whose portrait we reproduce on another page, has recently been nominated to succeed himself as

judge of Division C. of the Civil District Court of Orleans Parish, La. The REVIEW extends its felicitations to the distinguished Springhillian. We gave a short sketch of the Judge in our Easter issue of 1899. It will be remembered that he is a native of Mobile and for a time served on the staff of the Register.

'87. Hon. Thomas J. Duggan, '87, has also been favored with a re-nomination. He will retain his seat on the judicial bench of the First Criminal Court of Orleans Parish for another term.

'91. Among those upon whom the degree of A. M. will be conferred on Commencement Day is



KARL HEUSNER, M. D.

Judge St Paul is a man of extensive learning, and has filled most acceptably the high position to which he was called, and his decisions have given universal satisfaction, while his courteous treatment of the bar has made him hosts of friends. He is a polished gentleman and a great favorite.

KARL HEUSNER, M. D., '91. Dr. Heusner, though not yet twenty-eight years of age, is one of the leading physicians of Honduras, his native state. He entered the Church while at Spring Hill, and was the recipient of several gold medals. He first studied medicine at the Tulane University, La., where he re-

ceived the degree M. D., with special mention, and afterwards perfected his course in Philadelphia, graduating M. D. cum laude from the Medico-Chirurgical College in 1895. He then obtained, by a competitive examination held in Philadelphia, the appointment of physician in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital, Lancaster, Pa., where he spent a year. Returning home, Dr. Heusner commenced the practice of medicine, in which he has met with eminent success. He is now a member of the District Board and Board of Health of Belize. We welcome him back to his Alma Mater, upon whose fair name he has shed such great lustre.

'91. Mr. D. J. McDonald, '91, of Mobile, is Secretary and Treasurer of the D. J. McDonald & Co.'s Marble Works, and is conducting a splendid business in his special line. His firm has the contract for putting up the grand bronze heroic statue of Admiral Semmes, and also for erecting the mortuary chapel in the Spring Hill College Cemetery. Mr. McDonald is also Secretary and Treasurer of the Yellow Pine Lumber Company.

'93. A few months ago, death claimed as his own Mr. Maxime Boulet, '93, and a week afterwards laid low his noble-hearted father, the genial Colonel N. P. Boulet, of Mobile.

'94. Dr. E. J. Trahan, '94, of New Orleans, who made a brilliant course of medicine at Tulane, is

now enjoying a handsome practice. He has an office in the Medical Building.

'95. Dr. Gabriel Boudousquie, Jr., '95, (not Paul, as stated in our last,) is the author of the drama entitled "The Poet."

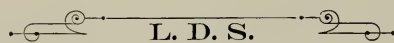
'96 and '98. The degree of A. M. will this year be conferred on Dr. George Drouin, '96, and Mr. Edward B. Colgin, '98, medical student of Georgetown University. With them, as before mentioned, Dr. Karl Heusner, '91, will likewise be honored.

'97. Mr. Alvin Edward Hebert, '97, is a successful attorney in the Crescent City. He has not forgotten his Alma Mater, and occasionally informs his friends of his doings. We should be delighted if others of our alumni would follow his example and give us an inkling of their whereabouts. Mr. Hebert kindly sent us a Catalogue of the Tulane Alumni, at which institution he studied law after leaving Spring Hill.

'98. Mr. William O. Daly, '98, of Mobile, has adopted the stage as a profession and is a member of the company of which Mr. Creston Clarke is the leading man. Mr. Daly has met with favor and speaks in glowing terms of his prospects. He certainly possesses rare dramatic qualities, and his friends would like to see him meet with unbounded success as a wearer of the buskin.

'99. Mr. Forest Braud, '99, and Mr. Albert Fossier, '99, are both engaged in the study of medicine at Tulane University, New Orleans. In our last, we mis-stated the pursuits of these two gentlemen.

'01. Mr. Herbert Smith of the class of '01, of Franklin, La., has received a nomination for West Point and left a fortnight ago to make special preparations for the entrance examination. Our best wishes accompany him.



Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.



SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on a rising ground, five miles distant from Mobile and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constantly refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never-failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to a beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a university, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI. to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the Institution are members of the Society of Jesus which, from its origin, has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a paternal solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement, and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing that strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based upon Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but also to instil into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

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The plan of instruction is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants, but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the names of PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional, and are taught without extra charge.

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For catalogue, &c., apply to Rev. W. J. Tyrrell, S. J., President.

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French is taught in the three courses.

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VERY REV. JNO. BRISLAN, S. J.,

President.

